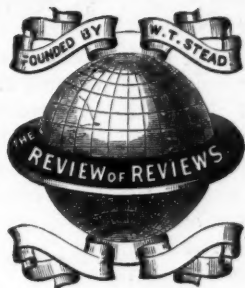


THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

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APRIL, 1902.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, March 31st, 1902.

Mr. Rhodes.

When Mr. Rhodes died, the most conspicuous figure left in the English-speaking race since the death of Queen Victoria disappeared. Whether loved or feared, he towered aloft above all his contemporaries. There are many who hold that he would be entitled to a black statue in the Halls of Eblis. But even those who distrusted and disliked him most pay reluctant homage to the portentous energy of a character which has affected the world so deeply for weal or for woe. Outside England none of our politicians, statesmen, or administrators impressed the imagination of the world half as deeply as Cecil Rhodes. It was noted by the journalists that the American press devoted more space to obituaries of the great Englishman than they have to any one since the death of Queen Victoria. No parliamentarian excited the same interest or commanded the same attention. He is gone, leaving a gap which no one at present can ever aspire to fill. The world has echoed words and deeds of his which will long reverberate in the dim corridors of time.

The Sense
of
His Loss.

To those who, like myself, have to bear the poignant grief caused by the loss of a dearly loved friend, whose confidence and affection had stood the test even of the violent antagonism roused by extreme difference of opinion on the subject of the

South African War, it is impossible to speak of Cecil Rhodes at this moment with judicial impartiality. I knew him too intimately and loved him too well to care to balance his faults against his virtues or to lay a critical finger upon the flaws in the diamond. For with all his faults the man was great, almost immeasurably great, when contrasted with the pigmies who pecked and twittered in his shade. To those who are inclined to dwell more upon the wide-wasting ruin in which his fatal blunder involved the country that he loved, it may be sufficient to remark that even the catastrophe which was wrought by his mistake may contribute more to the permanent welfare of the Empire than all the achievements of his earlier life. It is seldom in the annals of empire that one man has been permitted in a brief career to illustrate both the qualities which build up empires and the faults which destroy them. A maker and a breaker of empire was Cecil Rhodes; and although the experience has been cruel, it is possible there may be more profit to be derived as an object-lesson from the fault which wrecked our Empire in South Africa than from the statesmanship which stretched the frontiers of the Empire from the Cape to the Zambesi.

The First
of
English-Speaking
Men.

Mr. Rhodes's last will and testament reveals him to the world as the first distinguished British statesman whose Imperialism was that of race and not that of Empire. The one specific

object defined in the will as that to which his wealth is to be applied proclaims with the simple eloquence of a deed that Mr. Rhodes was colour-blind between the British Empire and the American Republic. His fatherland, like that of the poet Arndt, is coterminous with the use of the tongue of his native land. In his will he provides for the conversion of Oxford University into an educational centre for the English-speaking race. He does this of set purpose, and in providing the funds necessary for the achievement of this great idea he specifically prescribes that every American State and Territory shall share with the British Colonies in his patriotic benefaction. Every year each of the political units into which the English-speaking race is divided, irrespective of the accident as to whether it flies the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, will be enabled to elect one of the most promising of its sons, who for three years will enjoy a scholarship at Oxford of £300 a year. The third year after this great scheme is brought into operation there will be added to the permanent undergraduate population of Oxford about 250 students, selected in almost equal halves from the United States and the British Empire. Three years spent in Matthew Arnold's "Beautiful City" will enable them to form those affectionate ties of intimate friendship which are never so easily formed or so firmly knit as in the morning of youth.

**The Conditions
of
the Scholarships.**

The conditions on which the scholarships are to be awarded are characteristically original. Mr. Rhodes, as might be imagined from a man who spent half of each year of his university curriculum on the African veldt, had little patience with the bookworms, whom he regarded as the artificially fostered product of the modern system of competitive examinations. His great idea was not to obtain the man who could best cram up for a "pass," but the youth who had convinced his comrades and his master that there was in him the moral character and capacity for leadership which would give them at least a fair promise of the possession of talents to render good service in the realisation of the political ideals of the founder. The method by which this capacity is to be tested is both ingenious and novel, but it is not more novel than it is simple and effective. In nothing does Mr. Rhodes show his inherent and fundamental democracy more than in the courage with which he carried the democratic principle into the schoolroom, and regarded the free vote of the schoolboy as an element twice as

valuable as the opinion of the master, and equal to the ascertained result of the literary examination.

Founder's Day.

Once every year "Founder's Day" will be celebrated at Oxford; and not at Oxford only, but wherever on the broad world's surface half-a-dozen old "Rhodes scholars" come together they will celebrate the great ideal of Cecil Rhodes—the first of modern statesmen to grasp the sublime conception of the essential unity of the race. Thirty years hereafter there will be between two and three thousand men in the prime of life scattered all over the world, each one of whom will have had impressed upon his mind in the most susceptible period of his life the dream of the Founder.

The Other Half.

It is expected that when the Scholarship Trust is in full work it will only absorb about half the annual income of the millions which Mr. Rhodes has dedicated to public service. Speculation is naturally rife as to the destination of the other half. Public curiosity on this point will probably remain unsatisfied at present. The first charge upon the other moiety will probably be the formation of a reserve fund which will enable the educational scheme to be independent of the exhaustion of the mines in which Mr. Rhodes's capital is invested, and the residuum will be at the disposition of the executors, who will, it is to be presumed, deal with the property which has come into their possession in accordance with the wide-reaching, world-embracing conceptions of Cecil Rhodes. The bequest of £100,000 to Oriel College, the lavish provision for the educational needs of South Africa, and the handing over to the public of Groote Schuur—to be used first as a museum and afterwards as the residence of the first Prime Minister of Federated South Africa—are each of them benefactions that would have attracted universal praise and enthusiastic commendation had they stood alone.

**His
Resting-Place.**

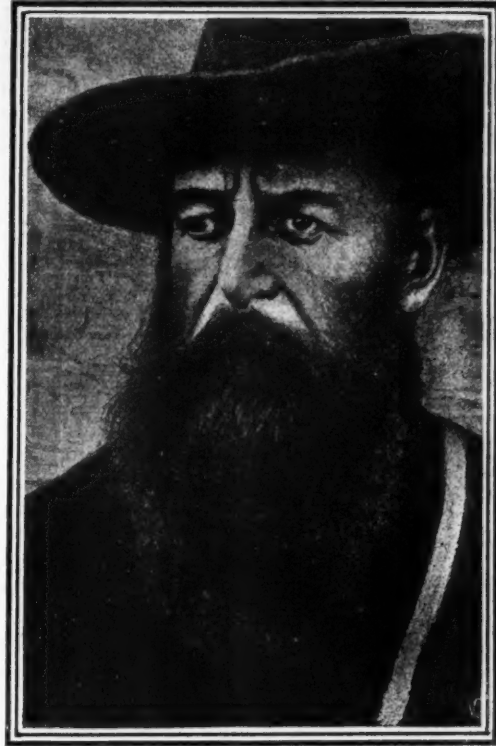
Mr. Rhodes died at Muizenberg, on the shores of the ocean which stretches southward to the Antarctic Pole. But his last resting-place, according to the direction in his will, was to be on the summit of the Matoppos, in the heart of Rhodesia, where, in a tomb hewn out of the granite, his body will rest on the hill which he called "the View of the World." Over his tomb there is read the simple inscription "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." He need not add the familiar tag on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte.*"

**The
Defeat and Capture
of
Lord Methuen.**

The death of Mr. Rhodes overshadows all other news from South Africa, but last month was not uneventful in the incidents of war. Its opening was marked by the brilliant victory achieved by General Delarey over a British army led by Lord Methuen. Lord Methuen, with 1,200 men, was escorting a convoy from Vryburg to Lichtenburg, when General Delarey attacked in the early grey of the morning, drove five hundred of the mounted Yeomanry in headlong confusion, chasing them five miles across the veldt, wounded Lord Methuen, and captured his guns, his staff, the convoy, and all the rest of his men who were left alive. The capture of Lord Methuen struck the public imagination. There was nothing in the battle to distinguish it particularly from the series of half-a-dozen other similar reverses which we have suffered in the last few months; but the capture of the General and the loss of the cannon, and above all the headlong flight of five hundred and fifty British troops, who were chivied by the Boers across the hills, created a profound impression on public opinion. The English public had been so diligently fed up with lies by the journalistic demagogues, who are the modern counterpart of the lying prophets of the ancient Hebrews, that they experienced a sudden but very salutary shock, the effect of which was deepened by the magnanimity and chivalry of General Delarey, who, instead of keeping Lord Methuen as a hostage, promptly sent him back to the British lines.

The Irish Cheer.

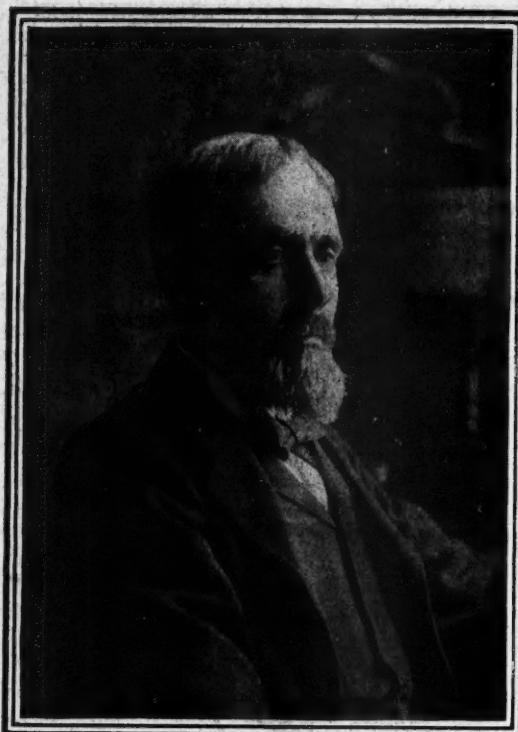
The pain and chagrin of Methuen's defeat made the nation smart, but the worst sting of all was the cheer with which Mr. Swift MacNeill and a few other Irish Members hailed the announcement of Delarey's victory in the House of Commons. Cheering over victories on either side is open to criticism on the ground expressed by the old heathen poet long before the Christian era—that "unholy is the sound of loud thanksgiving over slaughtered men." But that high ground could not be taken by those who have cheered themselves hoarse over the announcement of every trumpety success gained by British arms in South Africa. If that objection is overruled, then nothing could have been more timely and indeed necessary than the Irish cheer which hailed the news of Delarey's victory. The British public is very slow to realise even the most important political facts. It is perpetually hugging itself with fond delusions that it is to be let off the consequences of its neglect to act upon the



General Delarey.

sound principles of government in Ireland and elsewhere. When Mr. Swift MacNeill's cheer rang through the House of Commons, and was re-echoed in every newspaper throughout the land, the most pachydermatous Briton felt, as he smarted under the sting of that cheer, that his sin in Ireland was finding him out. In the dramatic fitness of things the situation would have been marred but for that spontaneous outburst of natural and legitimate enthusiasm on the part of the representatives of an oppressed people for the victory of Delarey. Considering the gallantry and bravery of the Boers, a generous foe might well have accorded the announcement of Delarey's victory, even over our own troops, a tribute of applause. Have we quite forgotten the chivalry of ancient Rome when, as Macaulay reminds us in his immortal ballad, a far more decisive victory than that of Delarey's was gained by the Romans, when Horatius held the bridge—

E'en the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.



Photograph by

[Haines.]

Mr. John Dillon.

Who was suspended by the Speaker for a remark to Mr. Chamberlain.

The month, which opened with the worst defeat which the British arms have experienced in the field for many months, closed with rumours of peace due to a mission to Pretoria of the Acting President, Schalk Burger, and Mr. State-Secretary Reitz, for the purpose of ascertaining on what terms peace could be obtained. From Pretoria they went on under British escort to the Free State, where they had an interview with President Steyn. No particulars are yet published as to the result of their mission. What is probable is that being cut off for so long from any authentic information, they wished to ascertain whether or not Lord Kitchener was willing to make peace on such terms as would secure them from extinction as a nationality, and would render it possible for them to conclude peace without sacrificing everything.

Kritzinger Safe.

It is understood that the crime of deliberately killing General Kritzinger in cold blood on the pretext that he was guilty of breaches of the law of war will not be persisted in. The murder of Scheepers

must for the moment satisfy those who seem to judge the actions of Boers and Britons from the standpoint of the special constable in *Punch*, who told a Chartist, "If I kill you it is justifiable homicide, but if you kill me it is wilful murder." General Delarey's magnanimity in releasing Lord Methuen has probably helped to make our authorities realise the infamy of pandering to a crew whose ethics would disgrace a cannibal. After all, to dine off your enemy's body when you have killed him in a fair stand-up fight offends the moral sense less than the hideous spectacle afforded by the shooting of a dying man like Scheepers.

**Martial Law
Run Mad.**

Lynch law continues to prevail throughout South Africa—for martial law is lynch law pure and simple—with the result that the whole of Cape Colony is reeking with bitter discontent. The British majority of the members of the Cape Legislature have petitioned for the suspension of the Constitution. Sir Gordon Sprigg showed no disposition to accede to their request, but for all practical purposes the Constitution has already gone by the board. The most fantastic abuse of the illegal powers arrogated to themselves by the military despots who are administering lynch law at the Cape is the refusal of Mr. Cartwright's petition to be allowed to leave South Africa and return to his native country when his sentence expires. Mr. Cartwright, it will be remembered, was the editor of the *South African News*, who was sent to prison for a year for republishing the letter of "A British Officer in South Africa," which had previously appeared in whole or in part in the *Times*, the *Freeman's Journal*, and other papers. His sentence expires on April 20th. Mr. Cartwright's health has given way under the privations of prison, his paper no longer exists. When he leaves gaol he has no means of livelihood left him in South Africa. He is offered a situation in London, but, apparently from sheer devilry, the military authorities have announced that they refuse to allow him to leave the Cape. Mr. Brodrick sees nothing in this monstrous decision to justify even an inquiry into the facts.

**China
in
Convulsions
once more**

The news from China is bad. Hardly is the ink dry on the treaty by which we have undertaken to defend the integrity of the Chinese Empire than telegrams arrive announcing that rebellions have broken out both in Northern and in Southern China, to which are added rumours to the effect that Russia has suggested to the Chinese Government the recognition of the independence of Thibet. The insurrec-

tion in Ta-ming-fu, the southernmost prefecture of the province of Chi-li, is said to have been provoked by an attempt to collect the indemnities promised to the Roman Catholic missionaries. Following the example of the Boxers, the villagers banded themselves together in a Limited Villagers' Society, and although armed only with spears and swords they fought so well against the Chinese troops that 1,000 are reported to have been killed before they dispersed. In Southern China 20,000 regular soldiers are said to have gone over in a body to Tung-Meng, the insurgent leader. Neither the northern nor the southern rebellion entails our immediate intervention, but, as an indirect consequence, if anarchy prevails in China no one can say how soon we may be drawn into the turmoil. Note by the way that the Chinese are increasing the number of Japanese officers in their army, and remember that Europe will be powerless in the Far East. China is Japanned.

**Revolutionary
Agitation
in
Russia.**

The prolonged industrial crisis in Russia, with the suffering consequent upon the lack of employment resulting therefrom, has led to a series of quasi-revolutionary manifestations on the part of the students of the Universities. Almost all Russian students are Socialists. Some follow Marx, others repudiate the Marxian dogma, but they are all imbued with some form of revolutionary Socialism. When they leave the University they abandon their Socialism with their student's costume and become, if they can, obedient and loyal officials of the Government. But pending the evolution of the Socialist into a Tchinkovik, the revolutionary youths of the University regard themselves as the natural leaders of any existing social discontent. Hence there is nothing surprising in the fact that the misery of the starving unemployed seemed to them an imperious summons to action. They issued circulars to the workmen denouncing the Government as the cause of all the woes of Russia, and promised to help to free the workmen, "even though each student should have ten policemen and ten gendarmes at his side threatening him with the lash." The result was that the workmen and their student friends indulged in various street demonstrations, which were dispersed by a much smaller display of force than ten policemen and ten gendarmes to one student. The authorities appear to have been considerably alarmed, if we may judge from the sentences passed on the Moscow students. Ninety-five have been sent to Eastern Siberia for from two to five years, while 567 have been imprisoned from three to six months. As the sentences were probably not less severe at St.



Puck.

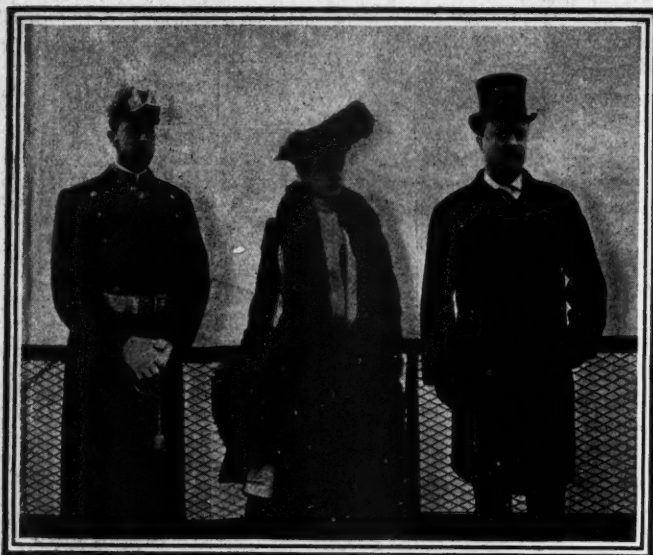
As to China.

The way to keep the door open is not to let it be closed.

Petersburg, Odessa, Kieff, and other places, there must be a very considerable percentage of Russian graduates at present under lock and key. This is bad, for the prison is the University of Revolution.

**Bad Times
Ahead.**

No one can glance at the reports of social disturbance appearing in the newspapers without being impressed by the fact that all appeals to force have as their basis the existence of a lack of work. The Unemployed always tend to develop into the Insurgents. Revolutions impend when Starvation is no distant spectre on the horizon, but a grim reality in the home. In England, although the feverish activity due to an expenditure of over 200 millions a year keeps labour employed for the moment, the process of fattening the dog by feeding him on his tail cannot go on for ever, and when the slump comes we shall find our unemployed both more numerous and more difficult to deal with than they were in 1886. Already, in places like West Ham, the first notes of the cry of the workless worker are beginning to be heard. As it is certain to increase in volume, it will be well if local and Imperial authorities were to put on their considering caps and be prepared betimes with methods of coping with this difficulty ere next winter. The revenue returns for



Photograph by]

[Underwood and Underwood.

After the Launch of the Kaiser's Yacht.

Prince Henry, President and Miss Roosevelt.

last year display the falling off in excise—it is two millions below estimate—which is one of the infallible signs of approaching bad times. Yet, so far are we from being able to shorten sail that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will either have to borrow £25,000,000 or impose that amount of increased taxation. Last year we raised close upon 143 millions in taxation and borrowed 55½ millions besides. This year Government hopes to be able to carry on with only £170,000,000, assuming the war will come to an end some time and that no new war will arise to upset their calculations.

**Wanted—
a
Peacemaking
Machine.**

Provision for the unemployed is only one of the things we should be thinking about when industrial depression is on the horizon. When bad times succeed a period of industrial activity, labour will find itself confronted everywhere by a demand for a reduction of wages. Such demands will be resented. Strikes will ensue and the existing lack of employment will be artificially aggravated. It will be well if the more farseeing representatives of the employers and the employed were to prepare in advance for the amicable consideration of these questions. The example of the National Civic Federation of the United States is well worthy of our imitation. In Australia the question is no longer left to private initiative. Last month in New

South Wales the Court for compulsory industrial arbitration was constituted. A Judge, Mr. Justice Cohen, is president, with a consulting engineer and the president of the Seamen's Union as colleagues, representing the rival interests of the employers and the employed. Among the questions which are to come before the Court are—(1) the minimum wage; (2) limitation of hours of labour; (3) the employment of children. Without going so far as the Australians, it is high time we got some pacificatory machinery into existence before the storm strikes us. John Bull in these matters usually waits till it begins to rain before he starts to make an umbrella.

The paramount importance of improving, extending and systematising national education

The Anti-School Board Bill.

is admitted by all who pay even cursory

attention to the subject. Ministers, however, in their latest attempts to deal with the subject have not been able to propose anything more than a permissive measure for the purpose of enabling the County Councils to supersede School Boards, in order to subsidise the Church schools from the rates. If, after doing this, they should desire to levy more rates for the purpose of extending secondary and technical education, they may do it if they please; if not, they may leave it alone. London is not dealt with in the Bill. If the County Councils avail themselves of this permission, women who are eligible for membership of School Boards, but who are excluded from County Councils, will cease to have any direct control over the education of their own children. The Nonconformists are up in arms, but it is very doubtful whether the quartering of the Church schools on the rates may not cut the throat of the denominational system, which has hitherto plumed itself upon the fact that it saved the rates. The Bill, being merely a permissive Bill, will probably be abandoned. Ministers and majorities seldom make a stout fight for measures the application of which is purely optional.

**Mr. Gladstone's
Land Act Repealed
in Detail.**

It is curious that both the legislative proposals of the present Government are direct attacks upon Gladstonian legislation. The Education Bill proposes to abolish School Boards, the one great con-

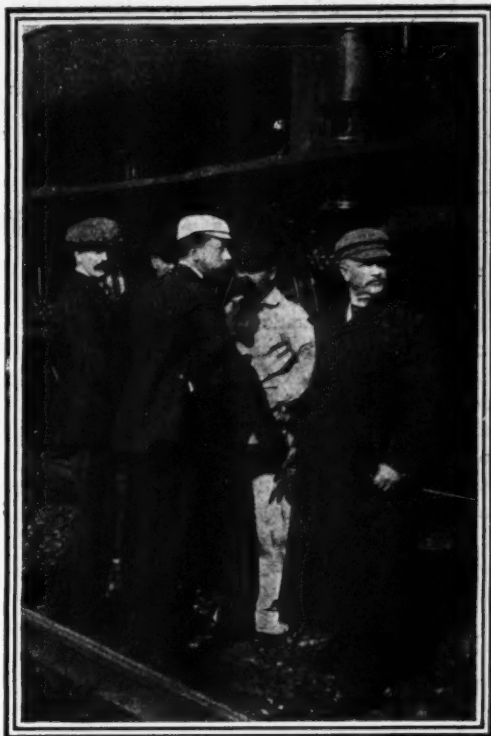
structive piece of administrative work devised by Mr. Forster, and the Land Purchase Bill proposes to annul the central principle of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land legislation, the creation of a Land Court for the fixing of rents. Mr. Wyndham when he introduced his Land Purchase Bill disclaimed any desire to repeal the Land Act of 1881, but Part III. of his Bill does so very effectively. This part provides that on any Irish tenant applying to have his rent fixed, the landlord can file a proposal to have the price fixed for the sale of the farm. If the tenant refuses to buy, his appeal to have his rent fixed will be annulled. Thus the landlord can repeal the Fair Rent clause of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act whenever he has a tenant who cannot or will not buy his farm.

The Bill, minus the clause repealing Mr. Gladstone's rent-fixing arrangement, is not a bad Bill so far as it goes. The number of sales of land

to tenants has fallen rapidly of late years from 8,000 to 3,000. The new proprietors pay their instalments punctually. It is admittedly desirable to increase their number. Ministers refuse to compel the landlords to sell. As the value of land stock has fallen from 117 to 94—they have dropped with Consols through the war—landlords are to receive the purchase money in gold. The Land Commission will buy wholesale from the landlord when three-fourths of the tenants agree to pay the price which it fixes for the land. It will then sell retail and collect the instalments for the purchaser. The instalments will be lowered from £4 to £3 15s. per cent., but they will not be reduced as at present after ten years. Six years' undisputed possession of rent and profits from the land is to be held to confer title good enough to sell on. The Land Commission takes over some of the functions of the Congested Districts Board. On the whole the Bill, always except Part III., has pleased the Irish.

Ireland is the grave of reputations. But it occasionally creates them. **Three Reputations.** Just at present she is making three.

The session has brought into clear relief the fact that Mr. Redmond is the ablest Parliamentarian in the House, and if he were not Irish he would inevitably be the next leader of the Opposition. Mr. T. W. Russell, who is being driven irresistibly from Unionism into Home Rule, *via* Compulsory Land Purchase, may be Chief Secretary for Ireland when Mr. Redmond is Prime Minister of the Advanced Administration that will issue from the social turmoil which may



Photograph by

[Underwood and Underwood.]

Prince Henry the Democrat

Talking with the engineers of his special train.

be expected when the war brings forth its bitter fruit in bad trade or lack of work. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Russell are Irish by birth. The third reputation which Ireland is making is that of Mr. Wyndham. His Land Bill has already achieved no small measure of success, and his speech explaining its provisions was a model of lucidity. Everyone admits that he is a veritable Prince Charming, but most people fear he is too light a weight ever to attain the Premiership, which would otherwise be at his feet.

The French General Election.

The French have decided to postpone the proposed extension of the term of the Chamber of Deputies from four years to six until after the Election which is now beginning. M. Méline, whom all the Dreyfusards in France—a Dreyfusard in France is equivalent to a Pro-Boer in England—regard as worse than Mr. Chamberlain, has launched his manifesto. Speaking at Remiremont, M. Méline put forward the following as his programme:—

Liberty of conscience and of association for all; revision of the Constitution with a view to restricting the omnipotence of

Parliament; the absolute repudiation of Collectivism; the realisation of great economic, financial, and military schemes which should assure the prosperity of the country; a thoughtful study of social problems with a view to the improvement of the existing conditions of labour; and reform of the Budget by the strict revision and reduction of expenses.

This is all fee fow fum, with the exception of the first two articles, which secure him the Clerical and Anti-Socialist vote.

**The Smoothers
and
the Splitters.**

The split in the Liberal Party which was advertised to the world when Lord Rosebery wrote his impulsive and unwise letter to the *Times* proclaiming his "definite separation" from Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has been partially healed. The Liberal Leaguers protest that they are even altogether such an association as the National Reform Union, a loyal association formed within the ranks of the Party the more effectively to promote the objects of the Party. *Credat Judeus!* When we find the National Reform Union eulogised by the Tory papers, or we see its members refusing to vote in support of the officially elected head of the Party, we may admit the parallel. It is, however, good to see how staunchly the Liberal rank and file in the constituencies refuse to respond to the appeals of the Splitters.

**Progress
of
Pensions.**

The prospect of Old Age Pensions has been brought perceptibly—and unexpectedly—nearer during the last month. The National Conference of Friendly Societies, which is the only authorised organ of the friendly societies in this country, devoted its closing sitting to the subject of Old Age Pensions. It was first asked to adopt a scheme conferring a pension only on those who had been members of a thrift society for twenty years. But, eventually, by 38 votes to 12, the conference, representing three and three-quarter million members, declared it the duty of the State "to provide Old Age Pensions of not less than five shillings a week to all thrifty and deserving persons of sixty-five years of age and upwards, who are unable to work, or are in need of the same." This was a most significant decision. In spite of all inducements to the contrary, the friendly societies have fallen into line with trade unionists and co-operators in repudiating the contributory principle. The idea of discrimination on ground of desert they have not yet abandoned; but, as New Zealand is finding, the attempt to ascertain thrift, desert, and indigence is not a success, and produces effects quite contrary to what has been intended. The House of Commons passed on March 19th, without a division, the second reading of an Old Age Pension Bill. It contained many impracticable ideas of discrimination,

and had no hope of being enacted; but it is perhaps an augury of coming events that the Lower House should, under the shadow of war, have unanimously agreed to an Old Age Pensions Bill, involving an expenditure of about a dozen millions annually.

**The First Step
in
Housing.**

Mr. Charles Booth, who has, as shown above, brought the British working classes to practical unanimity on the question of pensions, is engaged in precipitating effective agreement on the first step towards the solution of the housing problem. As President of the Browning Hall Conference on Housing, he has secured from men of all schools and parties a general recognition of the principle that improved locomotion is the first line of attack. One half of the new London County Council were won by him to a written endorsement of his policy. But the number and variety of municipal bodies having authority in the larger metropolitan area have made the necessary system of transit extremely difficult of realisation. There has been something like a deadlock. London locomotion remains a scandal to civilisation, and a dangerous stricture of the heart of Empire. In the hope of finding some way out, Mr. Booth and his colleagues have, during the last twelve months, done the work of a Royal Commission. They have compiled a great map of facilities of transit actual and contemplated; they have collected local opinion; and they have formulated a workable scheme. These results were laid before a meeting of the Municipal Authorities of Greater London, held in Westminster Palace Hotel on March 19th. The meeting agreed on the pressing need of a unified system of London transit and urged on the Government the consequent necessity of appointing a Central Transit Authority. It also unanimously called on the London County Council to convene another Conference of metropolitan municipalities to consider the best way of giving effect to these decisions. The singular and most pleasing feature about the proceedings was that the proposal to invoke the lead of the London County Council in this matter came in the first instance from the City Corporation and the Middlesex County Council—two bodies which have not generally shown a disposition to make things smooth for the authorities at Spring Gardens. This unexpected agreement leads to the hope that something effective will be done. It is a happy coincidence that at the same time Mr. John McDougall, the once much vilified leader of the crusade for the purification of the music halls, has been elected Chairman of the London County Council for the Coronation Year.

A CONSTITUTION FOR THE UNITED STATES OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

MR. BRYCE, in his latest book, has taken the frame of government of the United States as the type of a rigid constitution. In a sense, of course, this is correct. The Constitution of the United States is not as easily amended as that of Great Britain, which is not a constitution at all, but a body of laws and customs, subject to change at any time by the same process by which other laws and customs are altered. But as a working system of government, without regard to the method of amendment, it is extraordinarily flexible. It could be adapted to almost any requirements just as it stands.

If the British Empire, for instance, were to join the United States, the new aggregate could be governed under the provisions of the American Constitution, with hardly any perceptible disturbance of the political habits or traditions of any of its parts. To make the joints absolutely smooth, some few slight changes of phraseology in certain articles would be needed, but it would surprise most people to see how few there would be. Here, for instance, are absolutely all the amendments that would be needed to preserve to the people of such a world-federation their old political habits unimpaired. Words to be added to the present text are given in italics; words to be left out in brackets :—

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States [of America].—PREAMBLE.

No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, [and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen].—ARTICLE I., SECTION 2.

No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, [and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen].—ARTICLE I., SECTION 3.

*No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time; [and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office].—ARTICLE I., SECTION 6.

No State shall enter into any treaty or alliance [or confederation]; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts or pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, [or grant any title of nobility].—ARTICLE I., SECTION 10.

No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact [with another State, or] with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.—ARTICLE I., SECTION 10.

The United States shall guarantee to every State in [this Union] *America* a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive [when the Legislature cannot be convened], against domestic violence.—ARTICLE IV., SECTION 4.

Most of these changes explain themselves. The reason for leaving out *America* in the preamble is obvious. The omission of the requirement that Representatives and Senators shall be inhabitants of the States from which they are elected conforms to English customs, which in this case happen to be right. The English plan of trusting the people to elect whom they please is more democratic than the American plan of tying them down by requirements of residence, and therefore deserves to survive.

The abandonment of the prohibition of the presence of office-holders in Congress would leave room for the introduction of Cabinet government if it should be deemed desirable. This is not at all a necessary amendment, for the enlarged federation could get along as well without ministers in Congress, as the American Federation does now.

The next change suggested is meant to give somewhat greater flexibility to the State system in order to harmonise the desire of great States to preserve their identity with their unwillingness to submit to equal representation with small States in the Senate. The constitutional provision establishing this equality cannot be changed without the consent of every State. But it is possible to devise an arrangement in the form of a sub-federation by which a region could be divided into several States for Senatorial purposes, and yet remain one distinct whole. If Article I., Section 10, were amended as proposed, England, for example, could be divided into half-a-dozen States, all of which could be governed by a common Parliament meeting at Westminster.

The suggested substitution of "*America*" for "*this Union*" in the guaranty of a republican form of government would leave the door open for any desired variety of government in other parts of the world.

If the matter of Anglo-Saxon federation ever becomes practical, it will probably be after both branches of the race have decided to drop the "white man's

burden." The Indian Empire is a gorgeous piece of political craftsmanship. It is an exhibition of constructive capacity upon which Englishmen can always look back with pride. It has served a useful purpose in its day, but it is now a source of weakness to the British Empire, and in an Anglo-Saxon federation it would be, like the Philippines, an unmitigated nuisance. The chief strength in such a federation would lie in the fact that it would be alive and vigorous throughout—not a "weary Titan" carrying a back-breaking dead load. It would not be impossible to federate the English-speaking world even with the Indian and Philippine encumbrances, but it would be much simpler to do it without them. There would be no trouble at all in that case. A federation of eleven million square miles would be as easily governed as one of three millions, provided the people in all its parts were accustomed to taking care of themselves.

A few years ago we admitted to full fellowship in the American Union six new States in eight months. The smallest of them was larger than England and Wales, and the six together surpassed in extent the United Kingdom, France, and Germany combined. Their population has nearly sextupled in the last twenty years. The process of adding these six new commonwealths to the Continental Republic of Republics was more simple and easy than the creation of the London County Council, and if there had been twenty States instead of six, the difficulty would have been no greater. Sixty years ago Daniel Webster said that the United States could never govern the Oregon country because of its distance, and that if representatives from that region should ever be elected to Congress, they could not reach Washington until a year after their terms had expired. Now the Governor of Alaska can reach his post in two weeks, and representatives from Sydney could be at Washington within a month after their election. The experience of the United States has shown that there is practically no limit to the elasticity of a properly constituted federal system. The country is more easily governed now, with less of friction between its different parts, than it was when it included one-fourth of its present area and one-twentieth of its present population. In the early days statesmen could scarcely make the machine of Government work. Now politicians cannot keep it from working.

In many respects a universal English-speaking federation would be more easily managed than the administration of any one of the countries that would compose it. So many complicated questions would be disposed of that the problem of government would have a large simplicity now entirely lacking. In the matter of foreign affairs there would be no fishery question, no Behring Sea dispute, no Alaskan boundary deadlock, no extradition difficulty, no Tibetan, Afghan, Persian, Corean, Balkan, Egyptian or Soudanese entanglements. There would be no attempts to harmonise colonial aspirations with European policies. There would be practically no diplomacy at all. What the federation did not want very badly it would let

alone, and what it did want very badly it would have. No skill of fence would be required in dealing with foreign powers. The government would simply state its wishes and that would end the matter. Financial problems would disappear. The union of the richest nations in the world would make a power of such inconceivable wealth that an imperceptible weight of taxation would furnish all the money required to support its administration. The collection of the revenue would be greatly simplified. There would be no double line of custom houses between the United States and Canada, and between the various British colonies. National expenses would be much diminished. In no case would they be as great in the united country as in all the parts of it without union, and in many cases they would be less than they are now in one part alone. The postal service would gain simplicity through unity. For postal purposes the United States and Canada now form a single territory, and a letter may be sent from any part of one to any part of the other for a penny. Under federation England and Australia would have the same advantages, and the arrangements would be made by administrative action, instead of by the clumsy method of international correspondence. In the matter of army and navy, the needs of the new union would be less than those of England alone to-day. The English Army is required principally for the defence of India and the subjection of Ireland and South Africa. In the federated union there would be no India, and Ireland and South Africa would be contented. The sixteen million men of fighting age in the United States would be a better security for peace than two hundred thousand redcoats. The British Navy is maintained at its present standard because it is England's sole defence against a number of rapacious military powers whose gigantic armies are within easy striking distance of her capital. The situation would be very different if a blow at England were a blow at a federation of a hundred and fifty million English-speaking people, controlling the bulk of the wealth and the material resources of the civilised world, and so situated that conquest by any conceivable combination of powers would be simply unthinkable.

There would be nothing impracticable about such a union. In every respect it would be less unwieldy than the present British Empire. It would be somewhat large, but its territory would be more compact and more easily accessible in all its parts. There would be fewer people, and what there were would be governed with infinitely less trouble. With the popular consent once secured, the actual work of organising the new government would be less arduous than the task of lubricating the present international relations between the two halves of the race. The result would be to release for ever a fourth of the earth's surface, and the best part of the population, from the danger of war—to dedicate at least that much of our harried sphere to undisturbed progress.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

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DIARY FOR MARCH.

CHIEF EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Feb. 28.—Final census returns show population of India to be 294,266,701 ... Minister of Justice in Greek Cabinet resigns to fight a duel ... Chinese are ready to pay second instalment of indemnity, but Powers cannot agree as to the question of division ... M. Waldeck-Rousseau meets with accident while driving.

March 1.—The Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, Senor Ridal, resigns rather than bring forward the proposals of Senor Sagasta for reform in the Concordat; Senor Agüera succeeds him ... The Powers represented at the Brussels Sugar Conference agreed to abolish all bounties, direct or indirect, to reduce the surtax to 6 francs per 100 kilos., and to check over-production till September, 1903, when the Convention comes into force ... Dr. Francisco Rodriguez is elected President of Brazil ... The U.S. Minister at Constantinople demands from the Porte the punishment of those guilty of Miss Stone's abduction.

March 2.—Egyptian accounts show revenue £12,160,000 and expenditure £9,924,000 ... The British Argentine-Chilian Frontier Delimitation Commission arrives at Valparaiso ... The Chief of Police at Moscow punishes 234 students, some ladies and others concerned in the riots of 22nd and 23rd.

March 3.—The Pope's Pontifical Jubilee inaugurated by a mass in St. Peter's, at which the Pope is present ... The Bulgarian elections result in the return of 97 Ministerialists and 92 members of various parties ... Discussion on China in German Parliament ... Count von Bülow denies the *Times* telegram about Germany seeking special concessions in Shantung ... Telegram received from Lord Curzon giving numbers in receipt of relief at 359,000 ... Census of 1901 of Newfoundland and Labrador shows 220,249 inhabitants, an increase since 1891 of 18,209 ... The sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals recommend that the U.S. should not accept the Panama Company's offer ... The King refuses to accept the Italian Cabinet's resignation and convokes Parliament.

March 4.—Forty-six cases of plague are announced as having occurred in Sydney during outbreak—four deaths ... The Duke of Bedford is appointed K.G., and the Marquis of Waterford K.P. ... The Cunard liner *Etruria*, several days overdue, is heard from, having lost her propeller ... The fifth test match ends at Melbourne; the Australians win by 32 runs.

March 5.—The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Bristol and open the works in connection with the new Avonmouth Dock ... President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay receive the Boer delegates, but decline to change the policy of strict neutrality ... Deadlock occurs between Commonwealth Government and the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company as to contract ... Revolutionary attempt at Shabat, Servia ... The Sugar Convention is signed at Brussels ... President Loubet receives autograph invitation to St. Petersburg from the Tsar.

March 6.—The net earnings of Cape Government Railways for 1901 are equal to £4 8s. 4d. per cent. ... Prince Henry of Prussia receives LL.D. degree at Harvard ... The Belgian-American Liner *Waesland* is sunk in collision near Anglesey; over 200 saved, two killed ... 500 sugar manufacturers meet in Berlin and protest against the Sugar Convention ... Debate on the Colonial Estimates in the Reichstag ... Mr. W. Johnston gives £25,000 to promote research in pathology and physiology in the new Liverpool University ... The Natal Budget shows an excess of revenue over expenditure of £489,809.

March 7.—The French Senate adopts the new Shipping Bounties Bill ... On the Rand there are now 26 mines running, in all 1,295 stamps. Labour still very scarce ... The German Reichstag concludes second reading of Estimates ... The issue of Japanese Exchange bills for 10,000,000 yen brings applications of 15,500,000 yen ... The King and Queen visit Dartmouth, and the former lays the foundation stone of the new Britannia Naval College ... The Prince of Wales presides at the annual meeting of the King Edward's Hospital Fund.

March 8.—The Queen launches H.M.S. *Queen* at Devonport, and the King lays the first plate of the new battleship *King Edward VII.* ... Chinese rebellion in Kwang-si spreading ... British Mission to the Pope received at the Vatican ... French Estimates passed by 398 votes to 64; it is decided also to build four additional ironclads and three submarines ... Mr. Bottomley wins his action against Mr. Hess and receives £1,000 damages.

March 9.—Italian Railway Strike averted, the Government agreeing to pay during the next three years £1,320,000 as provisional concession to the railway men's demands ... Seventy-four cases of cholera reported from Medina and fifteen at Mecca ... The Cunard steamer *Etruria* arrives at Fayal, Azores.

March 10.—Russia offers to withdraw from Manchuria within eighteen months of the signature of proposed Convention by China ... Mr. Long, Secretary of Navy, tenders his resignation to President Roosevelt; he will be succeeded by Mr. W. H. Moody, of Massachusetts ... Austro-Hungarian-Russian commercial *rapprochement* is increased by speech of H. Pol, of the Consulate at Warsaw, in Vienna ... Japanese Diet closes quietly; of the seventy-nine Government Bills only one having been rejected by the Lower House ... The Italian Chambers reassembles.

March 11.—The Chinese Government send to Mr. Conger a strong protest against the Chinese Exclusion Bill ... The Newfoundland Sealers' strike ends with concessions to the men ... Prince Henry leaves New York on the *Deutschland* ... The Danish Folkething recommends the adoption of the Treaty with the U.S. for the sale of the Danish West Indies ... The Spanish Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Finance resign.

March 12.—The King holds an Investiture at St. James's Palace ... The Foreign Ministers in Peking advise the Bankers' Commission to accept the monthly instalments of the Chinese Indemnity, but nothing is agreed as to the reduction of the various claims ... The Newfoundland *modus vivendi* Bill passes both Houses ... Mr. Barton states that in January and February only 378 aliens have entered Australia as compared with the 810 of last year ... Mr. Seddon states that the total cost of the New Zealand contingents has been £307,000, besides annual pensions of £3,000, and he suggests a tenth contingent ... Deputation from native committee of the Bloemfontein district waits upon the Deputy-Administrator and presents a petition for Mr. Chamberlain asking for the political rights enjoyed by other British subjects.

March 13.—Military scandal occurs in Warsaw. Lieutenant-Colonel Grimm, of the Russian General Staff, arrested for selling military secrets ... Senor Sagasta's Cabinet resigns, and Sagasta refuses to form Coalition Government ... The town of Kiangri, in Asia Minor, destroyed by an earthquake; 3,000 buildings wrecked ... The Ministers of six Powers hold conference in Peking on question of the evacuation of Tientsin, but without result ... Great strike in Boston of coal-handlers and teamsters ... M. Lessar secures from Prince Ching promise not to employ any foreigner for the Chinese northern Navy or in its administration.

March 14.—The King abandons his visit to Ireland ... The German Reichstag adjourns for Easter, leaving Tariff Bill in Committee; only 43 items out of 946 have been discussed ... President Loubet accepts the invitation of the Tsar ... Only 15 of the 500 students arrested in Moscow are sent to Siberia ... Partial settlement of the Boston strike effected ... As an effect of the Pan-American Congress, Spain concludes treaties of arbitration with all the countries of Spanish America except Chile ... The King and Queen hold a Court at Buckingham Palace ... In the Danish Folkething the sale of the West Indian Islands is approved by 88 votes to 7.

March 15.—The New Zealand Cabinet decides to send a tenth contingent of 1,000 men to South Africa ... Work is begun

on the Seoul-Wiju Railway ... The Queen-Regent of Spain entrusts Senor Sagasta with the forming of a new Cabinet.

March 16.—The Shanghai River Conservancy Board is formed as follows : British five seats, American, Japanese, and French two each ; Chinese, Danish, Belgian, and German one each ... The Government obtains a majority of 92 in the Italian Parliament. The Italian Foreign Minister declares it impossible for Italy to intervene in South Africa ... The great strike at Boston ends ... The Prussian Minister of Education issues a circular to the national schools' authorities, urging necessity of temperance work ... Great disturbances by students and workpeople in St. Petersburg ; police and soldiers disperse the people.

March 17.—Prince Henry returns to Plymouth *en route* to Hamburg ... The Canadian Budget shows a surplus of 5,800,000 dollars. ... It is decided to send the cruisers *Asama* and *Takasago* to represent Japan at the Coronation procession ... Mr. Rhodes is weaker ... The American Ship Subsidy Bill passes the Senate by 42 votes to 31.

March 18.—Germany adopts the Slaby - Arco system of wireless telegraphy. ... Senor Sagasta forms a new Spanish Cabinet. ... The French Chamber moves that future Chambers shall last six years instead of four. ... The King decides to give £30,000 for the feeding of 500,000 poor at the Coronation.

March 19.—Indian financial statement made in the Legislative Council : surplus of £1,670,000 in 1900-1901. ... France and Russia issue a note relative to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance ... Negotiations for the evacuation of Manchuria continue in Peking.

March 20.—Reported Russo-Persian agreement for a Russian loan of 10,000,000 roubles in return for concession for road from Tabreez to Teheran ... M. Delcassé, in the French Senate, makes a statement on French external politics ... 56 Chinese students leave for Tokyo to receive military instruction ... The Belgian Senate adopts the Military Reform Bill.

March 21.—Memorandum issued of ships taking part in Coronation review ; only 118 to be present ... Sir W. D. C. Barrington is appointed Minister to Stockholm ... A Royal Commission is appointed to report on Alien Immigration ... Captain Bower is elected Commissioner of the City Police ... The rebellion in South China grows more serious.

March 22.—The Bulgarian Cabinet is reconstructed ... The Dutch Government brings forward a Dutch-German cable scheme ... In the Belgian Chamber a violent attack is made on the Pope by the Socialists ... At Messrs. Rothschilds' petroleum works at Batum the employees on strike are dispersed by soldiers, and 30 are killed ... The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race results in an easy win for Cambridge.

March 23.—The Korean Foreign Minister refuses to have any relations with M. Pavloff, the Russian Minister ... The Austro-Hungarian official data report that great progress has been made towards the pacification of the Philippines in 1901 ... Serious troubles are reported from Haiti ... Count von Balow promises his support to the Women's Franchise movement.

March 25.—Statement published in St. Petersburg regarding revolutionary movement among students ... It is decided to abandon proposed sexennial parliaments for the present in France ... Prince and Princess of Wales visit Chatham and launch battleship ... Buller-Balfour correspondence on Spion Kop published ... Text of Education Bill issued.

March 26.—Queen leaves for Copenhagen ... Mr. Cecil Rhodes dies at Capetown ... Cholera epidemic continues in Arabia—total deaths reach 1,129 ... Text of Land Purchase (Ireland) Bill issued.

March 30.—Details of Shah's visit published ; he will spend one week in London ... Riots occur in Macedonia and Albania, causing Russian protests ... 15,000 people visit Groot Schuur to see the body of Mr. Rhodes ... M. Lessar suggests to China that Tibet be made independent ... Eight Japanese doctors leave for Hong Kong to deal with the plague.

March 31.—German foreign trade returns for 1901 show decrease of imports and exports compared to 1900 ... Two issues of bonds, amounting to 7½ million yen, made successfully in Japan ... Independent Labour Party hold tenth annual conference at Liverpool.

The War in South Africa.

Feb. 28.—Kitchener telegraphs announcing success of the combined movement in Harrismith district : over 600 Boers killed or captured, 2,000 horses, 23,000 cattle, 200 waggons, 6,000 sheep, 600 rifles, and 50,000 rounds of ammunition, Christian De Wet's son and secretary, two commandants, and several field-cornets captured. ... News as to the capture of Colonel von Donop's convoy to hand : 16 officers and 451 men of escort captured, of whom 1 officer and 105 had been released.

March 1.—The total deaths from the Concentration Camps for week ended February 21st are 55 in 60,000 inmates ... Total Boer casualties in Harrismith affair 50 killed, 10 wounded, and 759 unwounded prisoners—819.

March 3.—Lord Kitchener's report for last week shows 60 Boers killed, 15 wounded, 903 taken prisoners, and 105 surrendered ; captured 1,034 rifles, 27,000 rounds of ammunition, and over 3,000 horses.

March 7.—Louis Botha, with 800 men, reported in laager at his farm, 25 miles N.-E. of Vryheid.

March 8.—Discovery reported of Boer magazine in cave near Reitz, containing 300,000 rounds of Martini and 10,000 rounds Lee-Metford rifle ammunition, several hundred shells and fuses, 200 lbs. of gunpowder, one Maxim gun, two helios stores.

March 9.—Lord Methuen with 1,200 men and five guns is ambushed and defeated by Delarey near Vryburg ; Lord Methuen wounded and captured ; the guns captured, 3 officers and 38 men killed, 5 officers and 72 men wounded, and 200 missing (331 unaccounted for)—550 mounted men escaped—Delarey's force estimated at 1,500 with two guns.

March 11.—Another "drive" in the Frankfort district ends in the capture of 153 prisoners and some stock, but main body breaks through blockhouse line and escapes.

March 13.—Lord Methuen is brought to Klerksdorp and handed over by the Boers unconditionally.

March 16.—Lord Methuen's detailed account of his defeat published by War Office—all his force not yet officially accounted for.

March 23.—Messrs. Schalk Burger, Reitz, Lucas Meyer, Krogh, and Vandervelt arrive in Pretoria from Middleburg under flag of truce.

March 26.—Lord Kitchener reports result of drive against Delarey—3 guns and 2 pom-poms and 251 prisoners, besides stores and mules, captured.

Bye-Election.

March 25.—Polling took place at Wakefield, and resulted in a Unionist victory, the figures being :—

Mr. E. A. Brotherton (U)	2,962
Mr. P. Snowden (Labour)	1,979
Majority	981

PARLIAMENTARY.

House of Lords.

March 3.—Bishop of Hereford moves second reading of Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals ... Bill withdrawn ... Lord Salisbury moves for the appointment of joint committee to consider the Housing Question.

March 5.—Archbishop of Canterbury moves second reading of the Bishopric of Southwark Bill.

March 6.—Lord Beauchamp and the Duke of Devonshire on the Education Act and Minute of 1901.

March 10.—Lord Raglan reads despatches relative to Lord Methuen's capture ... Lord Roberts, Lord Spencer, and Lord Salisbury speak in praise of Lord Methuen ... The Plumbers' Registration Bill is read a third time ... Lord Pirbright and Lord Lansdowne on the Brussels Sugar Convention.

March 11.—Lord Camperdown calls attention to the possible effects to houses and property in London if the bills for underground railways become law.

March 13.—The Factory and Workshop Act and the Bishopric of Southwark Bill passed through Committee ... London Water Bill read a second time.

March 14.—Lord Windsor on the pirating of copyright music ... Lord Ribblesdale and Lord Raglan on purchase of horses by War Office.

March 17.—Lord Spencer on the exercise of Martial Law in Cape Colony and Natal over civilians by military officers ... Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Salisbury speak.

March 18.—Solicitors Bill and Bishopric of Southwark Bill read ... Debate on Wei-hei-Wei by Lords Portsmouth, Goschen, Selborne, and Spencer.

March 20.—County Courts (Ireland) Bill read a second time; Factory and Workshop Act (1901) Amendment read third time and passed.

March 21.—Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill passes and receives Royal Assent.

House of Commons.

Feb. 28.—Committee of Supply to consider vote for Civil Service and Revenue departments; speeches by Sir Chas. Dilke, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Ritchie ... Mr. Dillon attacks the Irish Executive for reviving the Crimes Act of 1887 ... Mr. T. W. Russell, the Attorney-General for Ireland, and Mr. John Morley continue debate on Supply.

March 3.—Debate on London Water Bill Amendment (Mr. Buxton's) by Sir J. B. Maple, Mr. Asquith, Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, Mr. Long, negated by majority of 86; Mr. Long's motion to refer Bill to joint committee carried ... Freshwater Fish (Scotland) Bill read second time.

March 4.—Mr. Brodrick makes annual statement of War Estimates for 1902-3, which amount to £69,310,000, and provide for 420,000 men, and gives outline of new Army scheme.

March 5.—The Mines (Eight Hours) Bill comes for second reading. Speeches by Mr. Jacoby, Mr. Harris, Colonel Pilkington, Mr. J. Wilson, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Abraham, and Mr. Keir Hardie. Bill rejected by majority of 1-208 noes, 207 ayes.

March 6.—Mr. Chamberlain states that 634 farms had been burned in South Africa to January, 1901 ... Adjourned debate on Army Estimates. Sir H. Vincent and others on Volunteers and their services. Lord Stanley and Mr. Brodrick reply.

March 7.—Adjourned Debate on the Army Vote to provide for 420,000 men resumed; speeches by Mr. C. Hobhouse, Mr. Lee, Mr. Caine, Sir W. Rattigan, Major Seely, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Brodrick. Mr. Dillon moves to reduce the vote by 20,000 men; speeches by Major Evans-Gordon, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Brodrick, and Mr. Robertson; amendment negated by 182 to 54.

March 10.—Mr. Brodrick reads telegrams relative to reverse of Lord Methuen ... Irish Nationalists cheer the news ... Army and Navy Estimates further considered in Committee of Supply ... Lord Stanley introduces the Army (Annual) Bill.

March 11.—Mr. Brodrick announces the terms of reference to the Court of Inquiry on the Management of the Remounts Department ... The consideration of the Estimates for the Navy resumed. Speeches by Mr. Arnold Forster, Sir C. Dilke, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Pretymann.

March 12.—Mr. Pickard moves the second reading of the Coal Mines (Employment) Bill. Mr. Buxton, Sir C. Dilke, and Mr. Ritchie speak. Bill rejected by 224 to 158.

March 13.—On the report of the Vote on Account Mr. John Redmond attacks the policy of the Government in Ireland. Mr. Wyndham replies. Discussion continued by Sir R. Reid, Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. Blake, Mr. Macartney, and the Attorney-General for Ireland.

March 14.—London County Council (General Powers) Bill read a second time, Mr. Gerald Balfour opposing, by 173 votes to 143 ... Lord Cranborne replies to Mr. Norman, explaining scope of Article I of Anglo-Japanese Treaty ... Mr. London, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. J. Redmond and Mr. T. W. Russell speak on Irish subjects.

March 17.—The Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill read a second time ... Debate on the vote of censure opened by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman—speeches by Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Voxall, Mr. Lambert, Captain K. R. Balfour, and Sir Robert Reid, debate adjourned.

March 18.—Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill passes through committee ... Adjourned debate of vote of censure. Motion defeated by 346 votes to 191.

March 19.—Mr. Raymond Greene moves second reading of

Aged Pensioners Bill, speech by Mr. Long, Bill read a second time without division.

March 20.—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman speaks on the war and is answered by Mr. Chamberlain ... Mr. John Dillon is suspended by the Speaker ... Sir W. Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Brodrick speak ... The third reading of the Consolidated Fund (No. 1) Bill carried.

March 21.—The London, Tilbury and Southend Railway Bill read a second time ... Lord Cranborne defines Art. I. and Art. III. of the Anglo-Japanese agreement ... Consideration of Army Estimates in committee ... The Army (Annual) Bill read a second time.

March 25.—Mr. J. Redmond attacks the actions of the Irish Executive ... Mr. Wyndham introduces his Irish Land Purchase Acts Amendment Bill; Mr. Redmond, Mr. Healy, and other Irish members speak ... Bill read a first time ... Army Annual Bill read third time.

SPEECHES.

March 1.—Mr. Bryce, M.P., at Oxford, on Lord Rosebery and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.

March 3.—Count von Bülow, in Reichstag, on Anglo-Japanese Alliance and German interests in China and Korea.

March 5.—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at National Liberal Club, on the Liberal Party ... Lord Spencer, at Eastbourne, on the Liberal Party ... Mr. James Lowther, in London, on necessity of abandoning Free Trade.

March 8.—Mr. Asquith on Toynbee Hall, at Oxford.

March 9.—Mr. Seddon, at Dunedin, on Australasia and the Imperial Navy.

March 10.—Lord Rosebery, at Glasgow, on the Policy of the Liberal League.

March 11.—Lord Rosebery, at Glasgow University and at Edinburgh ... Baron von Richthofen, in the German Reichstag, on the South African situation and the refugee camps.

March 12.—Mr. John Morley, at Manchester, on the Liberal Party ... Mr. John Dillon, at Liverpool, on Home Rule ... Lord Avebury, at Oxford, on the British Empire League.

March 13.—Marquis Ito, in Tokyo, on Party Government and the Constitution ... Mr. Ritchie on Licensing Reform.

March 14.—Lord Rosebery, at the City Liberal Club, on the Liberal League ... Mr. Asquith, at St. Leonards, on the Liberal Party ... Lord Charles Beresford, before the London Chamber of Commerce, on "The Lack of Administrative Efficiency in our Organisation for Defence, and its Remedy."

March 15.—Signor Prinetti, Italian Foreign Minister, on the cordial relations between England and Italy ... Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., at Bolton, on Irish questions ... Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., at Lifford, on the War and Lord Rosebery.

March 19.—Lord Selborne, at Leicester, on Ireland and on the War ... Lord Beresford, in London, on "Wake Up" ... Earl Spencer, at the National Liberal Club, on the Liberal Party ... Mr. Asquith, in London, on female emigration to South Africa ... Lord Tweedmouth, at Bradford, on the Liberal Party ... Lord Balfour of Burleigh, at Rugby, on the Conservative Party.

March 21.—Lord James of Hereford, at Liberal Union Club, on the position of Liberal Unionists.

March 25.—Mr. H. Gladstone, M.P., at West Leeds, on the Liberal Party.

OBITUARY.

March 7.—Captain Casati, well-known explorer, 64.

March 8.—Luxmoore Hockin, 91 ... Professor James Bradley Thayer, 71.

March 12.—Mr. Altgeld, former Governor of Illinois.

March 15.—Sir Richard Temple, of Indian Civil Service, ex-M.P.

March 23.—M. Koloman Tisza, ex-Premier of Hungary, at Budapest, 64.

March 27.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes, at Muizenberg, 49.

March 28.—Prince Münster, German diplomat, 82.

March 29.—Sir Andrew Clarke, in London, 78.

March 31.—Dr. Lieber, leader of the Centre in German Reichstag, 64.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"—BURNS.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Berlin, the German police authorities have been very busy in carefully tearing out from the American comic papers all cartoons which do not treat Prince Henry's visit in a spirit sufficiently reverential. At the same time it is announced that the German Emperor has ordered his press-cutting bureau to be punctilious in supplying him with all the newspaper cuttings of an uncomplimentary nature, it having come to his knowledge that the courtiers of the press-cutting agency had not been forwarding newspaper articles which were calculated to hurt the Imperial feelings. It is difficult to see why the police should have interfered with the cartoons relating to Prince Henry, for most of them were complimentary, and all of them were good-natured. It is surely very absurd to make such a fuss about the drawings of comic artists. Mr. Chamberlain, we know, deemed them of sufficient importance to indulge in menaces to the French Republic. He has learned better since then, otherwise we might expect from him anything short of a declaration of war as the result of the publication of the latest Boer number of the *Lustige Blaetter*. It is certainly very strong. The first picture, which I reproduce here, is the least offensive of the series. It represents our King, who, by the way, is the uncle of the German Emperor, as a Roman Emperor in the Coliseum giving the signal to Lord Kitchener to give the *coup de grâce* to the Boers.



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

"Ah, whatever can I do to catch you? I'd like to have you in my net, indeed I would."



Lustige Blaetter.]

[Berlin.

MORITURI.—"When an ancient Roman Emperor turned his thumb downwards it meant 'Kill him'! But that was not yet considered 'unparalleled humanity.'"



Lustige Blaetter.]

[Berlin.

An Intermezzo at the Coronation Banquet.

Many of the other pictures are hardly reproducible. Some of them are rather funny, and some very gross. No objection could be taken to the picture of John Bull, who is badly mixed up in a barbed-wire entanglement, or to the imaginary sketch of De Wet leading Lord Kitchener



Amsterdammer.]

A Son of the Young People.

captive on his ox-waggon. But the picture of the English Salvation Army with the King at his devotions, which represent the King praying for peace, is very offensive. But the "bluggiest" one is that which represents Lord Kitchener and Mr. Chamberlain as butchers, with gory hands, leaving off work for the night. Mr. Chamberlain consoles Lord Kitchener with the thought that he can start again next day. No objection, however, can be taken to my reproduction of the cartoon entitled "Banquo's Ghost," which represents the apparition of Scheepers at the Coronation banquet.



Amsterdammer.]

The Fate of Kritzinger?

The American cartoonists have, for the most part, left the Boer war alone, but *Life* contrasts the position of the two Anglo-Saxon States in its cartoon, "Two Dogs of War."



Life.]

Two Dogs of War.

[New York.]

The failure of Lord Kitchener to capture De Wet in his last great drive was the subject for a cartoon in a somewhat lighter vein in the Swiss *Nebelspalter*.

The artists of the *Amsterdammer* naturally exult in the news of Boer successes which rejoiced the hearts of all Hollanders last month. Here, for instance, is a fancy picture of De Wet sitting on the doorstep, surrounded by the trophies which he captured from the British Army.

The fate of Kritzinger, which was in doubt for the greater part of last month, suggested to another Dutch artist a cartoon of the crucifixion.



Plain Dealer.]

[Chelmsford.]

ENGLAND: "Ha! I discover a rival. I have been undone!"



Novoye Vremya. [St. Petersburg.]
JOHN BULL (breathless): "How hard it is to get, this Transvaal gold!"



Kladderadatsch.

[Berlin.]

Mixed Feelings.

POLICE BULOW: "No pushing, gentlemen; no pushing."
VOICE FROM THE BACKGROUND: "Well, take care then that the way is soon clear. We have some business with Uncle Sam."

Russian caricaturists do not figure much in our collection, but now and then they are very successful in producing a good effect by line-drawing. Here, for instance, is a small picture from the *Novoye Vremya*, which is supposed

to represent John Bull's disgust at the difficulty which he experiences in possessing himself of the treasures of the Rand.

The American artists have been preoccupied for the most part with Prince Henry. Most of them take occasion to emphasize what they regard as the chagrin of Great Britain at the reception given to Germany. Some are good-natured, like the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and the *Minneapolis Journal*, and some are malicious, like the *New York Journal*.

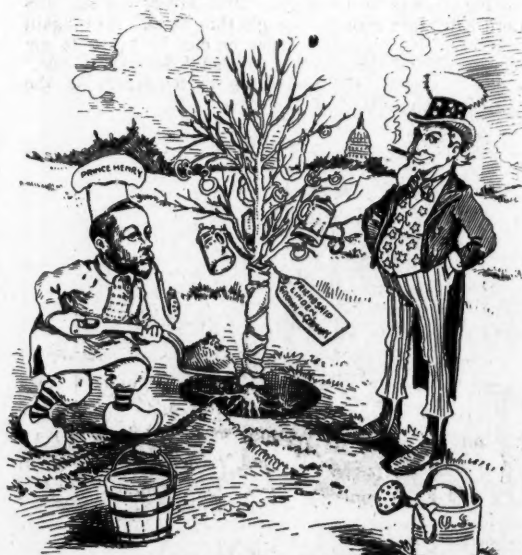


Journal.

The Bitter Cry of the Crowded.

[New York.]

"'Elp! 'Elp! 'E's taken my trade, an' 'e's cut me hout with Germany. 'E'll be shovin' me hoff the hearth next!"



Journal.

Henry Plants a Tree.

[Minneapolis.]

And Uncle Sam promises to keep it green.

TWO PICTURES.

Copyright, 1902, by E. S. Rogers.



[Journal.]

What a Change in 126 Years!

[New York.]

The Continental papers are more reserved, but *Kladederadatsch* indulges in a cartoon emphasising the contrast between the compliments at Washington and the determination of the German Protectionists to clap heavy duties upon American goods.

The Swiss *Nebelspatter* treats the whole thing as a puppet-show.



[Nebelspatter.]

A German-American Puppet-show.

[Zurich.]

Mr. Opper, of the *New York Journal*, continues to employ his pencil in ridiculing the Coronation, and in representing John Bull in the most unpleasant predicaments.



[Journal.]

The Real Launching.

[Minneapolis.]

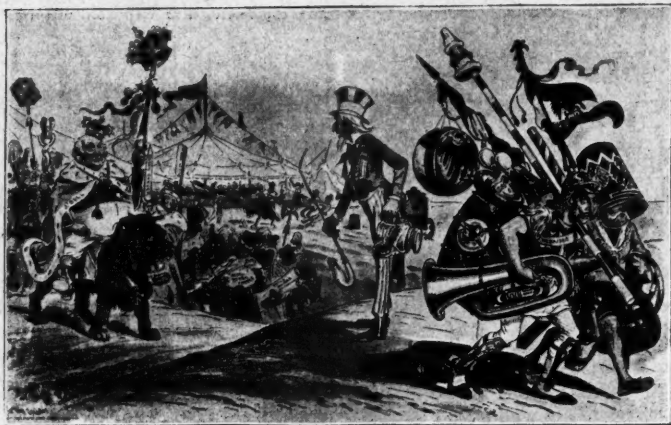


[Journal.]

Their Target.

[Minneapolis.]

RUSSIA: "I believe those fellows are aiming at me!"



Judge.]

[New York.

They all claim to be the Greatest Show on Earth.

The best of the cartoons is that from *Judge*, which represents Uncle Sam's bewilderment between the rival German and English showmen, each claiming to run the greatest show on earth.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty affords another fertile theme for the caricaturist. English, Italian, American, and German artists all deal with the subject in their own way.

The position of China in the midst of the Powers, who surround her with designs upon her property or her trade, is very effectively dealt with by *Judge*, in a cartoon in which the Japanese fox is chained to the English lion.



Fischetto.]

[Minnapolis.



Fischetto.]

Russia in China.

[Milan.



Noonshine.]

[London.

England—Japan.

What will the Bear play?



[Budapest.]

[Berlin.

"The comfortless time of 'splendid isolation' is past. Offensive and defensive on all sides. Let them all come!"

Der Floh.]



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.



Journal.]

A Combination to scare Bear.

[Minneapolis.

The suggestion that the various Powers should form a combination to keep Russia from laying her hands upon China is very happy. The composite figure of England, Germany, the United States and Japan in the *Minneapolis Journal* cartoon is very ingenious.

The contrast between the hopes raised in the friends of peace by the Conference at The Hague and the present state of affairs affords an endless theme for satire. Poor Baroness von Suttner reappears in *Der Floh*, while the *Nebelspalter* represents the Tsar as making a *Peter Waggy* of the Peace Conference, while Russia lays violent hands upon Finland and Manchuria.



Der Floh.]

[Vienna.



Judge.]

The Chinese Little Red Riding Hood.

[New York.

"And all the animals quarrelled about her. Some wanted to protect Little Red Riding Hood (China), so as to eat her themselves; some of them wanted to eat her then and there; but it made little difference to her, so long as she was to be eaten, anyhow."

CHARACTER SKETCH.

GEORGE CADBURY.

"IF George Cadbury takes over the *Daily News* it will be his purpose to make it simply, solely, and entirely an organ of the Kingdom of God." That was the forecast uttered on the eve of the latest transfer of the journal named by one who is entitled to speak with exceptional authority on the inner workings of Mr. Cadbury's mind. It expresses a rare splendour of spiritual ambition. To the man of the world and to the man of the cloister alike, the idea will doubtless appear hopelessly impracticable; the cynic may suspect it as the cover of some deep and subtle piece of commercial strategy. But anyone who knows the man will feel that this account of his intentions is not only credible: it is suggested by the record of his ancestry: it is backed by the witness of his entire career.

The Society of Friends, though open to all who desire to enter it, is, as a matter of fact, a spiritual caste, perhaps the highest caste known to English life. The Friends are the blue-blood Brahmins of the religious community. Their severe yet beautiful piety is transmitted from generation to generation unmixed, as a rule, by alien influences. The stream of heredity tends to run purer and deeper as it descends. A man who has behind him an undiluted Quaker ancestry of one or two hundred years starts life as an aristocrat of the moral world: with an ethical entail of value incalculable. Compared with his spiritual rank the ordinary titled and landed nobility seems rather tawdry and sordid. Viewed from this standpoint Mr. Cadbury has the bluest of blue blood in his veins.

He is the direct descendant of one of the earliest converts of George Fox, Tapper by name, who was shut up in Exeter Gaol in 1693 for the heinous offence of being a Quaker. Two hundred years of honourable pride in an ancestor who would rather go to gaol than violate his conscience is a fine heirloom. Only the other day one of the youngest scions of the same stock, discussing the prospect of compulsory ballot for the Militia, replied quite cheerily, "Well, if it is enforced, we shall just have to go to prison as our fathers did." The first of the Cadburys that can be traced is a tenant-farmer, of Uffculme, in Devon, William by name, whose burial is registered in 1557. The first of the forbears of the founder of Bournville to enter the Society of Friends was John Cadbury, married as Friend to Miss Tapper in 1725.

His grandson, Richard Tapper Cadbury, left Devonshire, the traditional home of his clan, and settled in Birmingham in 1794. His son John started business in Bull Street in 1824; and a few years afterwards he commenced certain experiments in cocoa and chocolate which laid the foundations of the now world renowned firm. Richard and John between them occupied the chair of the Street Commissioners of Birmingham for 30 years. John helped to found the Animal Friends' Society, which aimed at the suppression of bull-baiting and other cruelties. He was an ardent advocate of the Anti-Slavery cause. He was foremost in championing the poor little chimney-sweeps. He was not content with indignant rhetoric. He got a mechanical chimney-sweep to do the work then done by the imperilled boys. He made his shop an agency for the new implement. With singular courage and tact he gathered the master-sweeps of Birmingham together, who felt that their craft was in danger, and he succeeded in getting a hearing. One of the chief Parliamentary opponents of the proposed reform lived in Hagley Hall. Bent on converting him, John Cadbury took one of his mechanical sweeps to the aristocratic mansion and had a chimney swept with it before the eyes of the astonished occupant. That incident is worth recalling, for it is the Cadburys all over. Never stop at merely talking about reform; do the thing that needs to be done, and when it is done show it as the best proof that the reform is feasible. That is the maxim they follow. George Cadbury with his model works and model village is doing the same thing on a larger scale as his father with the mechanical chimney-sweep.

The present principal shareholder of the *Daily News* was born in Birmingham on the 19th of September, 1839, so that he is now sixty-two years of age. Educated in a Friends' School, by William Lean, at Edgbaston, he entered his father's business at the age of seventeen. His advent was marked by a thoroughly characteristic augury of his career as employer. He found that the women employed by the firm were, in his judgment, miserably underpaid: the highest wage a woman could earn was 5s. a week. So he promptly had their wages raised all round. Thus did the chivalrous ally of labour first declare himself. Only the other day a perusal of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's "York," with its estimate of the minimum wage on

which physical efficiency could be maintained, led to an immediate rise of wages to the labourers in the Bournville works.

Another change was introduced about thirty-five years ago into his works. Before beginning work, but in the employer's time, the workpeople were gathered together for morning prayers. This custom is kept up to the present day. Mr. Cadbury made it a rule that every worker must attend the service or go on with his usual work. There is a pretty story of the way the rule was comparatively recently relaxed.

There were a considerable number of Roman Catholics employed by the firm; their priest was greatly concerned at their voluntary attendances at a Protestant service. He appealed to Mr. Cadbury, but in vain; he went to his bishop about it, but the bishop's appeal could not shake Mr. Cadbury; eventually the matter reached the ears of John Henry Newman, and the aged cardinal interposed. He went down and saw Mr. Cadbury, if possible to arrange for a special service. This was arranged as far as the young women were concerned by a simple service being held by one of them; but this has long been discontinued. The ordinary service is of the simplest character, to which even a Roman Catholic could not object—the singing of a hymn, the reading of a short portion of Scripture, a short explanation and prayer. Rumour avers that, before leaving, the cardinal lifted up his hands and gave Mr. Cadbury his blessing.

The business taken over from their father by Richard and George in 1861, and constituted as "Cadbury Brothers," was then in the day of small things. Both brothers acted as travellers for the nascent firm, and the first designs for the ornamental packing of chocolate—now so universal—were devised by Richard himself. It is interesting to see those first

essays in a line which now commands the services of high artistic skill.

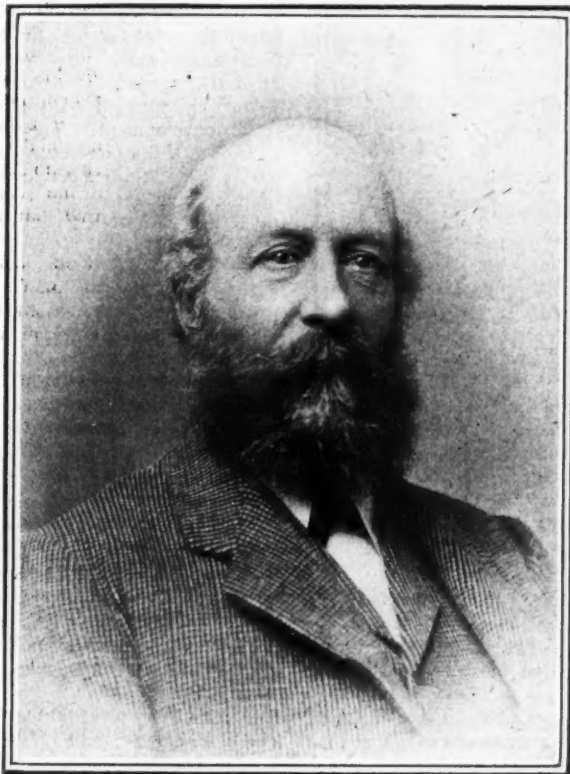
Needless now to say, the business prospered. Into the many causes which have led to the world-wide fame of Cadbury's chocolate, it is equally unnecessary to inquire. But during the eighteen years in which Messrs. Cadbury Brothers carried on their industry in Birmingham there was no phenomenal expansion. In 1879 they employed, all told, only 250 hands.

In that year, however, the "great trek" took place. The Cadbury brain had long been seething with ideas

which could not be realised in "the man-stified town." The works were lifted bodily out of the heart of Birmingham and planted in the country. The site chosen was only five miles away, on the banks of the Barnbrook, or, as it is now called, Bournbrook. There the works and the village of Bournville were founded.

Anyone accustomed to the conditions in which the average factory hand spends his working-day is apt to feel utterly bewildered on his first visit to the Bournville works. It all seems too good to be true. Through rustic wicket, along a winding path, amid overhanging tree and shrub and flower, he makes his way to the chief offices, a range of beautiful rooms, two storeys high, built in the chalet style, and in the

summer time running over with flowers inside and out. The wonder grows as the entrance is found to be a fair sample of the interior. The dining halls are spacious, well lighted, decorated with pictures and flowering plants, as the accompanying photograph may suggest. Across the massive mahogany counter only the best food is served at cost price. The work-rooms keep up the glamour. They seem designed to make a pleasure of toil and to idealise it. Not merely in the great essentials of light and air and temperature, but in a thousand little things



Photograph by]

[Whitlock, Birmingham.

Mr. George Cadbury.



A By-way in Girls' Playgrounds, Bournville Works.

which reveal a constant and inventive thoughtfulness, the welfare of the worker is kept in view. The retiring room for girls who fall sick during work, with skilled nurse in attendance, is furnished tastefully and luxuriously. The thermometer of the workrooms is carefully consulted, and even in July coolness is maintained. The organisation of the work, like the structure, has for its end human well-being not less than industrial efficiency. The eight-hours day has long been established. Workers are allowed to talk at their work provided the tone of conversation be not too loud.

The women are all habited in white, a costume which at once makes cleanliness imperative, and adds immensely to the æsthetic charm of the factory. There are 2,300 women employed at Bournville, and the Cadburys have arranged that this great army of women shall be officered entirely by women. In the selection of forewomen special regard is had to their moral and religious character. The general impression left on the most casual visitor is that the girls are happy at their work. The sight of the largest workroom, bright and airy and spotlessly clean, with the women all in white, cheerily busy, their faces lit up by frequent smiles, seems to suggest that Labour has been redeemed from its primal curse. Yet this is a giant factory, giving employment to 3,600 persons.

These ideal works are set in idyllic surroundings. The beauty of the private park which formerly occupied the ground is sedulously maintained and enhanced; its stretches of grass and glades and streams are given over to the recreation of the workers. For the men there are playgrounds, open-air bathing-places, baths, gymnasium, refreshment bar in a highly ornate pavilion. For the women—well, the provision made is one great poem of Christian chivalry. The old mansion to which the park belonged has been turned into a residence for some fifty work-girls who are orphans, or too far away from home to reside there. The old vineyard attached is carefully cultivated, and the grapes grown there are taken to the sick among the workers. For visiting invalid employees two trained nurses are regularly engaged. The grounds of the Hall form the women's playground, with special facilities for gymnastic development. They have a rustic pavilion of their own, and a picturesque cycle-house. To see the groups of white-robed maidens at the end of the dinner-hour strolling across the lawns or resting under the trees makes one half believe it is a glimpse of Paradise.

Everywhere there are proofs that Mr. George Cadbury and his firm take far more thoughtful care of their workpeople than most fathers do of their own children. Just as the firm has the best expert advice in chemistry and in colour and in architecture, so Mr. George Cadbury has made a point of consulting experts in the much more important department of labour. He has sought the counsel of some of the best known labour leaders—notably, Mr. John Burns. This unusual policy has been attended with the happiest economic as well as humane consequences. Mr. Cadbury strongly believes in organised labour. He has again and again intervened in industrial disputes with substantial help for the workers. He backed the Midland miners in their fight for a "living wage." He liberally supported the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in its struggle for an eight-hour day. And he has openly sided with the Penrhyn quarrymen.

Mr. Cadbury makes no secret of what led him into this close alliance with Labour. One Sunday morning, as he was standing among the men—some 300 in number—of his Adult School, carried on in the middle of Birmingham, he said to a visitor: "It was they who made me a Radical. In teaching them and in visiting them I got to know the difficulties that beset their lives and homes; and they taught me that changes must be made." It is a curious fact that Mr. Cadbury comes of a Tory stock and was brought up a Conservative. His family had consorted mostly with Church people and refused to be classed with vulgar Dissent. His grandfather was chairman of the Street Commissioners—a sort of close hereditary oligarchy which ruled Birmingham with rare integrity and efficiency before the days of municipal reform. For twenty-five years had he served on that body, and when Birmingham was at

last given a reformed corporation he stood as opponent of the new order against Joseph Sturge. It was the religion of his fathers which made George Cadbury renounce their politics. When he was some eighteen years of age he joined the Adult School movement, that great contribution which the Society of Friends has made to the evangelisation of the working classes. The "Sunday School Party," as it was called, became a power in the town; and it is one of the ironies of history that a certain Colonial Secretary, of truculent and bellicose notoriety, owed his political start in life to the support he derived from the schools of the disciples of "meek-eyed Peace." He, too, like Mr. Cadbury, was "made" by them; but as a different sort of stuff went to the making, the result is very different. Mr. Cadbury has for forty-five years taught his class and led his school, in winter and summer, rain or shine. He learned how they were worked, how they were housed, what they did with their scant leisure; and he saw that if they and their children were to have a fair chance of a decent human life, there must be a new social order introduced. His new political faith was, however, no paper creed. He was in it, all in it, and always in it: which is no more than to say he was himself. Rumour has it that he headed an indignation party which sallied forth to vindicate the public right of way along a landlord-blocked path; and that standing on a cart and delivering an impassioned harangue, he denounced the injustice and greed of landowners.

He was soon drawn into the municipal campaign against slums which is one of the most honourable distinctions of Birmingham's history. He was returned for Rotton Park Ward. The election address which heralded his first advent into public life is characteristic. It was in 1878, just the year before the exodus to Bournville, and we see what was then uppermost in his mind. After declaring himself in favour of making admission to the grammar schools "entirely free," he goes on:—

I have paid personal visits to the homes of the working classes in

all parts of the Borough, and have therefore some knowledge of their requirements, and deeply deplore that in the past there was not more supervision exercised by the Town Council over the construction, position, and sanitary arrangement of their dwellings. I do not expect to see my way at once through all the difficulties which surround our social conditions, but shall endeavour freely and fairly to look into the causes of them, taking a perfectly independent course, seeking only to promote the interests of my fellow-citizens.

In the course of his candidature he is reported as saying that "in entering the Council he should do his best to assist Mr. Chamberlain"! He remained on the Town Council some years, and served on the Parks and Baths Committee. He subsequently became a member of the Worcester County Council, but retired after four years. He does not seem to have much relish for the slow routine of civic administration.

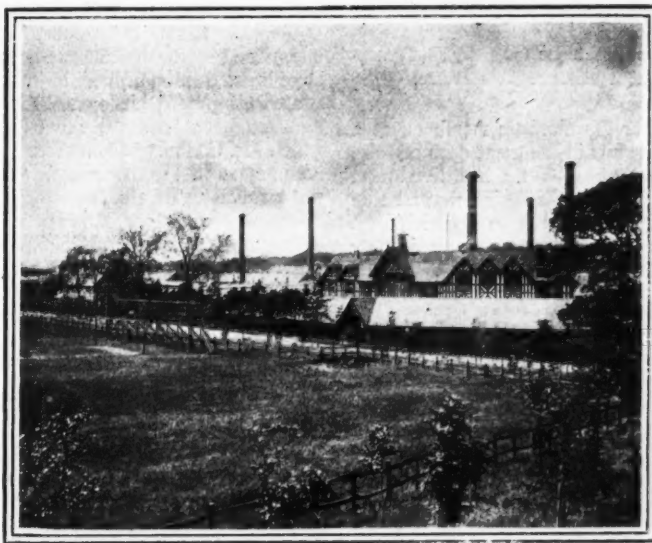
He feels he can do so much more in his own direct creative way.

In 1893 Mr. Cadbury saw Lord Herschell as to the appointment of Liberals on the Bench for the county of Worcester; this resulted in about thirty Liberals being placed upon the roll. Referring to the first ten appointed he wrote a letter to a paper which reported that he had been made a magistrate. In this he said:—

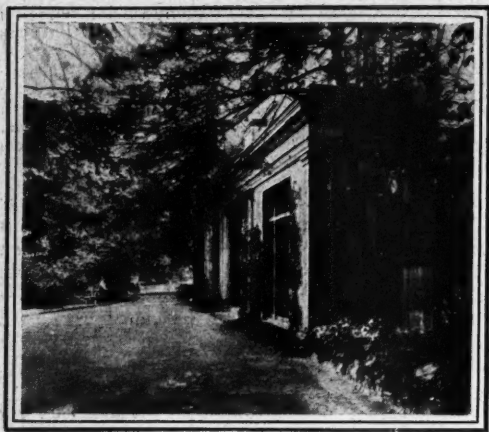
Until the ten gentlemen had been appointed, out of 246 justices on the roll in the county of Worcester only thirteen were supporters of the present Liberal Government. Having taken so prominent a part I should not feel at liberty to qualify lest any should think I had a personal interest to serve in the action taken which was to rectify what I felt to be an injustice causing widespread dissatisfaction in the county. Tradesmen and Nonconformists have almost never been appointed in the past, nearly every magistrate being a landowner, or a member of the Established Church and a Conservative.

Mr. Cadbury was placed on the county roll regardless of a protest against it to Lord Herschell, and under these circumstances, and also because his time was already so fully occupied with other matters, he has not yet qualified.

He has been a liberal supporter of Party funds, but he has always followed a "perfectly independent course." He is an enthusiastic Temperance man, and once succeeded in carrying a resolution in favour of Local



Bournville Works.—The Export Office from one of the Football Fields.



Bournville Hall: now a Residence for Fifty Girls who are Orphans or at a distance from Home.

Option, against the four Birmingham members, at a meeting of their constituents in the great days of John Bright. But on this question he has lived and learned; and while expressing the desire that all sale of intoxicants should be banished from Bournville, he has left the Trustees discretion to arrange, if they think well, for a restricted sale of alcohol. In the education controversy he has never supported the purely secular policy. He followed Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule departure.

Mr. Cadbury generously recognises the worth of the work which the Colonial Secretary has done and is doing for Birmingham municipally; but only scriptural language can express his abhorrence of the instigator of the South African war. The present occupant of the Colonial Office is to him emphatically—although of course the good Friend would never use such a phrase of any fellow man—"the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." Consequently Mr. Cadbury is denounced as a pro-Boer. When the late Queen commanded him to supply chocolate for her Christmas present to the troops in South Africa, he as a loyal and dutiful subject of her Majesty obeyed. But when the Government invited him to tender for orders of cocoa and chocolate, he, being free to decline, refused. This brought down upon him the wrath of the Jingoës. One large firm in London, presuming on Quaker forbearance, actually sent out cards to their customers urging them not to use the goods prepared by this friend of the enemies of his country. These deliberate endeavours to injure the firm had doubtless a momentary success. The good Friend took it with the utmost cheerfulness. "What is the use of having principles," he said, "unless you are prepared to suffer for them? Loss in this cause is an honour." While watching the paroxysms of the war-fever, he never allowed the national delirium to shake his faith. "The Lord reigneth!"

he exclaimed. He could even rejoice in the frenzy accompanying this war as a *reductio ad absurdum* of a Christianity that repudiates the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

It is interesting to trace the steps which led this home-loving philanthropist into the stormy waters of imperial journalism. It was not by way of town council and of Parliament. It was through the doors of the religious community. From the beginning until now Mr. Cadbury has been a loyal and devoted adherent of the Society of Friends, and the Boer War has made him "more of a Quaker than ever." From his youth up he has been a frequent speaker at meetings, but with the deliberation which often marks the collective action of the Friends, it is only a few years ago that he was declared to possess a "gift," and so became a "recognised minister." Needless to say his name has passed into a proverb for noble generosity in support of all good causes maintained by the Friends at home and abroad. His large-hearted munificence in other spheres has not stinted his gifts to his own Society. As it happens, the *Daily News* is not the first journalistic venture on which Mr. Cadbury has entered. In 1891 he acquired an interest in the *Birmingham News*, and this was not a solitary experiment on the provincial press. In 1893, on Mr. Cadbury's initiative, the *News* instituted a religious census of Birmingham. This revealed the ominous fact that on the given Sunday there were 99,693 persons in a place of worship, and 569,215 outside. To consider the situation, Mr. Cadbury convened a meeting representing all the Free Churches of Birmingham. A Free Church Council was formed; Free Church parishes delimited; a Free Church map drawn up. The experiments adopted in Halifax and Bradford were introduced; and Mr. Cadbury was launched on the great national movement for the Federation of the Free Churches. He has supported it with much time and thought and treasure, and principally owing to his efforts political questions have been largely excluded.



Cottages in Willow Road, Bournville.

The next step was quite beyond ecclesiastical bounds. The most pressing questions of home politics are suggested by the two words, Pensions and Housing. Among those to whom the nation now looks for a solution of both, Mr. George Cadbury stands in the foremost rank. When Mr. Chamberlain, on the negative finding of a committee of experts, dropped the whole project of old age pensions, and the organised labour of the country, with the help of Mr. Booth, was raising the question afresh, Mr. George Cadbury was one of the first to whom the new movement turned for help. He at once entered the agitation and organised in Birmingham the seventh conference addressed by Mr. Booth, at which some 600 delegates of labour bodies in the Midlands unanimously declared for free and universal old age pensions. The preparations for this magnificent demonstration compelled the Government to re-open the matter and appoint a Select Committee, which proved to be entirely abortive. Mr. Cadbury has since been one of the chief supporters of the National Committee of Organised Labour, which has won unanimous adhesions to its principle of pensions for all in old age from the Trade Union Congress and from the Co-operative Congress, and, only last January, from a combined meeting of both Congresses. Writing about this combined conference, the result of which greatly cheered him, Mr. Cadbury made the characteristic remark, "I was most pleased with the avowed Christian purpose and the Christian spirit shown towards the weak, the poor, and the



Workgirls in their Playground, Bournville.

fallen." Against men and movements of this temper arguments founded on a calculating selfishness are powerless.

But it is on the crest of the Housing wave that Mr. Cadbury has ridden into the mid-stream of the national life. How he has done so is suggestive both of the man and of the new age of which he is the pioneer. The old style of reformer would have built up a series of stately orations, closely reasoned, convincing, impassioned, or would have set the presses palpitating with lurid and brilliant articles fit to send the blood of the nation up to fever heat. The new style of reformer, typified by Mr. Cadbury, does not in the first instance trouble much with the rhetoric of press or of platform. He sets to work in a small way to *do* the thing that is needed, and when the thing is done and works, then he lets pen and tongue have play. His contribution to the housing question is the solid and accomplished fact of Bournville.

Bournville is a village paradise. It covers 330 acres, and the beautiful cottages that line the winding roads house nearly 2,000 souls. Scarcely two houses are outwardly the same. Each working man's cottage has been designed and developed with as much care as a rich man usually lavishes on his own mansion. The very shops are dreams of structural elegance. Each house is provided with a garden back and front, and a strip of orchard at the foot of back gardens serves as a veil of privacy to each. The allowance of ground to each house is at the rate of 600 square yards.



Workgirls' Dining Hall, Bournville Works.

Mr. Cadbury found in his adult school visiting that the working man living in crowded towns had practically no interest provided for his leisure hours, except in the public-house. So he resolved that in his model village each workman should have his garden, which would provide healthy and humanising as well as remunerative recreation for the whole family. The accompanying photographs will show how Bournville is laid out.

The land, with houses and shops upon it, valued at £180,000, has been made over by Mr. Cadbury to a Trust at present composed of Cadburys, but to be filled up as they drop out by nominees of the Society of Friends, the Birmingham Corporation, and certain district councils. The Trust is both ground landlord and house landlord to the village. It gathers in rents (generally about 6s. a week), now equal to £5,246 a year. After necessary expenses have been paid, the balance is devoted to building new cottages and beautifying the estate. As the rent roll increases, the Trust is empowered to buy land and erect similar model villages in any part of Great Britain. The work has been going on for several years, and the founder

did not intend to call public attention to it for several years more, but the large housing schemes of the London County Council and other municipalities, as it were compelled him to give the world the benefit of his experiment. The world has not been slow to profit by his invitation. All last year and this, a stream of visitors, of all grades, many representing great civic bodies, have gone to Bournville and have come away lost in admiration at what they have seen.

Bournville is Mr. George Cadbury's "propaganda by deed." It is a transcript of his character.

This is the man who has with his friend, Mr. Ritzema, taken over the *Daily News*. Mr. Cadbury is by far the largest shareholder, but Mr. Ritzema has practically the entire control. Both men have shown by their past record that they are absolutely inde-

pendent, and the offer of Mr. Ritzema to join in the undertaking was still further proof that Mr. Cadbury was called to a work which naturally he would gladly have avoided. Speaking of Mr. Cadbury, a near friend said:—"He has done many big things in his time, but this of the *Daily News* is the biggest thing he has yet set his hand to. I expect he will put it through like the rest. He means to." Journalists may be pardoned for thinking it easier to turn Bournville Park into a model village than to make a London daily into a model newspaper. But the habit of achievement counts for much. The new *Daily News* begins with the moral prestige of its owner; and the exclusion of betting news has kindled a rare enthusiasm among the moral

stalwarts of the community. The prospect of a great metropolitan journal appearing every day as nothing more or less than an organ of the Kingdom of God is enough to stir the most sluggish religious heart. It must indeed be admitted by the best friends of the new venture that it did stumble on the threshold. The type was at first generally too small. The headlines gave too much prominence to the classification of contents and

too little to the contents themselves. The excess of quantity rather bewildered the general reader. These were, however, only the sub-editorial trappings and suits of the paper, not the paper itself. They are not an uncommon mistake in journalistic commencements. The *News* has soon shed them. It promises to be a popular mirror of the highest, the best, and the most interesting phases of the world's life. All success to the great experiment! It is as difficult to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to the world in the event of failure, as to over-estimate the blessings which would follow achievement. May the new *Daily News* prove indeed to be

The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false!

So far only the public character of Mr. Cadbury



Cycle House, Bournville Works, with free storage for Two Hundred Machines.

has been outlined. Of his private life no account is needed, save to say that it is fit centre to the fair circumference. His thoughtfulness, even down to the smallest details of those about whom he is "concerned," is quite womanly in its exquisiteness, while to see him with a child is to see him at his very best.

As has been seen, it is a many-sided character; and to a stranger might seem a bundle of incongruities. Here is a capitalist hand-in-glove with Labour leaders; a Quaker who is an ecclesiastical statesman; bound by his creed to lay infinite emphasis on the individual soul, yet a great collectivist; a quietist and journalist in one. What is the secret—the unifying principle of it all?

One who knows him most intimately was asked to state in a word the essence of his character. Prompt the answer came: "Guidance—that one word explains it all. Not a choice does he make, not a line does he follow, not even does he decide on an appeal from the smallest charity, without a second or two spent in asking for guidance. And he acts on the answer he receives." Another near friend exclaimed, "Never was I more surprised than when I heard that George Cadbury was taking up the *Daily News*. It was no surprise to me that having taken it up he ultimately became sole proprietor. But, knowing him well and knowing his experience of the worry and loss as well as of the slow successes of journalism, I never thought he would have touched the *Daily News*. There is only one explanation," the friend went on: "George Cadbury believes intensely in revelation—revelation not only to the race, but to the individual. But often it costs him a hard fight to obey unexpected orders. I doubt not there has been a hard fight here." These are the utterances of sympathetic observers, not, be it remembered, of the man himself. The man of the world may scoff at the idea they convey; but the student



"Ye Olde Farm Inn," Bournville.

of history will think otherwise. Lord Rosebery's memorable utterance on Cromwell readily recurs:—

He was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations; A man who combines inspiration apparently derived—in my judgment really derived—from close communication with the supernatural and the celestial, a man who has that inspiration, and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action, such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and when he pleases to come down to this world below, seems armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the Almighty Himself.

The philanthropist of Bournville is very unlike the victor of Marston Moor, and the purchase of the *Daily News* is a very different thing from the dismissal of the Long Parliament. But Cadbury, like Cromwell, is a "practical mystic." He receives his orders from what he believes to be a Divine Source; and, receiving, he obeys. How differently soever men may explain that conviction, certain it is that it has been the driving power which has pushed him on until it has placed him now in the middle of the national arena. Already men are beginning to speak of him as "the greatest municipal statesman of the age." The healing of the breaches of British Dissent, the deliverance of a million aged poor from the horror of the workhouse, and the solution of the housing problem in this age of great cities are surely matters as vital to the Empire as ever was the settlement of the dispute about ship money to the England of Cromwell's day. Will the consciousness of mandate press him beyond even these great questions? Of that no one knows save Destiny; least of all its submissive implement. One thing is morally certain. Whatever George Cadbury believes himself commanded to perform, he will attempt with all his powers to do. He will obey. There are no limits to what an obedient will may be called on to accomplish.

The advent of Mr. Cadbury into Metropolitan journalism synchronizes strangely with the universal anxiety about Mr. Rhodes. The contrast between the two men may perhaps be suggested by saying that one has been said to think in continents for the extension of Empire, while the other thinks in humanities for the realisation of the Kingdom of God. F. H. STEAD.



Corner House, Mary Vale Road, Bournville.

PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VÁMBÉRY.

A TRIBUTE ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY. BY LOUIS KATSCHER.

WHEN, in 1895, I congratulated Jókai on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the celebrated poet told me that it was a bad custom for people to congratulate others "upon becoming old." This sensible view is shared by another famous Hungarian, M. Vámbéry, than whom no Hungarian, with the sole exception of Kossuth, is better known to the English-speaking world. On being congratulated upon his seventieth birthday, in the name of the Hungarian Peace Society, whose vice-president he is, he replied gaily that he should have preferred to be forty years to-day instead of seventy. I made his acquaintance on his forty-fifth birthday; thus have known him for exactly twenty-five years. He is one of the most remarkable men, as to individuality, that it has ever been my fortune to meet anywhere in the world.

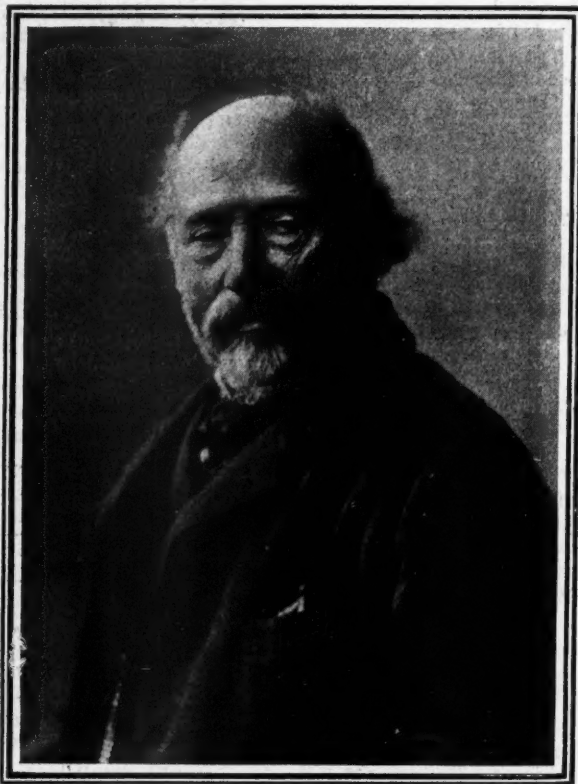
What characterises M. Vámbéry most is his extraordinary intrepidity. His energy is such that it positively cured his lameness, and made it possible for him to throw away the crutches which he had used from his fourth up to his tenth year. The desire to overcome his physical weakness, and the mockery of the other schoolboys at his infirmity, caused him one day to take a "resolution not to use the crutches any more; I hurled them aside and tried walking without them. At first it was a fearful ordeal, but I soon came off victorious, and in order not to be tempted again I broke the crutches into pieces, one of which

I afterwards used as a walking-stick." In course of time his tenacity accomplished much more for him; it helped him to carry out a feat of great daring. He travelled extensively in Central Asia at a time when it is likely such an attempt would have brought certain death on any European traveller less shrewd, clever,

and less intimately conversant with every detail of Mahometan life and customs. Like Dr. E. J. Dillon's adventurous disguises in Crete, Vámbéry played his part as a dervish in so masterly a way and kept up his *incognito* so strictly that he was considered a full-fledged follower of Mahomet, whereas in reality he was a Jew by birth and a Christian by conversion. How successful he was in disguising himself is best shown by the fact that about fifteen years ago a Central Asian writer published a Tartar booklet in which he, in the name of some of Vámbéry's old Tartar friends, defended the traveller against the charge of being a

"giaour," adding that he was really a Mussulman, and was constantly and cleverly cheating the "giaours" by pretending to be a Christian!

These Tartar assertions or opinions do not harmonise with the view of Amir Yakub Khan on this subject. Vámbéry, in his dervish garb, was present at a durbar at the Court of Herat when Yakub, then prince, pointed to him, saying, "I swear you are an Englishman." So he had been found out at last, but by dint of stout denials succeeded in



Professor Arminius Vámbéry.

suppressing the suspicions arising in the minds of his fellow-dervishes. He never learnt what had caused Yakub Khan to speak out thus positively until Sir Robert Warburton published recently his "Eighteen Years in the Khyber." On pp. 89-90 of this important book there occurs a most interesting passage referring to that stirring incident. Sir Robert, on meeting Yakub Khan one day, asked how he came to believe Vámbéry to be an Englishman. The explanation was extremely simple. At that durbar the prince recognised in that particular dervish a man whom he had noticed the day before beating time with the music of the band with his feet; "no Oriental would ever have done this, so that the dervish must have been an Englishman in disguise; but I did not care to press my charge in the presence of his denials."

In his own country—and only there, for *nemo propheta in patria*—the great traveller used to be charged with never having really been in Central Asia, and to have freely invented all the adventures described in his famous "Travels in Central Asia." An admirer of his once replied to this charge:—"Well, if he was never there, he is even more to be admired for having been able to describe the conditions and usages of those then forbidden countries in so exact and truthful a manner." But Sir R. Warburton's conversation with Amir Yakub would prove the learned professor's presence in Central Asia, if proof were needed. After the publication of "Travels in Central Asia," some Central Asians in places of authority avowed having recognised him as a European, and on being asked why they did not then kill him, replied that he knew the whole of the Koran by heart—a fact which exempted him from death, according to a commandment of Mahometan law.

Very few men have ever known and been so closely connected with leading men and women all over the world as has Vámbéry. His personal friendship with the last three Sultans of Turkey and the last two Shahs of Persia is as much a matter of notoriety as the high respect in which he was held by the late Queen Victoria. This respect is equally felt by King Edward and the King of the Belgians. *Ad vocem* Leopold II., I may disclose a secret, or rather divulge the solution of a puzzle which caused much heart-burning and brain-bothering to the Germans a few

years ago. After Kaiser Wilhelm's congratulatory despatch to President Krüger on the defeat of the Jameson Raid, there appeared in the *Times* of January 18th, 1896, a sensational pro-British and anti-German letter, signed "A Foreigner." It created a great stir in the European Press, and was at first generally ascribed to Leopold II. The King's authorship was officially denied, but the name of the real writer never became known. It was the great Hungarian professor, a frequent correspondent to the *Times*!

Professor Vámbéry has lately finished his "Memoirs and Reminiscences." What a rich storehouse of fascinating recollections and good stories must these volumes be! But it is doubtful if they will see the light during his lifetime, since, like the diaries of Bismarck, they contain too many details of a personal nature to be published now. Meanwhile the Anglo-Saxon world may continue to enjoy that delightful book, "Arminius Vámbéry's Life and Adventures: Told by Himself," which ran through many editions some twelve or thirteen years ago. The wide circulation of this work makes its unnecessary to enter into biographical details about the cosmopolitan professor, who, despite his undaunted internationalism—the outcome of his personal knowledge of many countries and dozens of languages—has always had particular predilections for England and the English as well as for Turkey and the Turks; he considers England and Turkey almost as much his "fatherlands" as he does Hungary.

Fortunately he feels stronger and healthier than ever. He ascribes this fact to the plainness and regularity of his habits of life. With this coincides a strong aversion to being publicly feasted and honoured. He therefore prohibited any and every public celebration of his seventieth birthday—a modesty which well agrees with his dislike for titles and orders of distinction. He is an outspoken Democrat; this explains his want of personal vanity, though he might well have more reasons for being vain than most people. Of one thing he is vain—indeed proud: of having been a self-made man, in so far as he worked himself up from being a wretchedly poor boy, carrying heavy floursacks for his living, to be a world-famed traveller, scholar, and politician of great influence and affluence. *Ad multos annos!*



THE TOPIC OF THE MONTH.

THE DEATH OF MR. RHODES: HIS POLITICAL WILL AND TESTAMENT.

ALL last month Mr. Rhodes lay dying. For days the struggle was prolonged between his unconquerable will to live and the steady progress of the fatal malady to which he did not succumb until the Wednesday of Holy Week.

But not even the tenacious spirit of the most resolute of mortals can triumph in a combat with Death. "Who is this great one," cried the dying Frankish monarch, "who pulls down the strength of the strongest kings?" That strong one has now pulled down the strength of the strongest of the Money Kings of the Modern World. When Cecil Rhodes expired at Muizenbush on March 26th the most remarkable, and in some respects, the most significant, personage of our time quitted the stage on which for the last fifteen years he has played so prominent a part. For good or for evil he ranked among the dozen foremost men of his day. He was one of the few men neither royal nor noble by birth who rose by sheer force of character and will to real although not titular Imperial rank. After the Pope, the Kaiser, the Tsar, there were few contemporary statesmen who commanded as much attention, who roused as much interest, as the man who has passed from our midst while still in his prime. The few who knew him loved him. The majority, to whom he was unknown, paid him their homage, some their admiration, and others their hate. And it must be admitted that the dread he inspired among those who disliked him was more widespread than the affection he commanded from those who came within the magic of his presence.

I.—THE FIRST OF THE MILLIONAIRE DYNASTY.

Cecil Rhodes, in the current phrase of the hour, was an empire maker. He was much more than that. Empire makers are almost as common as empire breakers, and, indeed, as in his case, the two functions are often combined. But Cecil Rhodes stands on a pedestal of his own. He was a man apart. It was his distinction to be the first of the new Dynasty of Money Kings which has been evolved in these later days as the real rulers of the modern world. There have been many greater millionaires than he. His friend and ally, Mr. Beit, could probably put down a bank-note for every sovereign Mr. Rhodes possessed, and still be a multi-millionaire. As a rich man Mr. Rhodes was not in the running with Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Astor. But although there have been many wealthier men, none of them before Mr. Rhodes recognised the opportunities which wealth affords its possessor of ruling the world. The great financiers of Europe have no doubt often used

their powers to control questions of peace or war and to influence politics, but they always acted from a strictly financial motive. Their aims were primarily the shifting of the values of stocks. To effect that end they have often taken a leading hand in political deals. But Mr. Rhodes inverted the operation. With him political considerations were always paramount. If he used the market he did it in order to secure the means of achieving political ends. Hence it is no exaggeration to regard him as the first—he will not be the last—of the Millionaire Monarchs of the Modern World.

He was the founder of the latest of the dynasties which seems destined to wield the sceptre of sovereign power over the masses of mankind. He has fallen in mid-career. His plans are but rudely sketched in outline, and much of the work which he had begun is threatened with destruction by his one fatal mistake. But he has lived long enough to enable those who were nearest to him to realise his idea and to recognise the significance of his advent upon the stage in the present state of the evolution of human society.

Mr. Rhodes was more than the founder of a dynasty. He aspired to be the creator of one of those vast semi-religious, quasi-political associations which, like the Society of Jesus, have played so large a part in the history of the world. To be more strictly accurate, he wished to found an Order as the instrument of the will of the Dynasty, and while he lived he dreamed of being both its Cæsar and its Loyola. It was this far-reaching world-wide aspiration of the man which rendered, to those who knew him, so absurdly inane the speculations of his critics as to his real motives. Their calculations as to his ultimate object are helpful only because they afford us some measure of the range of their horizon. When they told us that Mr. Rhodes was aiming at founding a huge fortune, of becoming Prime Minister of the Cape, or even of being the President of the United States of South Africa, of obtaining a peerage and of becoming a Cabinet Minister, we could not repress a smile. They might as well have said he was coveting a new pair of pantaloons or a gilded epaulette. Mr. Rhodes was one of the rare minds whose aspirations are as wide as the world. Such aspirations are more usually to be discovered among the founders of religions rather than among the founders of dynasties. It is this which constituted the unique, and to many the utterly incomprehensible, combination of almost incompatible elements in Mr. Rhodes' character. So utterly incomprehensible was the higher mystic side of Mr. Rhodes character to those among whom it was his fate to live and work, that after a few vain efforts to explain his real drift he gave up the task in despair. It would have

been easier to interpret colour to a man born blind, or melody to one stone-deaf from his birth, than to open the eyes of the understanding of the 'bulls' and 'bears' of the Stock Exchange to the far-reaching plans and lofty ambitions which lay behind the issue of Charteredds. So the real Rhodes dwelt apart in the sanctuary of his imagination, into which the profane were never admitted. But it was in that sphere that he really lived, breathing that mystic and exalted atmosphere which alone sustained his spiritual life.

II.—THE REAL RHODES AND HIS RELIGION.

Nearly three years ago, just when this disastrous war was beginning to distract the mind and deprave the conscience of our people, I printed in the REVIEW a statement as to the fundamental principles upon which Rhodesianism rested. *Inter arma silent leges*, which may be extended to mean that when war begins no one reads articles in Reviews. Now, however, that Mr. Rhodes is no more with us, it is possible that this statement may attract more attention, and all the more so because although it was issued during his lifetime, it provoked from him neither publicly nor privately any protest, criticism, or correction.

I therefore think that my readers will be glad to be afforded an opportunity of seeing what I wrote in October, 1899, which I reprint exactly as it was published in the November number of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS:—

HIS RELIGION.

Mr. Rhodes's conception of his duties to his fellow-men rests upon a foundation as distinctly ethical and theistic as that of the old Puritans. If you could imagine an emperor of old Rome crossed with one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the result brought up at the feet of Ignatius Loyola, you would have an amalgam not unlike that which men call Cecil Rhodes. The idea of the State, the Empire, and the supreme allegiance which it has a right to claim from all its subjects, is as fully developed in him as in Augustus or in Trajan. But deep underlying all this there is the strong, earnest, religious conception of the Puritan. Mr. Rhodes is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a religious man. He was born in a rectory, and, like many other clergymen's sons, he is no great Churchman. He has an exaggerated idea of the extent to which modern research has pulverised the authority of the Bible; and, strange though it may appear to those who only know him as the destroyer of Lobengula, his moral sense revolts against accepting the Divine origin of the Hebrew writings which exult over the massacre of the Amalekites. In the doctrine of eternal torment he is an out-and-out unbeliever. Upon many questions relating to the other world his one word is Agnostic—"I do not know." But on the question of Hell he is quite sure he knows, and he knows that it is not true. Indeed, it is his one negative dogma, which he holds with astonishing vigour and certitude. It conflicts with his fundamental conception of the nature of things. Whatever may be or may not be, that cannot be.

HIS MEDITATIONS.

It may appear strange to those who only realise Mr. Rhodes as a successful empire-builder, or a modern

Midas at whose touch everything turns to gold, to hear that the great Afrikaner is much given to pondering seriously questions which, in the rush and hurry of modern life, most men seldom give themselves time to ask, much less to answer. But as Mohammed spent much time in the solitude of his cave before he emerged to astonish the world with the revelation of the Koran, so Cecil Rhodes meditated much in the years while he was washing dirt for diamonds under the South African stars. He is still a man much given to thinking over things. He usually keeps three or four subjects going at one time, and he sticks to them. At present he has on his mind the development of Rhodesia, the laying of the telegraph line to Tanganyika, the Cape to Cairo railway, and the ultimate federation of South Africa. These four objects preoccupy him. He does not allow himself to be troubled with correspondence. He receives letters and loses them sometimes, but answers them never.

In the earlier days, before he was known, he kept his thoughts to himself. But he thought much; and the outcome of his thinking is making itself felt more and more every day in the development of Africa.

THE SEARCH FOR THE SUPREME IDEAL.

When Mr. Rhodes was an undergraduate at Oxford, he was profoundly impressed by a saying of Aristotle as to the importance of having an aim in life sufficiently lofty to justify your spending your life in endeavouring to reach it. He went back to Africa wondering what his aim in life should be, knowing only one thing: that whatever it was, he had not found it. For him that supreme ideal was still to seek. So he fell a-thinking. The object to which most of those who surrounded him eagerly dedicated their lives was the pursuit of wealth. For that they were ready to sacrifice all. Was it worth it? Did the end, even when attained, justify the expenditure of one's life? To answer that question he looked at the men who had succeeded, who had made their pile, who had attained the goal which he was proposing he should make his own. What he saw was men who, with hardly an exception, did not know what use to make of the wealth they had spent their lives in acquiring. They had encumbered themselves with money-bags, and they spent all their time in taking care of them. Other object in life they seemed to have none. Wealth, for which they had given the best years of their life, was only a care, not a joy—a source of anxiety, not a sceptre of power. "If that is all, it is not good enough," thought Rhodes.

IN POLITICS.

Then his thoughts turned to politics. Why not devote his life to the achievement of a political career? He might succeed if he tried. Rhodes seldom doubts his capacity to succeed when he tries. Again he looked at the ultimate. In South Africa the top of the tree was represented by the Cape Premiership. What kind of men are Cape Premiers? He had known some of them. They were men who had alternate spells of office and opposition. Most of them were mediocrities; few of them had power, even when they held place. They were dependent for their political existence upon the goodwill of followers whom they had to wheedle or cajole. The position did not seem enviable; so once more Rhodes decided "it was not good enough." The true goal was still to seek.

IN THE CHURCHES.

His mind turned to religion. Was there to be found in the Churches a goal worth the devotion of a life? Perhaps—if it were true. But what if it were not? He

thought much of the marvellous career of Loyola, the man who underpinned the tottering foundations of the Catholic Church, and re-established them upon the rock of St. Peter, which had been shaken by the spiritual dynamite of the Reformation. There was a work worthy the best man's life. But nowadays who could believe in the Roman, or even in the Christian, creed? Every day some explorer dug up in Palestine some old inscription which made havoc with a Bible text—a conclusion which the reports of the Palestine Exploration Fund certainly do not bear out, but that need not be discussed here. Mr. Rhodes was a Darwinian, rather than a Christian. He knew there was no Hell. How could he devote himself to the service of the Catholic Church? As to the others, these were merely vulgar fractions of a fraction. He respected them all with the wide tolerance of a Roman philosopher, but they neither kindled his enthusiasm nor commanded his devotion. The old faiths were dying out. If his life were to have a worthy goal, it must be among the living, not among the dead, with the future rather than the past.

A DARWINIAN IN SEARCH OF GOD.

So he went on digging for diamonds, and musing, as he digged, on the eternal verities, the truth which underlies all phenomena. He was a Darwinian; he believed in evolution. But was it reasonable to believe that the chain of sentient existences which stretched unbroken from the marine Ascidean to man, stopped abruptly with the human race? "Was it not at least thinkable that there are Intelligences in the universe as much my superior in intellect as I am superior to the dog?" "Why should man be the terminus of the process of evolution?" So he reasoned, as all serious souls have reasoned long before Darwin was heard of.

Reincarnation, the possibility of an existence prior to this mortal life, did not interest him. "Life is too short, after all," he used to say, "to worry about previous lives. From the cradle to the grave—what is it? Three days at the seaside. Just that and nothing more. But although it is only three days, we must be doing something. I cannot spend my time throwing stones into the water. But what is worth while doing?" Then upon him there grew more and more palpably real, at least as a possibility, that the teachings of all the seers, of all the religions, were based on solid fact, and that after all there was a God who reigned over all the children of men, and who, moreover, would exact a strict account for all the deeds which they did in the body. He combatted the notion; but the balance of authority was against him. All religions, in all times—surely the universal instinct of the race had something to justify it!

A FIFTY PER CENT. CHANCE!

Mr. Rhodes argued the matter out in his cool, practical way, and decided the question for himself once for all. He did not surrender his agnostic position; but he decided that it was at least an even chance that there might be a God. Further than that he did not go. A fifty per cent. chance that there is a God, Almighty is very far removed from the confident certainty of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." But a fifty-per-cent.-chance-God fully believed in is worth more as a factor in life than a forty per cent. faith in the whole Christian creed.

"WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

Mr. Rhodes had no sooner ciphered out his fifty per cent. chance than he was confronted with the reflection, "If there be a God, of which there is an even chance,

what does He want me to do, if so be that He cares anything about what I do?" For so the train of thought went on. "If there be a God, and if He do care, then the most important thing in the world for me is to find out what He wants me to do, and then go and do it." But how was he to find it out? It is a problem which puzzled the ancients. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Are not His ways past finding out? Perhaps yes; perhaps no. They "did not know everything down in Judee." Anyhow, Mr. Rhodes was much too practical and thoroughgoing a man not to set himself to the task of ascertaining the will of God towards us—if so be that there be a God, of which, as aforesaid, the Rhodesian calculation is that the chances are even, for or against.

WHAT IS HE DOING?

Mr. Rhodes, as I have said, is a Darwinian. He believes in the gospel of evolution, of the survival of the fittest, of progress by natural selection. With such outfit as this, he set himself in his diamond-hole to attempt the solution of the oldest of all problems. "If there be a God, and if He cares anything about what I do, then," said Rhodes to himself, "I think I shall not be far wrong in concluding that He would like me to do pretty much as He is doing—to work on the same lines towards the same end. Therefore, the first thing for me to do is to try to find out what God—if there be a God—is doing in this world; what are His instruments, what lines is He going on, and what is He aiming at. The next thing then for me to do is to do the same thing, use the same instruments, follow the same lines, and aim at the same mark to the best of my ability."

Having thus cleared the way, Mr. Rhodes put on his thinking cap and endeavoured to puzzle out answers to these questions. It sounds somewhat profane, the way in which he puts it; but in its essence, is it not the way in which all earnest souls, each according to his own light, have endeavoured to probe the mystery of the universe? Is not the supreme profanity not the use of mundane dialect to describe the process, but rather the failure to put the question at all?

(1) THE DIVINE AREA OF ACTION.

The first thing that impressed Mr. Rhodes, as the result of a survey of the ways of God to man, is that the Deity must look at things on a comprehensive scale. If Mr. Rhodes thinks in continents, his Maker must at least think in planets. In other words, the Divine plan must be at least co-extensive with the human race. If there be a God at all who cares about us, He cares for the whole of us, not for an elect few in a corner. Whatever instrument He uses must be one that is capable of influencing the whole race. Hence the range of the instrument, or, as a Papist would say, the catholicity of the Church, is one of the first credentials of its Divine origin and authority. Hole-and-corner plans of salvation, theological or political, are out of court. If we can discover the traces of the Divine plan, it must be universal, and that agency or constitution which most nearly approximates to it in the universality of its influence bears the Divine trade-mark.

(2) THE DIVINE METHOD.

This conception of the Divine credentials seemed to Mr. Rhodes to be immediately fatal to the pretensions of all the Churches. They may be all very good in their way; but one and all are sectional. The note of catholicity is everywhere lacking. Even the Roman Catholic but touches a decimal of the race. Besides, all the Churches are but of yesterday. They belong to the latest phase

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of human evolution. What Mr. Rhodes was after was something older and more universal. He found it in the doctrine of evolution. Here, at least, was a law or uniform method of Divine procedure which, in point of view of antiquity, left nothing to be desired, and which at this present moment is universally active among all sentient beings. What is the distinctive feature of that doctrine? The perfection of the species, attained by the elimination of the unfit; the favourable handicapping of the fit. The most capable species survives, the least capable goes to the wall. The perfecting of the fittest species among the animals, or of races among men, and then the conferring upon the perfected species or race the title-deeds of the future; that seemed to Mr. Rhodes, through his Darwinian spectacles, the way in which God is governing His world, has governed it, and will continue to govern it, so far as we can foresee the future.

(3) THE DIVINE INSTRUMENT.

The planet being postulated as the area of the Divine activity, and the perfecting of the race by process of natural selection, and the struggle for existence being recognised as the favourite instruments of the Divine Ruler, the question immediately arose as to which race at the present time seems most likely to be the Divine instrument in carrying out the Divine idea over the whole of this planet. The answer may seem to Chauvinists obvious enough. But Mr. Rhodes is not a Chauvinist. He was conducting a serious examination into a supremely important question, and he would take nothing for granted. There are various races of mankind—the Yellow, the Black, the Brown, and the White. If the test be numerical, the Yellow race comes first. But if the test be the area of the world and the power to control its destinies, the primacy of the White race is indisputable. The Yellow race are massed thick on one half of a single continent: the White exclusively occupy Europe, practically occupy the Americas, are colonising Australia, and are dominating Asia. In the struggle for existence the White race had unquestionably come out on top.

The White race being thus favourably handicapped by the supreme Handicapper, the next question was which of the White races is naturally selected for survival—which is proving itself most fit in the conditions of its environment to defeat adverse influences and to preserve persistently its distinctive type?

(4) THE DIVINE IDEAL.

At this point in the analysis Mr. Rhodes dropped for the moment the first line of inquiry to take up another, which might lead him more directly to his goal. What is it that God—if there be a God—is aiming at? What is the ultimate aim of all this process of evolution? What is the Divine ideal towards which all creation presses, consciously or unconsciously? To find out the ultimate destination of sentient creatures may be difficult or even impossible; but the only clue which we have to the drift of the Divine action is to note the road by which He has led us hitherto, to see how far we have got already. Then we may be in a position to infer, with some degree of probability, the route that has still to be travelled. If, therefore, we wish to see where we are tending, the first thing to do is to examine those who are in advance. We do not go back to the ape, the Bushman, or the Pigmy to see the trend of evolution. We go rather to the foremost of mankind, the most cultured specimens of the civilised race, the best men, in short, of whom we have any records or knowledge since history began. What these exceptionally—it may be prematurely—evolved individuals have attained is a prophecy of what

the whole phalanx of humanity may be destined to reach. They are the highwater mark of the race up till now. Progress will consist in bringing up mankind to their level.

THE THREEFOLD TEST: JUSTICE—LIBERTY—PEACE.

Proceeding further in his examination of the foremost and most highly evolved specimens of the race, Mr. Rhodes found them distinguished among their fellows by certain moral qualities which enable us to form some general conception as to the trend of evolution. Contemplating the highest realised standard of human perfection, Mr. Rhodes formed the idea that the cue to the Divine purpose was to discover the race which would be most likely to universalise certain broad general principles. "What," asked Mr. Rhodes, "is the highest thing in the world? Is it not the idea of Justice? I know none higher. Justice between man and man—equal, absolute, impartial, fair play to all; that surely must be the first note of a perfected society. But, secondly, there must be Liberty, for without freedom there can be no justice. Slavery in any form which denies a man a right to be himself, and to use all his faculties to their best advantage, is, and must always be, unjust. And the third note of the ultimate towards which our race is bending must surely be that of Peace, of the industrial commonwealth as opposed to the military clan or fighting Empire." Anyhow, these three seem to Mr. Rhodes sufficient to furnish him with a metewand wherewith to measure the claims of the various races of the world to be regarded as the Divine instrument of future evolution. Justice, Liberty, and Peace—these three. Which race in the world most promotes, over the widest possible area, a state of society having these three as corner-stones?

Who is to decide the question? Let all the races vote and see what they will say. Each race will no doubt vote for itself, but who receives every second vote? Mr. Rhodes had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the English race—the English-speaking man, whether British, American, Australian, or South African—is the type of the race which does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical, effective work to establish justice, to promote liberty, and to ensure peace over the widest possible area of the planet.

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM!

"Therefore," said Mr. Rhodes to himself in his curious way, "if there be a God, and He cares anything about what I do, I think it is clear that He would like me to do what He is doing Himself. And as He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which He will bring in a state of society based upon Justice, Liberty and Peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can to give as much scope and power to that race as possible. Hence," so he concludes this long argument, "if there be a God, I think that what He would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race."

Mr. Rhodes had found his longed-for ideal, nor has he ever since then had reason to complain that it was not sufficiently elevated or sufficiently noble to be worth the devotion of his whole life.

The passage in Aristotle which exercised so much influence upon the Oxford undergraduate was his definition of virtue, "Virtue is the highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a perfect life." That, he said, had always seemed to him the noblest rule to follow, and he had made it his rule from the first.

III.—LOYOLA REDIVIVUS.

If these were Mr. Rhodes' ideals, what were the practical means by which he hoped to carry them out? The answer to this is characteristic of the man. His great dream was to found a Society composed of men of strong convictions and of great wealth, which would do for the unity of the English-speaking race what the Society of Jesus did for the Catholic Church immediately after the Reformation.

The English-speaking race stood to Mr. Rhodes for all that the Catholic Church stood to Ignatius Loyola. Mr. Rhodes saw in the English-speaking race the greatest instrument yet evolved for the progress and elevation of mankind—shattered by internal dissensions and reft in twain by the declaration of American Independence, just as the unity of the Church was destroyed by the Protestant Reformation. Unlike Loyola, who saw that between Protestants and Catholics no union was possible, and who therefore devoted all his energies to enable the Catholics to extirpate their adversaries, Mr. Rhodes believed that it was possible to secure the reunion of the race. Loyola was an out-and-out Romanist. He took sides unhesitatingly with the Pope against the Reformers. The attitude of Mr. Rhodes was altogether different. He was devoted to the old flag, but in his ideas he was American, and in his later years he expressed to me his unhesitating readiness to accept the reunion of the race under the Stars and Stripes if it could not be obtained in any other way. Although he had no objection to the Monarchy, he unhesitatingly preferred the American to the British Constitution, and the text-book which he laid down for the guidance of his novitiates was a copy of the American Constitution.

Imagine the soul of an Erasmus in the skin of a Loyola ready to purchase the unity of Christendom by imposing upon the Pope the theses which Luther nailed upon the church door at Wittenburg, and you have some idea of the standpoint of Mr. Rhodes.

He was for securing union, if necessary, by means which at first sight were little calculated to promote unity. If the American constitution was his political text-book, his one favourite expedient for inducing Americans to recognise the need for unity was the declaration of a tariff war waged by means of differential duties upon imports from those English-speaking commonwealths which clapped heavy duties on British goods.

Mr. Rhodes' political ideas were written out by him on one of the very few long letters which he ever wrote to anyone, just before his departure from Kimberley to Mashonaland in the autumn of 1890. The communication takes the shape of a *résumé* of a long conversation which I had had with him just before he left London for the Cape. Despite a passage which suggests that I should sub-edit it and dress up his ideas, I think the public will prefer to have these rough, hurried, and sometimes ungrammatical notes exactly as Mr. Rhodes scrawled them off rather than to have

them supplied with "literary clothing" by anyone else :—

Please remember the key of my idea discussed with you is a Society, copied from the Jesuits as to organisation, the practical solution a differential rate and a copy of the United States Constitution, for that is Home Rule or Federation, and an organisation to work this out, working in the House of Commons for decentralisation, remembering that an Assembly that is responsible for a fifth of the world has no time to discuss the questions raised by Dr. Tanner or the important matter of Mr. O'Brien's breeches, and that the labour question is an important matter, but that deeper than the labour question is the question of the market for the products of labour, and that, as the local consumption (production) of England can only support about six million, the balance depends on the trade of the world.

That the world with America in the forefront is devising tariffs to boycott your manufactures, and that this is the supreme question, for I believe that England with fair play should manufacture for the world, and, being a Free Trader, I believe until the world comes to its senses you should declare war—I mean a commercial war with those who are trying to boycott your manufactures—that is my programme. You might finish the war by union with America and universal peace, I mean after one hundred years, and a secret society organised like Loyola's, supported by the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something, and a hideous annoyance created by the difficult question daily placed before their minds as to which of their incompetent relations they should leave their wealth to. You would furnish them with the solution, greatly relieving their minds and turning their ill-gotten or inherited gains to some advantage.

I am a bad writer, but through my ill-connected sentences you can trace the lay of my ideas, and you can give my idea the literary clothing that is necessary. I write so fully because I am off to Mashonaland, and I can trust you to respect my confidence. It is a fearful thought to feel that you possess a patent, and to doubt whether your life will last you through the circumlocution of the forms of the Patent Office. I have that inner conviction that if I can live I have thought out something that is worthy of being registered at the Patent Office; the fear is, shall I have the time and the opportunity? And I believe with all the enthusiasm bred in the soul of an inventor it is not self-glorification I desire, but the wish to live to register my patent for the

benefit of those who, I think, are the greatest people the world has ever seen, but whose fault is that they do not know their strength, their greatness, and their destiny, and who are wasting their time on their minor local matters, but being asleep do not know that through the invention of steam and electricity, and in view of their enormous increase, they must now be trained to view the world as a whole, and not only consider the social questions of the British Isles. Even a Labouchere, who possesses no sentiment, should be taught that the labour of England is dependent on the outside world, and that as far as I can see, the outside world, if he does not look out, will boycott the results of English labour. They are calling the new country Rhodesia, that is from the Transvaal to the southern end of Tanganyika; the other name is Zambesia. I find I am human and should like to be living after my death; still, perhaps, if that name is coupled with the object of England everywhere, and united, the name may convey the discovery of an idea which ultimately led to the cessation of all wars and one language throughout the world, the patent being the gradual absorption of wealth and human minds of the higher order to the object.

What an awful thought it is that if we had not lost America, or if even now we could arrange with the present members of the United States Assembly and our House of Commons, the peace of the world is secured for all eternity. We could hold your federal parliament five years at Washington and five at London. The only thing feasible to carry this idea out is a secret one (society) gradually absorbing the wealth of the world to be devoted to such an object. There is Hirsch with twenty millions, very soon to cross the unknown border, and struggling in the dark to know what to do with his money; and so one might go on *ad infinitum*.

Fancy the charm to young America, just coming on and dissatisfied—for they have filled up their own country and do not know what to tackle next—to share in a scheme to take the government of the whole world! Their present president is dimly seeing it, but his horizon is limited to the New World north and south, and so he would intrigue in Canada, Argentina, and Brazil, to the exclusion of England. Such a brain wants but little to see the true solution; he is still groping in the dark, but is very near the discovery. For the American has been taught the lesson of Home Rule and the success of leaving the management of the local pump to the parish beadle. He does not burden his House of Commons with the responsibility of cleansing the parish drains. The present position

in the English House is ridiculous. You might as well expect Napoleon to have found time to have personally counted his dirty linen before he sent it to the wash, and re-counted it upon its return. It would have been better for Europe if he had carried out his idea of Universal Monarchy; he might have succeeded if he had hit on the idea of granting self-government to the component parts. Still, I will own tradition, race, and diverse languages acted against his dream; all these do not exist as to the present English-speaking world, and apart from this union is the sacred duty of taking the responsibility of the still uncivilised parts of the world. The trial of these countries who have been found wanting—such as Portugal, Persia, even Spain—and the judgment that they must depart, and, of course, the whole of the South American Republics. What a scope and what a horizon of work, at any rate, for the next two centuries, the best energies of the best people in the world; perfectly feasible, but needing an organisation, for it is impossible for one human atom to complete anything, much less such an idea as this requiring the devotion of the best souls of the next 200 years. There are three essentials:—(1) The plan duly weighed and agreed to. (2) The first organisation. (3) The seizure of the wealth necessary.

I note with satisfaction that the committee appointed to inquire into the McKinley Tariff report that in certain articles our trade has fallen off 50 per cent., and yet the fools do not see that if they do not look out they will have England shut out and isolated with ninety millions to feed and capable internally of supporting about six millions. If they had had statesmen they would at the present moment be commercially at war with the United States, and they would have boycotted the raw products of the United States until she came to her senses. And I say this because I am a Free Trader. But why go on writing? Your people do not know their greatness; they possess a fifth of the world and do not know that it is slipping from them, and they spend their time on discussing Parnell and Dr. Tanner, the character of Sir C. Dilke, the question of compensation for beer-houses, and *omne hoc genus*. Your supreme question at the present moment is the seizure of the labour vote at the next election. Read the *Australian Bulletin* (New South Wales), and see where undue pandering to the labour vote may lead you, but at any rate the eight-hour question is not possible without a union of the English-speaking world, otherwise you drive your manufactures to Belgium, Holland, and Germany, just as you have placed a great deal of cheap shipping

trade in the hands of Italy by your stringent shipping regulations which they do not possess, and so carry goods at lower rates.

Here this political will and testament abruptly breaks off. It is rough, inchoate, almost as uncouth as one of Cromwell's speeches, but the central idea glows, luminous throughout. How pathetic to read to-day the thrice expressed foreboding that life would not be spared him to carry out his great ideal. But it may be as Lowell sang of Lamartine:—

To carve thy fullest thought, what though
Time was not granted? Age in history,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo,
Left shapeless, grander for its mystery,
Thy great Design shall stand, and day
Flood its blind front from Orients far away.

IV.—THE REALISATION OF THE RHODESIAN IDEAL.

That Mr. Rhodes is no more with us may seem to some a conclusive reason why all hope should be abandoned of realising his great idea. To me it seems that the death of the Founder in the midst of his unaccomplished labours is a trumpet call to all those who believed in him to redouble their exertions to carry out his vast designs for the achievement of the unity of the English-speaking race.

What is the Rhodesian ideal? It is the promotion of racial unity on the basis of the principles embodied in the American Constitution. The question of differential tariff is a matter of detail. The fundamental principle is, as Mr. Rhodes very clearly saw, the principle of the American Constitution; or, as he bluntly said, that is Home Rule. As an Empire we must federate or perish.

Mr. Rhodes saw this as clearly as Lord Rosmead, who was the first author of the saying; but it is to be feared that many of those who call themselves Rhodesians have not yet accepted the very first principle of Mr. Rhodes' doctrine.

So this day they apologise for the subscription to Mr. Parnell's Home Rule Chest as if it were a lamentable aberration. It was, on the contrary, the very keynote of the whole Rhodesian gospel. No man had less sympathy with the high-flying Imperialists of Downing Street than had Mr. Rhodes. No man more utterly detested the favourite maxims of military satraps and Crown Governors. When he came home from the siege of Kimberley he told me that he expected "in two years' time to be the best abused man in South Africa by the Loyalists." "I am delighted to hear it," I replied; "but how will that come about?" "Because," he said, "these people have set their minds upon trampling on the Dutch, and I am not going to allow it. For you cannot govern South Africa by trampling on the Dutch."

Mr. Rhodes was a Home Ruler first and an Imperialist afterwards. He realised more keenly than most of his friends that the Empire was

doomed unless the principle of Home Rule was carried out consistently and logically throughout the whole of the King's dominions. "If you want to know how it is to be done," he once said to me, "read the Constitution and the history of the United States. The Americans have solved the problem. It is no new thing that need puzzle you. English-speaking men have solved it, and for more than a hundred years have tested its working. Why not profit by their experience? What they have proved to be a good thing for them is not likely to be a bad thing for us."

To be a Rhodesian then of the true stamp you must be a Home Ruler and something more. You must be an Imperialist, not from mere lust of dominion or pride of race, but because you believe the Empire is the best available instrument for diffusing the principles of Justice, Liberty, and Peace throughout the world. Whenever Imperialism involves the perpetration of Injustice, the suppression of Freedom, and the waging of wars other than those of self-defence, the true Rhodesian must cease to be an Imperialist. But a Home Ruler and Federalist, according to the principles of the American Constitution, he can never cease to be, for Home Rule is a fundamental principle, whereas the maintenance and extension of the Empire are only means to an end, and may be changed, as Mr. Rhodes was willing to change them. If, for instance, the realisation of the greater ideal of Race Unity could only be brought about by merging the British Empire in the American Republic, Mr. Rhodes was prepared to advocate that radical measure.

The question that now arises is whether in the English-speaking world there are to be found men of faith adequate to furnish forth materials for the Society of which Mr. Rhodes dreamed:—

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.

We have the clay mould of Mr. Rhodes' longed-for Society. Have we got the stuff, in the Empire and the Republic, to carve it in marble?

Mr. Rhodes, like David, may have had to yield to a successor the realisation of an ideal too lofty to be worked out by the man who first conceived it.

"It was in my mind," said the old Hebrew monarch as he came to die, "to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God. But the word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'Thou hast shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars; thou shalt not build an house unto My name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in My sight. Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest. . . he shall build a house for My name.'"

So it may be that someone coming after Mr. Rhodes may prosper exceedingly in founding the great Order of which Mr. Rhodes did dream.

SCIENCE OF THE MONTH.

Electric Waves and the Brain.

IN the wireless telegraph electric or Hertzian waves in the ether cause metal dust to "cohere," and Mr. A. F. Collins, in the *Electrical World and Engineer*, February 22 (120, Liberty Street, New York, 10 cents), gives results of his experiments showing that they also make the cells of the brain in man or other animals cohere. He was led to the research by the alleged suffering of persons, especially the nervous, gouty or rheumatic, from thunderstorms. He cites the case of a girl of eight, residing in Germantown, Philadelphia, who fell into convulsions at thunder and lightning, and when a house a quarter of a mile distant was struck, expired. The death was ascribed to fright, but Mr. Collins put it down to electric waves. The apparatus he employed in his experiments was like that of Hertz, giving a spark 2 centimetres long, and electric waves of 30 centimetres. Brain cells, living or dead, substituted for an ordinary carbon "coherer," were found to cohere like it; that is to say, their electrical resistance fell. The "gray" was more sensitive to the waves than the "white" matter of the human brain. The rust-coloured matter in the cerebellum was most, and the medulla, where the nerves centre, the least sensitive part observed. One day, in trying to measure the resistance of the brain with a Wheatstone balance, he saw the galvanometer needle swing without apparent cause from side to side, showing a rise and fall of resistance for which he could not account, until a thunderclap told of an approaching storm, and led him to prove that the electric waves caused by lightning discharges also exert a cohering action on the brain. When the storm was at its height he replaced the galvanometer by a telephone, and heard sounds from the cohering of the brain similar to those of dipping red-hot metal into water. In trying to explain the pathological effects of thunderstorms he suggests that electric waves acting on the cerebrum are transmitted to the diseased part of the anatomy. The cerebellum seems to be a kind of governor of muscular movements, and the waves may aggravate existing disorders. The muscles at the base of a living brain subjected to the waves were seen to convulse or twitch, and it is interesting to add that over a century ago Galvani's assistant while touching frogs' limbs with a scalpel saw them twitch every time a spark was drawn from an electric machine, doubtless owing to electric waves. Mr. Collins concludes that "coherence" by electric waves is manifested through the nervous system, and what is called "fear" is often due to these waves. The brain cells are more affected than the brain fibres; they are affected in health or disease, and the waves from lightning may even cause death. The same journal in an editorial points out the bearing of these experiments on the hypothesis of telepathy

being a result of ether waves passing from one brain to another. The *Electrician* (London), March 14th, also suggests that electric waves of the wireless telegraph might produce a similar cohering of the brain, perhaps in some cases dangerous. It may be added that this nervous effect of electric waves, causing prostration and a "throbbing sensation" during flashes of lightning, was surmised in the "Romance of Electricity" (Munro), p. 67, published 1893.

Repeater for the Wireless Telegraph.

SOON after Marconi introduced his wireless telegraph it was shown by an English writer in the *Globe* that practically any distance—for example, England to America—could be covered by employing "relays" at intervals to receive and forward the message. M. Emile Guarini, of Brussels, has invented a repeating relay for the purpose which is described in the *Scientific American*, March 8th (Munn and Co., 361, Broadway, New York, 8 cents), with illustrations by Mr. A. F. Collins. It is more difficult to send ether messages over land than over sea owing to obstructions from buildings, hills, etc., and a transmitter capable of signalling 100 miles over water may only cover 25 miles over land. Hence there is more need of relays for land than sea use. M. Guarini worked out his apparatus in telegraphing between Brussels and Antwerp, 25 miles apart, with a repeating relay at Malines, a town on an eminence between. In Brussels the antennæ or elevated wires, 90 feet high, were fixed on the Column of Congress, at Malines on the Tower of St. Rombaut, and at Antwerp on the tower of Notre Dame. The relay is of the electro-magnetic switch order used in wire telegraphy, but is operated by a coherer in connection with the antenna which receive the electric waves from the atmosphere. Care is taken to prevent the outgoing or relayed signals from interfering with the incoming signals to be relayed. It is, of course, automatic and is said to work well.

Weakly Babies and Sterilised Milk.

TEN years ago a baby atrophied or feeble from intestinal troubles, or a seven months' child, was nursed on the breast; but it is now feasible to rear such weaklings by the methodical and exclusive employment of sterilised milk. A practical trial of the system has been made by M. G. Variot at his "Goutte de Lait," Belleville, Paris, and the results are given, with statistical curves, in the *Revue Scientifique*, February 22nd (19, Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris, 60 centimes). The success of the sterilised milk is an important fact, because it will gradually do away with hired wet nurses, and women of the poorer classes who cannot nurse their own children may still hope to preserve their own weaklings, although unable to pay for a wet nurse.

Talking and Musical Arc.

IT is an old observation that the electric arc sometimes emits a humming sound made by the "brushes" of the dynamo supplying the current, and this fact has led to the invention of a talking or singing arc, in short a telephone arc, which is the latest electric marvel. The best arc for the purpose has carbons with solid cores like those of Siemens. A telephone transmitter is required, that is to say a microphone and a battery in circuit with the primary wire of an induction coil, and the secondary wire of the coil is connected to the two carbons. The telephone transmitter and the arc may be in separate rooms or further apart, provided the connecting wires are long enough. On speaking, singing, or playing into the microphone the arc reproduces the sounds. An illustrated description of the arrangement of MM. Heller, Coudray and Co. appears in *La Nature*, March 1st (Masson et Cie., 120, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris, 50 centimes), and the *Electrician* March 7th (Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, London, 6d.), contains a notice of the experiments of Mr. Duddell at the Royal Institution, including his "wireless telephone" made by causing the light of the sonorous arc to fall on selenium cells in circuit with a battery and a telephone receiver. The light, varying with the sonorous current, varies the resistance of the selenium, and with it the current in the telephone, which therefore emits the sounds. The sounds, in fact, are conveyed through space from the arc to the selenium cells by the beam of light, but in a different manner from the "photophone" of Professor Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

Alcohol for Lighting and Heating.

THE French and Germans above all are giving their attention to the use of alcohol for petroleum in lamps and stoves or motor-cars, their object being to benefit their farmers and avoid importing petroleum. The governments encourage experiments on the subject, and exhibitions of apparatus including alcohol engines have been held. A long illustrated paper by M. Lindet on the lighting and heating appliances at the French exhibition of last year is given in the *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*, February 28th (office of the Société, 44, Rue de Rennes, Paris). He concludes that while petroleum has certain advantages over alcohol or carburetted alcohol, the latter is preferable on the whole because it has no smell in burning, no smoke, or dirt. For heating petroleum is rather cheaper at present, but is not so cleanly as alcohol.

Reversal of Photographie Images.

MR. M. J. WIEBERT, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, March (Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, U.S., 50 cents.), describes his experiments with sensitive photographic plates, in which the negative picture given a short exposure was turned into a positive picture by long exposure. He also shows a way of making negatives without the use of a dark room.

Ability and the Head.

DR. KARL PEARSON, F.R.S., of University College, has, with the help of others, ladies and gentlemen, made a study of the physical measurements of Cambridge students and their careers, to find if there is any relation between mental ability and the size and shape of the head. All the subjects being of like nurture and habits, there was less chance of mistake than if they belonged to different classes. The results go to confirm an earlier deduction of Dr. Lee, namely, that there is no marked correlation between ability and the size or shape of the head. They are also borne out by an investigation of Dr. Karl Pearson on school children, and are given in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, March 7th (Harrison and Sons, 45, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., 2s. 6d.). His final conclusion is that very brilliant men "may possibly have a very slightly larger head than their fellows, but taking the general population there is really a very insignificant association between size of head and ability." For practical purpose it seems impossible to judge of ability by size of head.

New Flying Machines.

THE Villard aviator is a helical aeroplane or parachute, rather like a gigantic Japanese umbrella in appearance, namely, a circular disc mounted on a vertical stem which carries the seat of the aeronaut, the rudder, and propelling mechanism—that is, an aerial screw driven by a motor. Stability is given to the machine by revolving the parachute horizontally on the pegtop or gyroscopic principle. The helical form of the parachute prevents it from sinking rapidly to the ground provided it is in rotation. The weight of the whole is about 700lbs., including the aeronaut. It is illustrated in the *Scientific American*, March 8th. Other flying machines of Van Kresz, Hoffmann, and Whitehead, all different aeroplanes, are illustrated and described in *De Natuur*, February 15th (J. G. Broese, Utrecht, Holland).

Help in Asphyxiation.

PROFESSOR N. GRÉHANT, Museum of Natural History, Paris, is led by experiments, given in *La Nature*, March 8th, to conclude that in cases of poisoning or asphyxiation by carbonic acid gas the first thing to do is admit fresh air to the patient, and if this does not soon revive him supply oxygen to his lungs by inhalation or artificial respiration. The oxygen drives the carbonic oxide from the blood. He therefore recommends that oxygen in bags should be kept for sale by pharmacists.

Blue Light and Tuberculosis.

HERR G. KAISER finds that bacilli of pulmonary consumption are killed in thirty minutes by the light of an arc lamp concentrated by a lens of blue glass or methylene blue. These pure blue rays pass through the body, as proved by photography, and therefore can destroy bacilli in any part of the lungs. Patients treated showed marked improvement after six days. Blue light, free of red rays (according to his paper in the *Wiener Klinische Wochenschrift*, No. 7, 1902), is also a mild anæsthetic, diminishing pain.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

STORM SIGNALS FROM DR. SHAW.

THE RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

SEVEN years ago President Cleveland's message on the subject of the Venezuelan frontier was preceded, if not heralded, by the publication of several significant articles from the pen of Dr. Shaw in the *American Review of Reviews*. To these articles I called special attention at the time, unfortunately without succeeding in rousing Downing Street to the sense of the seriousness of the crisis which was approaching. In the March number of the *American Review of Reviews*, in the section entitled "The Progress of the World," Dr. Shaw devotes several pages to warnings which bear an ominous resemblance to those which preceded the Venezuelan crisis.

DO WE NEED CANADA?

Without further preliminary or comment on my part I will summarise the gist of what Dr. Shaw has got to say. He begins by a general survey of the relations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, and from this goes on to discuss the question as to the question of the reality of the interest which European nations have over-sea. He remarks that there is little apparent advantage to the English in maintaining permanent political connection with these newer Englands across the sea. But the retention of some threads of union is necessary in order to give pretence for the proud use of the word "Empire," more and more needful to the British imagination. It was not always so, in proof of which he quotes from a recent address by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in which he asserts that at the close of the great American War the English Government would have been ready enough to accept, as a settlement of all disputes with the Government of Washington, the transfer of Canada to the United States, provided the Canadians were willing. The consent of the Canadians, Mr. Adams thinks, would not have been hard to gain, inasmuch as the benefits of annexation would have been stupendous in almost every way.

CANADA IN A EUROPEAN WAR.

Things have changed since then. This is illustrated by a reference to Mr. Chamberlain, whom Dr. Shaw hails as the recognised leader of English politics—the man of courage, force, energy, and efficiency, who will be the inevitable next Prime Minister. Canada is now looked upon as a part of the strategical, military strength of England, and as such valuable at any time for England's support in Imperial conquest or in European war. This change Dr. Shaw regards as unfortunate, because it means that Canada is to be dragged into the European conflict, from which it is the object of the Monroe Doctrine to deliver her, along with the rest of the

Western world. This dragging of European and Asiatic conflicts into the heart of the continent of North America would cause the Government of the United States great inconvenience. Canada's participation in the South African War, a matter which did not concern her directly or indirectly, is a most flagrant violation of the essence of the Monroe Doctrine that has ever been committed, because it makes a precedent under which Canada will be deemed by Europe a party to all of England's quarrels, and therefore a legitimate fighting ground.

"A MENACE TO THE U.S."

Then follows a passage which may be commended to those who imagine that they can ride at the same time two such different horses as the American Alliance and Colonial Jingoism. Dr. Shaw says:—"So long as Canada remains in this anomalous position the English statesmen who are congratulating themselves upon the strength of Canada's strategic position and upon her military value to England show little foresight when in the next breath they descant upon the value to England, above all things else, of the friendship of the United States. For it is a simple fact that the one thing in the whole outlook for the United States that is in any way menacing is an arbitrary line across the Continent which checks its natural expansion and beyond which a European Power is building fortifications."

AMERICAN EXPANSION IN CANADA INEVITABLE.

Then Dr. Shaw sets forth his theory of what ought to have been the providential order of things on the American Continent. The Canadians, he says, were a small and stationary people on the St. Lawrence and on the northern side of Lake Ontario. Nature intended the far North-West for the free and natural expansion of America—meaning thereby, I assume, the citizens of the United States. It was a mistake for the English to make over the great empty Hudson Bay territory and the Pacific North-West to her Canadian maritime colonies on the Atlantic seaboard. That region should have been instead transferred for a proper consideration to the United States. The result of that is that the critics of England in the United States will some time charge her with creating a military ally in Canada to thwart the expansion of the United States in the only direction in which expansion is possible, and where furthermore it is just as inevitable as the Russification of Manchuria.

OUR HISTORIC OFFENCES AGAINST THE STATES.

Dr. Shaw admits that the people of the United States and Great Britain are closely bound together by a thousand ties, but that cannot cover up the fact that the only serious difficulties the United States Government ever had were with the English Government.

The obsolete Clayton-Bulwer Treaty instead of being merely abrogated with perfect goodwill by mutual consent was kept alive by England as an irritating matter of contention over half a century. Even when she finally consented to its abrogation it was only after irritating delays and hampering conditions. There does not remain in the minds of a single American any irritation against Spain, against China, nor is there any unfriendly feeling against the Filipinos. With Germany also there are relations of confidence and goodwill. But how different is it in the case of Great Britain! It was not a German aggression in South America which compelled the United States to take a positive stand against which a great European Power once answered with a talk of war. There is no knowing how much of Venezuela and Brazil would have been absorbed by England if President Cleveland had not put an end to the process by compelling the establishment of a boundary line. But this is by no means the only cause which Dr. Shaw discovers for bitter feeling against Great Britain.

THE OREGON DISPUTE.

No American schoolboy, he says, ever reads the history of his country without some pang of regret over such an episode as the outcome of the rivalry for the possession of Oregon, and the compromise now seen to have been unfortunate of the claim of the United States. The American Government, he says, asserted its claim to all the North-Western Territory up to the latitude of 54°40'. The American cry in the early forties was "Fifty-four, forty, or fight!" This would have given the American Government what are now British Columbia and Manitoba, and would have brought their coast along the Pacific up to the Russian territory, which subsequently became theirs. The English Government, however, with its peculiar faculty for wanting a worthless thing whenever it seems to be valuable to somebody else, won this contention by shrewd diplomacy until the line of 49 north latitude was accepted as the international boundary. While it would be ridiculous, he admits, for Americans to harbour any grudge against England on the score of this boundary line, it is none the less true that some millions of American schoolboys every year arrive at their first acquaintance with the fact that their country at one time claimed territory all the way to Alaska and said they would fight for it, and then backed down and gave it up to a Government that had no real use for it, but was acting the part of a monopolist.

BETTER HAVE FOUGHT.

Yet Dr. Shaw goes further than this, for he says:—"We have never heard of an American boy who did not wish that we had made good our threat to fight rather than give away a chance of developing the wild country of our own continent." The American boy does not read these things with any stupendous outgoings of his affection for England.

THE ALASKAN CONFLICT.

After having thus laid a broad foundation for American distrust of John Bull, which is thus, if not sucked in with his mother's milk, at least diligently inculcated in his school books, Dr. Shaw proceeds to expound the dispute between Canada and the United States concerning the Alaskan boundary. He says that until gold was discovered in Klondyke by American miners not only all the Russian maps but all the English maps showed an unbroken Russian coastline down to 54°40'. But when gold was discovered, and a water route was wanted to the Klondyke, the Canadians found that it would be very convenient to have a seaboard of their own, and therefore they established the theory that the old Treaty should be interpreted in such a way as to cut the American shoreline in two parts by drawing the boundary line straight across the navigable inlet that runs from Sitka to Dyce. The fundamental trouble with this new claim, says Dr. Shaw, is that it cannot be taken seriously as an international dispute. President Roosevelt would no more arbitrate the question of our continuous Alaskan shore line than Lord Salisbury would arbitrate a claim asserted by the United States to the lower end of Vancouver Island.

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION BETTER FOR BOTH.

As conclusion of the whole matter, Dr. Shaw expresses his regret that England and Canada are not both growing toward a clear conception of the benefits that would derive from a political union of Canada and the United States. If this had been accomplished, as advocated by Mr. Sumner after the war, Canada would to-day be many times more populous and richer, while England would have been the gainer in many respects and the loser in nothing except in nominal extent of empire.

THE MEANING OF IT ALL.

Whatever may be said concerning the soundness of the assumptions which underlie Dr. Shaw's warning, especially the assumption embodied in the phrase "our own Continent," which literally interpreted would seem to imply that the whole Continent of America belongs to the citizens of the United States and that the Canadians, although Americans born, have no claim to share in the ownership of the part of the Continent on which they live and which has been secured to them by treaties ratified by the President and Senate of the United States, this soundness or unsoundness in no way affects the significance of this deliverance. In fact, the more unsound the arguments may be the more serious it is to find them put forward as if they were incontrovertible truths by a publicist who enjoys the commanding position of Dr. Shaw. Dr. Shaw would, of course, be the first to repudiate the assumption that in his writings he is in any way the authorised exponent of the views of President Roosevelt and the young American statesmen who surround the President. But Dr. Shaw's relations with the President have always been so close and

friendly that it is difficult to believe he would launch a minatory notice to quit of this description if he believed that such an utterance would be regarded with displeasure at the White House. It is possible, however, that it may merely be intended to be a vigorous opening towards a resolute refusal to make concessions to Canada upon the Alaskan frontier question.

ALWAYS ARBITRATE.

Dr. Shaw maintains that the case of America is so absolutely clear that President Roosevelt can no more send the dispute to arbitration than Lord Salisbury could arbitrate about Vancouver Island. But it is only a matter of procedure. There is no need to call it arbitration, because arbitration implies that we agree to accept the award whatever it may be. I have always maintained that I would arbitrate anything—the City of London or the Isle of Wight—it always being well understood that if any arbitrator were idiotic enough to give away what was unmistakably mine, I should prefer to face the additional odium that would be involved in drawing the sword against an arbitral award rather than refuse to arbitrate any question in dispute. But why not adopt the principle of the *Commission d'Enquête*, in which persons who would be judges in all but in name would be appointed by the United States and Great Britain for the purpose of ascertaining the facts and drawing up a report which might or might not be accepted by either party. If the facts are so clear as Dr. Shaw believes them to be, the result of such a *Commission d'Enquête* would be a foregone conclusion. In any case it would tend to eliminate matters of controversy from the dispute, and leave us with an irreducible minimum upon which we should have to agree to differ or to compromise.

OUTLANDERS IN WEST CANADA.

DR. SHAW'S views of the Canadian West lend added interest to a paper by Mr. John Davidson in the *Economic Journal*, dealing with the foreign population of that new region. Mr. Davidson finds the cause of Canada's recent rapid increase in the fact that the States are filling up and the overflow goes north. Among the foreign elements, he says, the Mennonites and the Doukhobors are settlements apart, who will only very slowly assimilate; the Mormons are ideal settlers, but under the iron grip of their theocracy: the Galicians are multiplying fast and are almost too eager to adopt Western ways: the Scandinavians and Icelanders are especially prized and welcomed: but the preference for agricultural settlers means that Canada may not expect large numbers from the United Kingdom. On the arrivals from the States Mr. Davidson, who is a Canadian, does not share Dr. Shaw's apprehensions. He says:—

The immigration from the United States, like the migration from the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion, is a purely economic movement of exploitation; and the presence of such settlers not only creates no immigration problem, but gives aid in solving those which arise from the presence of purely foreign settlers. The immigration from the United States has, within the last few years only, become important, although, owing to

the incurable optimism of the official mind, the statistics have for many years shown a large influx. It is hardly possible to give any adequate returns of migration across a long land frontier; and the entries of "settlers' effects" are not more trustworthy, because in many cases horse and cattle dealers have represented themselves as settlers to evade the duty. But there is no doubt that the influx is great at the present time, and is growing. There was a time when it would have been dangerous to encourage such immigration. While the long Canadian centre was unsupported and unsettled, immigration might have created international difficulties. Even to-day the "galvanised Yankee" affects to be superior; and during the first, and perhaps even during the second, Riel rebellion, Sir John Macdonald's fear of American interference on behalf of the "Uitlander" population might have been realised, had there been as many "Uitlanders" as there are to-day. Part at least of Canada's anxiety to complete the organisation of the West was due to a desire to prevent such interference. But to-day the West is securely British, and settlers from the United States, many of whom are repatriated Canadians, are thoroughly welcome, not merely because they are settlers, and good settlers, but also because they will assist in solving a problem which they do not themselves create, viz., the assimilation of the foreigner.

THE NEW "DAILY NEWS."

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT MR. RITZEMA.

Caxton's Magazine for April, commenting upon the new régime established at the *Daily News* on March 3rd, shakes its head solemnly over the provincialism of a London daily. The writer says that Mr. Ritzema is a Tynesider who began life as a compositor in South Shields. He is "an all-round Free Churchman, a Free Methodist, a Christian Endeavourer, a total abstainer, and an ex-Sunday-school superintendent." He first made his mark on the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette* at Middlesbrough. Then he started the *Northern Daily Telegraph* at Blackburn, and then the *Daily Argus* at Birmingham. He stood for Blackburn in 1895 as a Liberal, and made a good fight.

Failures in Florida.

UNDER this head a British emigrant who had tried his fortunes in Florida and failed contributes to *Blackwood's Magazine* a doleful account of Florida as a field for emigration. He says that Florida is a sepulchre of hopes. In that State expectations, anticipations, delusions, illusions all slough along in a never-ending procession to a common grave. The country is a bottomless pit for labour and for capital. It is one vast sand-bank silting towards the Gulf, and more than one-half of it is swamp. Whether it is fenland, or "muckland," as it is called, or hummock-land it is all the same. Sugar-cane or oranges or anything else seem uniformly to result in failure. It is sad to learn after this that Florida is the most English of all the American States and the least American. Alligators, snakes, and malarial fevers, and frosts so severe, that a cup of tea left out at night will freeze into a solid block of ice before morning, appear to be the chief characteristics of this miserable country. Such, at least, is the version of this emigrant, who, having failed, deems it his duty to do his best to warn other Englishmen from making a similar experiment.

LORD SALISBURY

SKETCHED BY AN AMERICAN.

"A WELL-KNOWN American publicist" contributes to the Easter number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* a personal study of Lord Salisbury. He says:—

Not many Englishmen are less understood in the United States than Lord Salisbury, whether he be discussed as Lord Salisbury or as Prime Minister. . . . We call him a Tory, and let him go at that.

OLD SCORES.

Lord Robert Cecil of forty years ago, who wrote and spoke on behalf of the break-up of the Union, was America's enemy:—

Than Lord Salisbury we have few better friends among Englishmen of place. We forgave Mr. Gladstone, whose enmity was far more effective than Lord Robert Cecil's. Why do we not forgive the other? Is it because the one was labelled Tory and the other Liberal? Or is it because Mr. Gladstone wrote an article of recantation in an American magazine, and his great rival did not?

When Mr. Blaine went to London, well-equipped with anti-English sentiments, he would neither attend Lady Salisbury's reception at the Foreign Office nor meet Lord Salisbury privately—wherein the writer thinks he made a great mistake. Lord Salisbury is never a man to carry political differences into private life, as witness his semi-royal reception at Hatfield of his steadfast opponent Li Hung Chang.

"A GLUTTON FOR WORK."

"A glutton for work" is the description of Lord Salisbury by his friends. Lord Randolph Churchill, when Secretary of State for India, was asked whether the details of that office were not difficult to master. "Details," answered Lord Randolph: "you don't suppose I attend to details!" In which respect, as in many others, he was unlike his chief. Said an official who had long worked under the Foreign Minister: "You may often see him take his work away with him. Often he deals himself with a mass of papers, where an ordinary Minister would be content with a *précis*." His name is almost greater on the Continent than at home. England has had no Foreign Minister who was his equal since Palmerston; nor was Palmerston his equal in that kind of knowledge which gives a Minister authority, irrespectively of the power behind him.

A STRONG POINT AND A WEAK ONE.

If one quality of character be more conspicuous than another in Lord Salisbury, it is patience; a profound belief in the efficacy of time. He will not be hurried. In all his diplomacy and under all kinds of pressure you will find the same note, the same tranquillity, the same confidence in returning reason among rulers or people whom for the time it has deserted. His fault as a diplomatist, or, at any rate, as a despatch-writer, is his inability to resist making a point. When Mr. Olney told him that the fiat of the United States was law all over the North American continent, he could not refrain from reminding Mr. Olney that Great Britain was an older and greater North American power than the United States—which was far from pleasing that statesman.

HIS RUMOURED RESIGNATION.

Lord Salisbury's American champion is very severe on two classes of people—the "Radical wits," who made a joke about the Hotel Cecil, and the busy-bodies who periodically predict the Prime Minister's resignation:—

While it may well be that he would gladly lay down the burden he has borne so long, I know of no reason for expecting his early resignation. His health is alleged as a reason, but it is certain that his speeches show no decay of intellectual energy.

THE PROSPECTS OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN BELGIUM.

IN *La Revue* for March 1st M. Finot publishes an interesting *enquête* on this subject, with comments by Mme. Andrée Téry. Women's suffrage has never yet been tried in any Catholic country, and everywhere in this *enquête* we are met with a powerful argument which has no force in a Protestant country—the handle that it would give to the priests, and the consequent growth of their political power.

SURE TO COME—BUT A DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT.

On the whole, the deputies, senators, and publicists consulted are distinctly favourable to the idea in the abstract. M. Colaert says the idea has been mooted, and will sooner or later be realised. Doubtless women, especially of the working-classes, will at once be exposed to "a bitter and corrupting propaganda," but for this the partisans of women's suffrage must be prepared and armed. Women's suffrage is the best remedy for her inferior economic and social status.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE—CLERICAL SUFFRAGE.

M. Henry, of the *Journal de Bruxelles*, says:—"Women's suffrage—clerical suffrage," which is why the Belgian Socialists are so much afraid of the experiment, and do not mean it to be made too soon.

NO: RATHER ADMIT WOMEN TO PARLIAMENT.

M. Paul Janson (deputy) thinks women's suffrage impossible as things are at present, and this because, as a rule, they are not interested in politics, and do not even care about the suffrage. Far better let the most capable women expound and defend their own interests in Parliament.

IN PRINCIPLE, YES—IN PRACTICE, NO.

M. Delachevalerie thinks women's suffrage highly dangerous. Women are conservative by temperament; they know little, and often care less for the questions which they must understand before they can vote intelligently. "They vegetate in indifference." In general, women's indifference *plus* clerical influence would combine to make a reactionary force of terrible strength. The proof of the increased power it would give to the clericals is that they are so eagerly championing the cause of women's suffrage. When clericalism goes at the back door, women's political emancipation may come in at the front—not before.

THE VIEWS OF TWO BELGIAN WOMEN.

Mmes. Vanderwelde and de Gamond write temperately expressing themselves in favour. But they realise that they must not press for it just yet, or they will indefinitely postpone it.

YES—BUT LET THEM BEGIN WITH LOCAL ELECTIONS.

M. Vanderwelde (deputy) thinks that though at first it would be a mere doubling of the votes of the men, that could not long continue. Nothing but women's complete political emancipation will improve their condition. But let them begin at the beginning by voting for municipal elections, and then for Parliamentary.

ALPHONSO XIII. OF SPAIN.

ON May 17th next Alphonso XIII. will go in state—not to be crowned, for a King of Spain is such by the grace of God and by the constitution of 1876—but to take his constitutional oaths and be solemnly installed as ruler. In Spain an impression prevails that this event will mark the beginning of a new era in Spanish history, and the reasons for this impression are set forth in a very interesting paper by Mr. A. E. H. Bramerton, in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for April, on King Alphonso XIII. and the training that has made him what he is.

HIS EARLY YEARS.

Born on May 17th, 1886, nearly six months after his father's death, during the first years of his childhood, perilous as was the Bourbon position then in Spain, everyone tried to patch up a temporary truce. The Pope also did his utmost to prop up King Alphonso's throne by standing godfather to him, and showing a constant regard for him and his mother. For more than eighteen months he was in the hands of a strong peasant woman, then a familiar figure in Madrid, who was herself directed by Mrs. Davenport, an Englishwoman. The baby-king gave little trouble, except that he was at times wilful, but his mother's influence over him was so great that a word from her was always enough to bring repentance. Every summer he was taken to San Sebastian, where the Queen-Regent had a summer palace built, and where the King playing on the beach was a much more familiar figure than in Madrid. Clearly he was not a very strong child, and several times Madrid thronged anxiously thrice a day to know whether he would recover from his dangerous illnesses; but equally clearly he has grown up fairly strong, and busybodies have much exaggerated his delicacy. Gymnastics have formed an important part of his training, and if he can walk five miles an hour in summer on the mountains near San Sebastian he can hardly be very frail. His favourite playmate was always his younger sister, like himself a Bourbon, with "the lively disposition, the inclination for chaff, and even the personal traits, the bright eyes, the broad forehead of the Bourbons, and the regular and delicate features."

HIS SPIRITUAL PASTORS AND MASTERS.

When about nine years old, King Alphonso's training passed from the hands of women to those of men. His first spiritual adviser was a chaplain of Leo XIII.; later on he was replaced by the Queen-Regent's Jesuit Confessor—afterwards disgraced for writing indiscreet articles. Mr. Bramerton says:—

It is the custom for the "Director de Estudios" to live in an apartment in the palace, where quarters are also assigned to the principal officers in charge of the king's education—Colonels Loriga and Castejon, and Rear-Admiral Aguirre de Tejada. These three have been for years the close companions of the monarch, one of them always sleeping in his bed-chamber. They always, one or the other, escort him whenever he does not go out with his mother or with his sisters, and are often present when he has lessons with his other professors.

Under Admiral de Tejada's superintendence the King has had an education "more practical and less theoretical" than is usually received by a Spanish boy of rank. Above all, he has been carefully made master of his own language and the literature and history of Spain. History, indeed, and geography have both been favourite studies of his. Latin and Greek, mathematics, and the sciences he has also studied. He is said to have a retentive memory and a most intelligent disposition.

English he learnt in his childhood, and now reads, writes, and speaks it very well. French he speaks with fluency and a slight Spanish accent. Of German he is master. But, most important of all, under a distinguished Liberal professor of Madrid University, he has become most deeply interested in political economy, social questions, and politics generally.

HIS DAILY ROUTINE.

Alphonso XIII., when in Madrid, rises at seven or earlier; his studies, with an hour's interval for exercise, last till nearly one; they are continued in the afternoon for several hours; he has a music lesson in the evening; and goes to bed about ten. He has led a very secluded life:—

He has but rarely, and only in the last eighteen months, accompanied the Queen Regent and his sisters to any public entertainment, and then only at the Royal Opera House, and the Spanish theatres of the highest class, or some classical concert. Once so far he has been allowed to go to a bull-fight.

He has had a few young companions, carefully selected from noble and ancient families of irreproachable Catholicity.

PERSONAL TASTES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

It looks as if the King was getting weary of his secluded life. He is very fond of horses, and the royal stables at Madrid are famed for their thoroughbreds. He is a good rider, and has begun to drive his carriages and a four-in-hand on the Royal estates, with unconcealed longings to go beyond their confines. He is a true Bourbon in his love of hunting.

Courtiers say he is greatly devoted to his mother, and wishes her to remain in the palace at Madrid after his coming of age. Mr. Bramerton says:—

The relatively secluded life that the King has led so far has not made him shy or timid. He has had enough glimpses of the outer world to acquire a perfect command of his face, a peculiarly grave deportment for his years, and an easy, cool way of talking, not unmingled with banter and slight assertion of his intention, as Spaniards have it, "of being every inch a king." This does not prevent him from being courteous, considerate, kindly, even warm-hearted, with those surrounding him, and his humbler attendants. He is averse to excessive courtly demonstrations, such as too much kissing of hands, and prefers a manly shake of the hand with his youthful companions and professors. He goes out of his way to please them, and to show them any present received—anything that interests him.

A NEW fortnightly French review, *Minerva*, made its appearance in March under the editorship of M. René Marc Ferry. Art, Literature, Politics, are the leading topics.

MAETERLINCK ON LUCK.

IN the *Revue de Paris* Maeterlinck gives a most curious analysis of what the ordinary man calls "luck," and what the scientist styles the laws of chance. He evidently believes that there is something to be said for the theory that certain people are born into this world lucky or unlucky, as the case may be, and he opens his essay by recalling an old-world Servian folklore tale, in which Fate is represented as a kind of fairy queen living alternately in a palace and in a hovel, all those children born during the hours she spends in the palace finding good fortune on their path, while those who come into the world when she is in the hovel are born unlucky! This old-world story, according to Maeterlinck, proves that human beings have believed in the existence of good and evil fortune since the very earliest ages of man. In a powerful passage he traces the career of a number of men known to him, some of whom have been extraordinarily fortunate, and others strangely unfortunate, throughout the whole course of their lives. Turning to history, he observes that it is now the fashion to speak of as fabulous and impossible the calamities which befell *Œdipus* and other classic heroes, and yet certain families, such as the Stuarts and the Colignys, seemed doomed to meet with tragic fates. As to the reverse side of the picture, there are innumerable examples of men who have been invariably fortunate in love, in war, and in the pursuit of wealth. There are well-known soldiers now living who have gone through a hundred fights without receiving a scratch, while certain of their comrades never go into action without receiving a wound; indeed, the very expression "soldier's luck" has passed into a proverb. Few of us, says Maeterlinck, but see examples round us of bad men who succeed and good men who fail; the one seems to see all obstacles cleared, as it were, by miracle from his path, while the other may equally be said to never meet with a piece of good fortune.

Still, the Belgian writer and mystic does not seem to really believe in irresponsible "luck," and this in spite of the fact that he is a fatalist as regards the course of events. He considers that a certain act is fated to be accomplished—say a great shipwreck or the burning of a public building—that future fact is, as it were, fixed and stable; not so, however, the number of the victims, for he points out that in the case of every great tragedy of the sort there are many people who escape as if by a miracle; a slight illness, a mistaken indication, being given the wrong date, anything may supervene to save a man and woman who but for a small deviation from an intended course would have been drowned or burnt to death. As to how far individuals can bring about their own good fortune, the writer shrewdly observes that "ill-luck" is a catching and a long malady, and that those who expect to be unfortunate often are so, just as the grumbler nearly always finds something to grumble at.

THE POPE AND HIS SILVER JUBILEE.

THIS spring the Pope has entered his Silver Jubilee year, for he was crowned in the Sistine Chapel in the March of 1878. At the time it was thought that he would barely live a year, so delicate in health was he said to be, and so frail did he appear to those about him; but he will go down to history as one of those who occupied the longest the Papal chair. In the *Revue de Paris* M. Leroy-Beaulieu traces the careers of the last two Popes. He considers that, though they have both been admirably suited to the needs of their time, never were two men more utterly different. Pío Nono—to give him the name by which he was known to his own people, the Italians—had a vigorous, stout, robust personality, and he impressed all those who came near him as essentially human. Leo XIII. is an ascetic; in his thin, emaciated body only his eyes seem alive; but, according to the French writer, it is a very good thing for the Roman Catholic Church that after an ardent, impetuous, vehement ruler she should have had the good fortune to meet with a Pope who was essentially inclined to meditation, to calmness, and to measured thoughts and words. Pius IX. was an orator, a lover of words; his successor is a writer and a thinker, and never speaks without having thought over what he is about to say. Pío Nono scarce ever opened a book; Leo XIII. is a scholar in the best sense of the word, ever learning, ever desirous to know what is going on around him.

Probably, however, not many readers of this interesting article, which gives a very careful and elaborate analysis of the history of the Vatican during the last twenty-five years, will agree with the French writer when he says that Leo XIII. has completely cut off the Roman Catholic Church from political alliances. In theory, no doubt, it has been the Pope's wish to keep the Church from all undesirable alliances, and there is no doubt that both in France and in Spain he has done all that was possible to prevent the bishops and the priests from identifying themselves with any one political party or parties. Still, he has been, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu is obliged to admit, a political Pope, or rather, perhaps, we should say, a diplomatist Pope. During many years of his life he was Papal Nuncio at Brussels, and he may be said to have studied in the school of diplomacy. As to who will succeed Leo XIII. M. Leroy-Beaulieu is discreetly silent, and he writes as if he considered the present Pope still good for many long years of life and work.

China and Her Mysteries.

* At a time when rebellion is again breaking out in China it is essential to understand the feeling of the people which prompts such risings. In no other book can so simple and easy an explanation of all the necessary facts of Chinese life and ideas be found as in Mr. Alfred Stead's book. Will be sent post free on receipt of 1s. 6d.

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THE COMMERCIAL NEEDS OF THE EMPIRE.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

I CONGRATULATE Dr. Dillon upon having abandoned the pseudonyms behind which he so often loves to conceal himself. In the current number of the *Contemporary* he leads off with an earnest and vehement plea for a return to Protection. There is nothing very new in his article. The pity of it is that the demand for the re-establishment of dearer bread by statute should be supported by such a man. Dr. Dillon is very emphatic, not to say peremptory. He is as insistent as Cato, but the Carthage he would destroy is the system of Free Trade under which Great Britain has attained a degree of commercial prosperity unprecedented in her previous history. That he does not deny, but he asserts that times have changed, and that we must change with them:—

Unless England is to follow in the steps of Spain and Holland, and at an immeasurably quicker pace than either, Free Trade must be once for all set aside as a commercial system which has done its work and is no longer in harmony with the altered conditions of international competition.

HOW TO PROTECT OUR SHIPPING.

The first thing to be done is to protect our shipping by following the example of other nations, and excluding all foreigners from taking any part in the carrying trade between the ports of the Empire. He says:—

It seems feasible and easy to induce the Governments of Canada and New Zealand—and very probably our other self-governing Colonies as well—to levy differential duties on all cargo carried in vessels not under the British flag, to declare all trade between Great Britain and her ultra-marine possessions to be coasting trade in the Continental and American sense of the term, and to exclude foreigners from participating therein.

After having thus safeguarded our shipping, we must weld the Empire together by securing something approaching to an Imperial Customs Union. The great difficulty in the way of this at present is our Free Trade policy. But, says Dr. Dillon:—

There must be one homogeneous commercial policy throughout the Empire; and as the Colonies are determined not to give in their adhesion to the system of Free Trade, it is for Great Britain to consider the advisability of adopting Protection.

That is not the only revolutionary change which Dr. Dillon demands:—

And one of these is some form of Imperial Federation with a truly Imperial Parliament. To my mind an essential condition of the success of any such scheme must be an increase of the power of the Crown, mainly in the conduct of foreign policy and matters of military organisation.

BACK TO THE LAND, VIA PROTECTION.

We are getting on, and, after all, if we can put the clock back to protection, why not go a step further and put it back to the time of the Stuarts. It must be said that Dr. Dillon has at least the courage of his convictions. Most of the differential people shrink and boggle when their panacea is applied to bread; but Dr. Dillon does not shrink. He maintains that if we want soldiers for our Army we must keep up the physique of the population, and that cannot

be done unless we keep up the prosperity of agriculture, and we cannot keep up the prosperity of agriculture unless we keep up the price of bread. Therefore let us increase the price of bread:—

The only remedy for this state of helplessness is to take a lesson from Germany betimes, and to foster agriculture by imposing protective duties on corn raised in every country but our Colonies. This measure would have the manifold effects of tightening the bonds of Empire, providing for our own needs in cases of sudden emergency, and counteracting the force of attraction which draws country folk from the soil into the unhealthy atmosphere of cities, where in a few generations they lose that vigour, freshness, endurance and sturdy independence which once made Britons the most formidable fighting men of Europe and the world. And not only are the physical standard and the moral fibre of the population jeopardised by the indirect results of the system of Free Trade which, crushing out the agricultural class, tends to metamorphose all England into one colossal city, but the rate of increase of the number of the inhabitants is also destined to diminish in time.

A CONTINENTAL CUSTOMS UNION AGAINST ENGLAND.

As the result of a survey of the condition of Europe, Dr. Dillon comes to the conclusion that before long we shall find ourselves confronted by a great European confederation. He foresees the development of the Austro-German Alliance into a great Customs Union, which, plus a naval and military convention, would confer upon German trade with the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean exactly the same advantages as the incorporation of Austria-Hungary in the German Empire. There is already a postal and telegraph convention between Germany and Austria-Hungary which ignores a frontier, and treats the two States as one. The same principle can be carried further. Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland will be roped into the Continental Customs Union, and we shall find ourselves face to face with a convention covering the whole of Europe, with the exception of France and Russia, disposing of a formidable navy, and a much more formidable army, possessing extensive and wealthy colonies, round which a wall of protective tariffs will be built against us, while Free Trade will be established between all those which dwell within the frontiers of the federation.

If, says Dr. Dillon, European statesmanship can contemplate a welding of absolutely independent and heterogeneous peoples into a great confederation, it surely ought not to be beyond the capacity of our own statesmen to achieve something of the same kind for our half-finished Empire, composed as it is of men of the same race and language. When Dr. Dillon was about it he might as well have included the American Republic, for they are also of the same race and language, and what is more, as Lord Rothschild long ago told Mr. Rhodes, when he was putting forward the same scheme, "A Customs Union is possible for the English-speaking race. It is not possible for the British Empire. Whereas, if the Empire and the Republic were to form one Customs Union, the Free Trade area within the Union would be sufficiently large to compensate for the economic loss occasioned by the imposition of duties upon territories which lay outside the Union."

ENGINEERING PROJECTS IN RUSSIA.

THE *Forum* for March contains an article by Mr. R. E. C. Long entitled "Some Remarkable Russian Engineering Projects." The article describes the Baltic Canal, and a number of other schemes which have lately been urged on the Russian Ministries of Finance and Communication.

THE BALTIC CANAL.

The Baltic Canal still remains merely a project, though it is the most likely of all the projects which Mr. Long describes. The project is to cut a ship canal between the northward-flowing Duna and the Beresina, which flows into the southward-flowing Dnieper. These rivers are already joined by a shallow canal, but the making of a ship canal which would join the Baltic and the Black Sea would require the cutting and deepening of existing channels for a distance of about a thousand miles. The advantages, naval and commercial, of such a canal are obvious, and its only drawback is that it would be frozen for a great part of the year. But that is a defect common to all Russian rivers.

TO DAM THE SEA OF AZOF.

A more sensational project is to build a great dam with locks across the Straits of Kertch, and raise the level of that sea about ten feet. At present the Sea of Azof is extremely shallow, and large vessels have to stand miles away from the chief ports. This is a great disadvantage to Russian export trade. The scheme for raising the level of the sea was proposed by Lieutenant Mendeleyef, a son of the famous chemist. The Straits of Kertch are very narrow, the deep-water strait being only about 1,200 yards in width. With the stoppage of the outflow of water into the Black Sea the Sea of Azof would rise to the desired level, inundating land for the most part marshy and of little value. It is estimated that a tax of half a kopeck per poond on freight passing through the Straits of Kertch would cover the interest on capital, and provide for the up-keep. As the loss suffered by shipowners under present conditions amounts to eight times that sum, it is obvious that there is good financial foundation for the scheme.

AN OCEAN IN WESTERN ASIA.

The third scheme described is even more revolutionary. Mr. Long lays stress upon the immense losses which Russia suffers owing to perennial droughts, especially in the eastern and south-eastern provinces. The cutting down of the forests, though now stopped by legislation, has been the chief cause of this, but in addition there is a gradual desiccation of West Central Asia which re-acts on Russia's climate. A project has, therefore, been formulated for diverting some of the Siberian rivers to the south in such a way as to double the total area of Lake Aral and the Caspian Sea, and thus irrigating the deserts and steppes, and increasing the humidity of Eastern and South-Eastern Russia. A dam would be built across the rivers Obi and Tobol at points where

they flow between high banks, and the water on rising to the height of these banks would be at a greater elevation than Lake Aral, and at a much greater elevation than the Caspian. A short canal would then be cut through the watershed which divides the northward- and southward-flowing rivers of Western Asia, and through this canal the surplus waters would flow into Lake Aral, and thence into the Caspian. The new Lake Aral would be three or four times larger than its present area, and the Caspian Sea would be doubled. It is believed that this scheme would change the climate for the better over an area of 300,000 square miles, that the deserts would become habitable by a settled population, while the south-eastern provinces of Russia, and the Don-Cossack country, where at present good harvests are only periodical, would rival the best watered land in the Empire. At present the Siberian rivers are to a great extent wasted on uninhabitable tundra, and their diversion to profitable use is a question mainly of capital and labour.

Travel Companions and Home Friends.

IN March *Round-About* A 562 made the following suggestion which may be helpful to those interested in travel, for with the aid of the Correspondence Club it is possible to become acquainted with people resident in various parts of the world:

How many "countrymen" there are who know no one in London, and who go there alone without companionship! There is nothing so lonely as being without a friend in a large city or foreign country. . . . I think *Round-About* is doing excellent work in bringing people together who might otherwise be left unheard of, unthought for, uncared for. How many are there who are longing for a kind, a cheering, bit of encouragement—a little bit of sympathy, a little bit of advice in perplexity or in adversity! How many are there, too, who would like to throw a little ray of sunshine into others' lives—to whom doing a kindness is one of life's greatest pleasures!

I also think *Round-About* might be a good medium for finding travel companions; a section of the journal for this purpose would, I think, help to increase its circulation. I have, for instance, been four times to the Continent *alone*—how severely alone it feels in a foreign country without a friend! I would gladly have had the companionship of any well-bred young fellow who could have given a reference beforehand. I doubt not there have been others similarly placed.

To show how useful the Correspondence Club is for securing home friends, a "B" writes as follows:—

I find the club very interesting. I had no idea that I should do so, and joined more for the fun of the experiment than anything else, but now several of my correspondents are quite friends, much more so than many people whom I have known for years, for except in rare cases we never learn to know our acquaintances, and, besides, those one is introduced to in a conventional way are what may be termed one's own set, so by means of the Correspondence Club much wider interests are secured.

All particulars can be sent by the Conductor, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C., on receipt of a stamped, addressed foolscap envelope.

THE whole of the March number of *L'Art du Théâtre* is given over to an article on Zola's "La Terre" on the stage, contributed by the adapters, Messieurs Raoul de Saint-Arroman and Charles Hugot.

A NEW WORLD PARLIAMENT.

A NOVEL PROPOSAL FROM NEW YORK.

WE have had many international conferences, congresses and parliaments during the last few years, summoned by all manner of people from the Emperor of Russia downwards. But not one comes up to the standard of Mr. J. Brisbane Walker's ideal. The editor and proprietor of the *Cosmopolitan* in the March number of his admirable magazine announces that under his direction the preliminary work has been begun in Europe and America for the summoning of a World's Congress of a hundred persons who will represent the most important peoples of the globe. At present it is not quite settled where the Congress is to meet, but it will probably be held in Washington if it is not held in Paris. Mr. Walker declares that all previous attempts at holding international congresses have been valueless because their members have been selected for diplomatic, political, or personal reasons. This time they are to be selected for reasons which are neither diplomatic, political, nor personal. Five hundred names, representing the highest thought and most practical statesmanship of all nations, will be put to nomination, and from the five hundred, one hundred will be selected by the consensus of the ablest opinions obtainable among the peoples to be represented and elsewhere.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP.

This world-hundred are to be chosen for their possession of the following qualifications in order named:—First, sincerity of purpose; secondly, earnestness; thirdly, clear thinking, that is, ability to see the truth; fourthly, broad experience in affairs. Fifty of the hundred are to be allotted to the five countries—the British Empire, the American Republic, Germany, France, and Russia. The other fifty are to be distributed over all the other nations of the world. It is flattering to a Britisher to know that Mr. Walker admits that of the fifty allotted to the five nations Great Britain will, without doubt, be assigned a larger representation than any other nation. This for two reasons. Because the British Empire represents such masses of humanity as those which are to be found in India and such advanced ideas as those of New Zealand. Having got together his hundred picked representatives of all the nations, including China and Japan, the question is, What are they to do? This they must decide for themselves. A majority of delegates in each national delegation will select a subject which seems to them of the highest importance for the interest of their own country as it concerns the harmony of nations. This is not very clear, but the illustration is more to the point. The nation that will have precedence of others is that which contains the greatest number of individuals. The Chinese delegation will therefore have the first innings, and Mr. Walker suggests that they might bring forward as a theme for discussion a resolution declaring that the indemnity recently levied upon

China by the Powers was inequitable and unjust. Having tabled this resolution, it would then be discussed by the Congress, which, I suppose, would pass a resolution after a more or less exhaustive debate.

Mr. Walker thinks that such a Congress, by its vigour of thought, its exposure of superficial and selfish reasoning, and its well-reported deliberations and its presentation of truth, would create a public sentiment which no ruler or parliament would dare to disobey, and it would wield a moral power which would be irresistible. By way of giving practical shape to his project Mr. Walker announces that he is taking in hand the raising of a fund of £50,000 through the intervention of American leaders of finance and thought. Certainly, if Mr. Walker can get together a hundred of the best men of all the nations in the world and can thereby evoke an expression of irresistible moral force, it would be dirt cheap at the price. But——?

City-seeing with Electric Car and Megaphone.

How to see a great city swiftly and well has long been a problem. The circular tour has ancient and august commendation. "Walk about Zion and go round about her," urged the psalmist; "tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces." This advice is carried out in novel and up-to-date fashion in the Western City of the Saints. Mr. Norman, writing in the *Young Man* of a Stroll round Salt Lake City, tells how the fast electric tramway system is used for the benefit of visitors:—

At stated times during the day special "Seeing-Salt-Lake-City" cars start from the main street, and after calling at the principal hotels proceed to promenade in and about and around the city over a multiplicity of lines. A guide with a speaking-trumpet stations himself at the head of the car, calling attention to, and minutely explaining, objects and places of interest passed on the way. Americans are not only proud of their country, but also of particular and individual cities. For this reason there is always a keen rivalry between the several cities, and each evinces a militant local "patriotism." Under these circumstances it may well be imagined that not a bank, nor a church, nor a fine private house escapes the eager eye or the tripping tongue of the guide accompanying the "Seeing-Salt-Lake-City" car. The excursion costs only a nominal sum, and as during a two-hour-round-about trip on a fast trolley-car with a practised guide one can derive without fatigue a good deal of instruction and amusement, this idea of utilising a multifarious tramway system must certainly be accounted both novel and practical.

When the London County Council has got its complete system of swift transit, it may remember this Mormon precedent and follow suit.

In the Easter number of the *Lady's Realm* there is a timely article on Easter at the Courts of Europe. "Some Brilliant London Seasons" are described, and more are forecasted by "one who has the entrée." Miss Annesley Kenealy writes of London cookery schools; and those who like absurdities absurdly treated will enjoy a paper on the dog fashions and fancies of Paris. On "The Art of Visiting" there is rather a clever discussion, leaving one in doubt as to which is the more terrible—to visit or be visited.

IN PRAISE OF ROUMANIA.

BY A ROUMANIAN.

MDLLE. VACARESCO contributes to the current number of the *Contemporary Review* another of her charming, poetical and picturesque papers upon her native land. She has a good subject and practically a monopoly of her theme, for while several people have glorified the Servians, and Lord Strangford developed a kind of cult of the Bulgarians, no one has hitherto had a good word to say for the Moldavians and Wallachians. Yet, according to Mdle. Vacaresco, who writes with enthusiasm of her native land, Roumania is at least as deserving a subject for study as any other country in the East. Even her scenery, which is dead level for the most part, has a charm not possessed by the steppes of Hungary and Russia. She says:—

In my own opinion, Roumania is one of the most interesting countries of Europe, and I am always surprised that it has not as yet excited a greater curiosity and interest among travellers and writers. Roumania has already produced artists and scientific men of conspicuous ability. The first woman barrister who obtained a degree in Paris was a Roumanian; the first woman archaeologist, received and complimented by the Sorbonne and by the Laureate of the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes, was also a Roumanian, and her husband, M. Vaschide, though still a young man, has won a distinguished name as a discoverer of psychic and philosophical phenomena.

And I may add, what modesty forbids the authoress from mentioning herself, that she is one of the very few women whose works have been crowned by the French Academy for distinction attained in the field of poetry. Her description of the Roumanian character is very interesting. They are a mixed race, which counts for something.

Oriental laziness and indifference cool the hot Latin blood; and our religion, in which Russian mysticism and Asiatic splendour are mingled, bestows wise and tranquil counsel on those for whom life passes too lightly, and rouses others from sinking into the dreamy existence of the East. In spite of his Latin origin, the Roumanian has not a passionate temperament; he is on the contrary endowed with a quiet philosophy which enables him to control his natural passions. The real characteristics of the nation are attachment to the soil, sufficient contentment to live in peace, and silent tenacity of purpose. The power of experiencing strong emotions appears to have faded in him. This may be easily explained. The man whose ancestors have seen the fierce hordes of the Tartars pass by the very mud hut in which he now lives has inherited in his blood the awful reminiscence of those times of horror and cruelty, and he cannot be easily moved by the details of daily existence. Thus, the first bicycle, the first automobile, dashing at full speed through our villages, passed almost unnoticed.

This is a curious theory, which it would be interesting to develop and apply in other directions. It may be true that if you subject a nationality to Turkish barbarity for successive generations you may kill out the power of experiencing strong emotions, but it does not seem to have had this effect among the Greeks, for instance.

Very different from the Roumanians are the gypsies who form no small part of the population, and judging from Mdle. Vacaresco's account are more interesting than the somewhat pathetic and indifferent Roumanians

upon whom they prey. The women are witches who have inherited the arts of black magic from the ancient witches of Thessaly, while both men and women are practised thieves. Although to the smaller live-stock of farms they are worse than wolves, they are not unpopular. They supply an element of magic and mystery, of music and of passion, and they have many good and sterling qualities.

Although they are skilled workmen, the gipsy race are as little thought of in Roumania as they are in Hungary; they are excellent ironmongers, bootmakers, and smiths; they are self-taught musicians and true poets of Nature; their violins seem impregnated with the soul of the vast solitary plains where they dwell; and as the wild, sweet notes throb on the ear, the sun seems to glitter on the maize fields or the whirlwind to sweep across the snowdrifts.

According to the Roumanian law convicts are sent to work in the salt mines, and, after sentence, are never allowed to see the light of the sun. The authoress describes two visits which she paid to these subterranean dungeons in company with the King and Queen of Roumania, and from her description it is not surprising that the King of Italy, after making a similar tour of inspection, described the mines as "the white Hell":—

Yet in no other country are convicts better fed, clothed, and treated than in Roumania; it is only the place of their punishment which lends such sinister gloom to their captivity.

The authoress says:—

My own experience of a visit to the salt mines has ever remained burnt into my memory like a vision of Hell in its splendour and horror, and after those hours spent underground I have fully understood that one of the most cruel of existing punishments is to be deprived of the light of the sun.

There are many other interesting things in this bright article, but I confine myself to quoting one delicious sentence as indicative of the temper which renders it difficult for Russians and Roumanians to get on together. Mdle. Vacaresco, after declaring that the Roumanians alone among the surrounding nations have established as a principle the love of liberty, interpolates the following sentence:—

During the Romano-Russo-Turkish war, when the Russians, our allies, crossed Roumania to join our army under the ramparts of Plevna, it was said that this love of liberty both alarmed and delighted the Russian officers.

This is really too rich, and would amuse, if it did not irritate, the Russians who had crossed Roumania and been baffled by Osman Pasha in their attack upon Plevna long before a single Roumanian soldier crossed the Danube to take part in the famous siege.

I must congratulate Mdle. Vacaresco on having, for the first time, in Western literature at any rate, described the war for the liberation of Bulgaria as the "Romano-Russo-Turkish War," as if Roumania had been the principal antagonist of Turkey, instead of having been called in at the eleventh hour to assist the Russians. The fervent patriotism which makes one regard one's own country as the centre of the universe is very beautiful, and even harmless when it is not exported. But when you come to deal with other nations it is apt to lead to international friction.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN FRANCE.

IN the second March number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Ernest Daudet writes a well-informed paper on the visit which Queen Victoria paid to France in 1843. This view of an historically important visit is derived from the voluminous correspondence of Guizot and the Princess Lieven. Successively Deputy, Ambassador, Minister, and Prime Minister, Guizot occupied for ten years under an enlightened Prince, whose confidence he had won, the first position in the Government. He had a close knowledge not only of all the illustrious people of his own country, but also of all the statesmen, young and old, of his time—Metternich, Wellington, Nesselrode, Granville, Palmerston, Aberdeen, and many more. The Princess had an equal, or perhaps even wider, knowledge of the great minds which controlled European politics at that time; the two together were therefore exceptionally well qualified to judge both of merits and persons. M. Daudet has taken her late Majesty's visit to France in 1843, not only for its own sake, but also to illustrate the relations which then subsisted between the two countries. Before that visit was paid Guizot had returned to Paris from London and had taken office, so that the two friends were once more united. This naturally had an effect on their correspondence, which assumes a more businesslike tone with less of the tenderness of previous years. It was not that their affection had lost its strength, but rather that it stood in no need of protestation.

Queen Victoria's visit lasted from August 31st to September 5th, 1843. It was the great triumph of the Guizot Cabinet, and represented the price of the efforts made by that minister to efface the hostility maintained between the two countries during the Palmerston régime. As for Louis Philippe, he felt himself to be an upstart among the sovereigns of Europe, and a visit from the young Queen of England was exactly what suited him best. Her Majesty decided on the visit herself, and not less suddenly than, nearly sixty years later, she decided on her memorable visit to Ireland. There seems to have been an accident at a certain bridge, of which, however, M. Daudet can find no record except a slight allusion made by Guizot. Princess Lieven seems to have been delighted with the lively chatter and gossip of the preparations which Guizot wrote to her. He gives a charming description of the arrival of the young Queen at Tréport, and her very obvious delight in the enthusiasm of her reception. She seems to have been much amused by the conversation of Louis Philippe, for Guizot is continually referring to Her Majesty's merriment. Unfortunately, Guizot has not really much to say about the young Queen, though here is one pretty picture. "You would have laughed," he writes to the Princess Lieven, "to have seen us all yesterday while coming back from our walk into the park. The King and the Queen,

leading the way, stopped before the espaliers to eat peaches. They did not know how to peel them, and the Queen bit into them like a child. The King drew a knife from his pocket: 'When one has been like me, a poor devil, one has a knife in one's pocket.' After the peaches came nuts and pears, and the whole party returned to the château in an excellent humour. Altogether it is a pleasant picture; and we can well imagine the solemnity of the occasion when Prince Albert received the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and Louis Philippe made him a little speech on the intimate relations of the two families and the two countries. But the King did not receive the Garter which he coveted till the following year.

POPE LEO XIII.: SOME PERSONALITIES.

THERE is a character sketch of the Pope in the April number of the *Lady's Realm*. It cannot be said to contain much that is new, but the following quotations may be made:—

Leo XIII. employs also at the Vatican quite a little army of chambermaids and seamstresses; the latter have to take care of the Pope's wardrobe. The clothes of His Holiness are of so delicate a nature that it was found that men could not handle them with the necessary care, and therefore women were substituted for the valets.

The value of the various personal gifts to Leo XIII. is estimated to be equal to at least £2,000,000. The magnificent jewels he received at his recent jubilee included 28 tiaras, 319 crosses, set with diamonds and other precious stones, 1,200 chalices in gold and silver, 81 rings, of which the one given by the Sultan is worth £20,000, 16 pastoral staves of gold, set with precious stones, 7 statues in gold and silver, as well as the largest diamond in the world, valued at £800,000, which was presented by ex-President Kruger.

An American lady has presented Leo XIII. with a splendid snuff-box of immense value, containing a cheque to the value of £10,000, as her contribution to the annual collection of Peter's Pence, in which the present Pope has received over £4,000,000. This money is deposited partly in the Bank of England and partly in the large Continental banks.

The Holy See is in the happy position of having no debts. Like most people, the Pope has his little weakness—a love for sweetmeats. This is well known in Italy, and at his jubilee a motherly peasant-woman gave expression to her affection for him by a present of an enormous pile of sweets, wrapped in a huge coloured cotton pocket-handkerchief. It was said at the time that none of the Pope's many presents pleased him more than this.

Of late the Pope's nerves have been so much shaken that he has become comparatively indifferent to questions about which he once displayed a feverish enthusiasm. In the dismayed Vatican the utmost precautions are taken to avoid his receiving any shock:—

All the doors and windows of his rooms are padded to shut out even the most distant noises from without, and the same temperature is kept up night and day in the apartment. No news of any kind is allowed to reach him unless with permission of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla.

"I have lived too long," he said only a short time ago. "I feel very weary, and pray to soon be called away from this world."

A FRENCHMAN IN JAPAN.

THE Anglo-Japanese agreement naturally adds fresh interest for us to the series of articles which M. Bellessort is contributing to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and of which the eighth instalment appears in the first March number. M. Bellessort quotes an interesting remark made by M. Harmand, French Minister to Japan, to the effect that it was a pity that Japan had waited, before opening her arms to Western civilisation, for the arrival of a democratic age, because the seventeenth century would have done the work much better than the nineteenth. The Japanese, with their politeness, their decorum, the aristocratic structure of their society, and their family life, were much nearer to the Frenchman of the age of Louis XIV. than to the modern democracies of Europe and America. Even so late as 1850 an American who was shipwrecked in Japan found it impossible to make himself understood when he spoke of the sovereign people. The Japanese were no more capable of understanding such a monstrosity than a marquis of the old *régime* at Versailles would have been. M. Bellessort proceeds to analyse the component parts of Japanese society.

At the top, of course, are the Emperor and the Imperial Court, leading a life of the utmost mystery. What is His Majesty really like? Is he a hard worker, a bureaucrat who slaves away at official routine from eight o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon? Or is he a good sort of man, but rather limited, and entirely devoted to sport and dogs? The visitor to Japan receives accounts of him as different as these. One informant says: "If you knew the chamberlains at Court you would be surprised that the Emperor is so liberal, for the people who surround him are so retrograde and reactionary." Marshal Yamagata, the conqueror of China, who is supposed to have the ear of His Majesty, said to M. Bellessort: "The Emperor watches over the smallest interests of his Empire, but he does not love the parliamentary *régime* at all." Nevertheless, the Emperor submits to this *régime*, which he does not love without apparent bitterness, and the newspapers are right in praising his tact, his discretion, his modesty, and his patriotism. Evidently he cannot be a mediocre man, or he would not be able to efface himself with so much prudence, or to play a part unpleasant to him with so much dignity.

The Empress, who is less enigmatical, but not less secluded in her life, inspires the people with an affectionate veneration. There is no dispute about her virtues and her intelligence, but, of course, her influence does not penetrate beyond the narrow limits to which the Japanese woman is confined. Her Majesty has overcome her natural timidity in order to appear before the eyes of Europe as a free Sovereign of the East. She has reformed the dress and manners of her Court, and her heart has discovered subtleties of conduct which she never learnt from the Protocol. Thus, when the present

Tsar was almost assassinated on the road at Nara, it was the Empress who, on her own initiative, wrote a personal letter to the Empress of Russia. Moreover, modern civilisation has never intoxicated her; she remains faithful to the usages of her country, and she has done much to make fashionable again the home cultivation of the silkworm.

The Prince Imperial is not the son of the Empress, but has been adopted, and, so far as is known, appears to be a prince of no small ability. His education, which was entrusted to a large staff of officers and governors, seems to have been carefully planned; at any rate, he speaks French well, and though he is naturally reserved, M. Bellessort says that he possesses a youthful grace which appeals to the imagination of the crowd. Of the other members of the Imperial house the thick darkness traditionally associated with Oriental monarchy still seems to enshroud them; at any rate, the public seem only to hear of them when they die and are buried with a certain amount of ceremony.

We regret that space does not allow us to follow M. Bellessort through his interesting analysis of the other component parts of Japanese society.

Cassava and its Possibilities.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for March, Mr. Condict Packard discusses the astonishing new agricultural possibilities of cassava, a bushy shrub growing to about five or six feet in tropical and sub-tropical climates, its roots producing more starch per acre than any other vegetable or grain. In South Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida its cultivation is growing with great rapidity, all the more so because it thrives best in the light sandy soil which before was not worth much.

As tapioca everyone knows it. But as a fattening food for cattle, sheep and pigs (which all eat it greedily) its value is only just discovered. Experiments show that cassava will produce beef at a little over $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and pork at only a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Only the roots are used, their average yield being eight tons per acre. The starch from these roots costs only $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound, and, according to recent experiments, was six times better for plain and fancy laundry work than the best wheat starch at 3d. a pound. The gain in using cassava for fattening animals, as compared with the cost of fattening them by former method, is put at about 30 per cent. (on a 70 day test).

Hitherto, artificial fertilisers have been used for cassava, but now it is found that several kinds of bean and pease, growing freely in the regions where it is cultivated, are perfect natural fertilisers. Everything, therefore, seems to combine to favour the development of a remarkable new industry.

SOME more "Humorous Artists of America" are dealt with in the April *Strand*, in an article richly illustrated by reproductions of their work. The artists of *Puck*, *Life*, and *Judge* are those treated of.

ROSSETTI AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

TWENTY years ago, on Easter Sunday, April 9th, 1882, Dante Gabriel Rossetti passed away at Birchington-on-Sea, and the present anniversary of his death seems a fitting time to publish a new work on the art of the most ardent of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. An appreciative study of the poetry of Rossetti remains a book of the future.

The present monograph, which forms the Easter "Extra" of the *Art Journal*, is written by Miss Helen M. Madox Rossetti, a niece of the painter. The main incidents of the life of Rossetti are too well known to require repetition, but information concerning his pictures is always welcome.

In reference to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the writer says:—

Which of the three prime movers in the Brotherhood—Rossetti, Holman Hunt, or Millais—was responsible for the first definite suggestion of such an association it would be difficult to say. All three were equally essential to it, and probably have equal claims to its foundation. Millais and Hunt were undoubtedly the more competent painters at that time, and Hunt, as his works throughout his career prove, was a most earnest and strenuous seeker after truth and nature, a man of determination and of intellect. Of the three, Rossetti possessed the richest imagination, the greatest creative power, and being the most headstrong and impetuous of the set, probably went farther than the others in urging that such a body should be formed under the name Pre-Raphaelite. Their admiration for the Pre-Raphael painters was inspired rather by their contempt and detestation of the pompous and stereotyped works of the painters who succeeded Raphael than by their absolute knowledge of the former.

ROSSETTI AND DANTE.

One of the plates in the monograph is "Paolo and Francesca," one of the pictures produced under the influence of Dante. To Rossetti, both as painter and poet, the poetry of the great Italian was a never-failing source of inspiration:—

The sublime poetry, the super-human imagination which could grasp at once heaven and hell and the whole universe, appealed to him. The most beautiful of all his early Danteque water-colours is perhaps the "Paolo and Francesca," painted in 1861 for his patron Mr. Leathart, being a replica of the first compartment of a diptych of earlier date (1855). This beautiful little picture illustrates those wonderful lines in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," in which Francesca tells Dante "in what manner love conceded that she first recognised her dubious desires."

The other Dante subjects include "Dante drawing an Angel in Memory of Beatrice," "Beata Beatrix," "The Salutation of Beatrice," "Beatrice denying Her Salutation," "Dante's Dream," "Giotto painting Dante's Portrait," the "Dantis Amor," the "Boat of Love," "La Donna della Finestra," etc. Then there are the religious pictures, the Arthurian series, and others representing types of female beauty, besides a number of portraits. The religious works include "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," the "Ecce Ancilla Domini," "Magdalen at the Door of Simon," "The Seed of David," and a series of designs for stained glass.

TYPES OF PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

Among the women who have sat to Rossetti may be mentioned Mrs. Rossetti (his mother), his sister

Christina, his wife Lizzie Siddal before and after marriage, Miss Agnes Wilding, Fanny Carnforth, Mrs. W. J. Stillman, and Mrs. William Morris. In conclusion, Miss Rossetti's lines on the women pictures may be quoted:—

The works of Rossetti, by which he is best known, and which mark the last, and in some respects the richest, period of his art, are those single female figures which he commenced to paint in about the year 1862—types of physical and spiritual beauty which appealed to him, and each one of which embodied some particular conception of his life or art. In them are displayed at once Rossetti's greatness and the defects appertaining to it. In them we can trace, as it were, the increase, the summit, and the decline of his power. The simplicity, the love of and strict fidelity to Nature which characterised his early works, are diminished, but we have in all its force, sometimes even to the extent of exaggeration, those qualities in which he most noticeably excelled—beauty of colour and form, ardour and elevation of thought, wealth of semi-mystical imagination.

On the whole we have to thank Rossetti, among other things, for the creation of a type of feminine beauty unsurpassed, and in some respects unequalled, by the works of the great Venetians, a type of woman in which physical and spiritual beauty are so perfectly blended that in some instances it is hard to say which claims supremacy. There is all the passion for physical beauty inherent to a Southerner and an Italian in these works, but not in the most voluptuous, "Lady Lilith" for instance, is there one single element of coarseness to mar the beauty of the painting, while in some the very mystery of human existence, that undefinable something which we call the soul, seems mirrored in the canvas.

THE SEA IN ART.

THE place of honour in the April number of the *Magazine of Art* is accorded to Mr. Thomas Somerscales, and Mr. A. B. Daryll, in his article on this marine painter, writes fascinatingly of the sea as a subject for the artist:—

There is always in this country a sure popularity for an artist who can paint marine subjects with originality and intelligence. Love of the sea is one of our national characteristics, the result of our geographical position, and the outcome of long-continued associations by which our instincts as a people have been directed and educated. To us the sea is not a kind of barrier, isolating us and cutting us off from free communication with the rest of mankind, but rather in the nature of a connecting link between these islands and all the other countries of the world. As a consequence it provides the painter with an endless variety of motives, which have a very definite power of appeal to popular sentiment.

Apart from this subjective interest, the sea has for the student of nature a most fascinating attractiveness. It is, as it were, a living thing, restless, variable, and inconstant. Its moods are never twice alike, and its incessant changes are almost perplexing in their unexpectedness. Charm of colour, beauty of form, and the most subtle mysteries of atmospheric effect distinguish it, and give to the worker who would treat it properly an extraordinary range of opportunities. No man who has the faculty of observation and the right kind of artistic conscience need fear being led into mannerism as a sea painter; he will find himself encouraged by an infinity of suggestions to be constantly trying the new ways of expressing himself, and the more responsive he is to the impressions made upon him the more various will be his record of what he sees.

It is because Mr. Somerscales not only perceives the full beauty of the sea, but understands its character as well, that he has taken rank definitely among the best living painters of marine subjects. His work has a particular individuality, and reveals a more than ordinary intimacy with nature. It is in the best sense unconventional, for it does not owe its success to imitation of what has been done by other men, and yet it is free from any trace of eccentricity either in choice or treatment of subject.

THE FINEST NEWSPAPER OFFICE ON EARTH.

THE WASHINGTON "STAR."

MR. FREDERIC A. MACKENZIE contributes to *Caxton's Magazine* for April an interesting and admirably illustrated article under the above heading. The *Washington Star*, a paper almost unknown in Europe, has the glory of possessing the finest newspaper office in North America, for it will not compare with the office of *La Prensa* in Buenos Ayres. The *Star* is remarkable for three things. First, it has only a circulation of 35,000 a day; secondly, it publishes no Sunday edition, and thirdly, although its circulation is comparatively insignificant, it has so many advertisements as to stand among the few dailies at the top of the advertising field. Instead of a Sunday paper, it publishes a Saturday magazine supplement. Although it has so small a circulation, it has made sufficient profit to build what Mr. Mackenzie regards as a much finer newspaper office than anything to be seen in New York. It is indeed, he declares, one of the finest public buildings on earth. It is built of smooth-faced marble in the French Renaissance style; it is nine stories high, and the only office with which he can compare it is the marble palace of the *Herald* buildings in New York. From attic to basement everything is marble. The entrance-hall is a lofty marble chamber, elaborately carved, and with abundant bronze-work. Round the walls are a series of seven symbolical frescoes painted by Mr. Dealman, who painted many of the frescoes in the Washington Library. Four of them, reproduced in *Caxton's Magazine*, symbolise the day's history, news-gathering, the editorial function, and advertising. The proprietorial consulting-room is fitted up as an old Dutch sitting-room two hundred years old. In every room it is the same. Mosaic floors, marble pillars and fine bronze-work, silver shower-baths, explain to Mr. Mackenzie how it is that this edifice is said to be the most costly office-building in the world. The newsboys are as carefully studied as the editors. The compositors have quarters which a merchant-prince in London might envy. Every comp. has his own cupboard and is provided with shower and other baths. Even the lavatories have mosaic floors, plated pipes and marble walls. Mr. Kaufmann, the president of the *Star* company, takes a special pride in caring for the welfare of his comps. Once a printer enters the *Star* office, he regards himself as settled for life so long as he keeps up to his work. He is cared for when sick and pensioned when old. In Mr. Kaufmann's opinion the expenditure on the details necessary to enable comps. to keep themselves clean and comfortable is well-invested money. The composing-room is, for daintiness of detail, more like a lady's *boudoir* than a printing room. Yet it is a place where very solid and smart work is done. An elaborate system of

pneumatic tubes reduces speaking and writing to a minimum. Every reporter has a roll-top desk, a swinging chair, and a Remington typewriter. There is a club on the premises for the benefit of the staff. In every department the office, like the paper which is issued, is admirably, solidly, and artistically finished. I congratulate Mr. Mackenzie on the good use which he has made of his time while in America.

THE COMING LITERATURE.

ROSY FORECAST BY DR. GARNETT.

THE *Young Man* for April gives, in the form of an interview, an excellent paper on Dr. Richard Garnett, until recently principal Librarian of the British Museum. He has spent his life in that great library. He is himself a voluminous author. And he is an optimist still, in his old age. He admits that work done to-day by literary men does not compare favourably with literary products of the early and middle Victorian epoch. But he adds cheerily:—

Fluctuations are but natural, and just now we are in the trough of the waves. That we shall presently be at a high point again, on the top of the wave, I have not the least doubt. I regard the educational system of to-day as the chief factor in the formation of the present literary taste. Nothing, of course, could wield an equal influence. Free education has produced a class of readers not known when I first went to the British Museum—a class whose education has not gone beyond the elementary stage, and for whom a new literature, of a light and temporary kind, has been provided. . . . I am not among those who sneer at the "popular" literature of to-day; on the whole it is clean and healthy, and very much of it is excellent of its kind.

Among living writers, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy stand nearest to the height reached by writers of the middle century, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, and so on. But no writer to-day can be placed quite so high as either of those. But I believe in the future; the writers of to-day are paving the way for the approach of a grander and more brilliant literature than has hitherto been known. The spread of culture is preparing the taste of people for something better, and the demand for higher quality will produce those capable of satisfying the demand. The great fault, I think, of the literature of to-day is diffuseness: we give greater importance to the matter than to the manner of its display; and before the golden age of the new literature dawns, the lesson will have to be learned that good matter must be presented in a good manner. Human feeling will be increasingly the main note of the literature of to-morrow. . . . Already we have seen the novel as an agent in social amelioration; but the novel of the future will develop in this direction and find enormous resources not yet touched.

THE BEST BOOKS TO READ.

The interviewer had the temerity to ask Dr. Garnett to advise his readers on the best books to read. The works he selected may be just jotted down here in the order of mention:—

The Bible and Shakespeare.
Milton's "Paradise Lost."
Gibbon's "Rise and Fall."
Carlyle or Kingsley—"Carlyle made easy."
Froude's Historical Writings.
Wordsworth.
Waverley Novels.
Dickens.
George Eliot.
Biography.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN PARLIAMENT.

WHAT TO DO AND NOT TO DO.

MR. ROBERT FARQUHARSON, M.P., has an interesting article in the *New Liberal Review* on "The Compleat Member." It is an exposition of how to become a successful M.P., and no doubt contains a good deal of experience, bitter and otherwise.

PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS.

Mr. Farquharson says the perfect M.P. should be either very good-looking or very ugly, and if you are lucky enough to be very ugly, you must make the most of it and live up to it. You must be thick-skinned, loud-voiced, pleasant-mannered. You must have a good digestion and a wife who is attractive, but not too much so. She must abjure the sieve-like tendencies of certain of her sex, for more political reputations are ruined by premature blabbing than any other cause.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CECIL.

As a rule you must begin political life early. Such men as Mr. Morley are exceptions. You ought to have some knowledge of practical affairs, you must do a good deal of bowing and scraping. You must sit behind Ministers, and entertain them. You must not mind snubs, but just show your independent teeth now and again. Your maiden speech ought to be a success. With these qualifications, if "you belong to the Cecil clan," all is plain sailing. But if not—and even Lord Salisbury's relatives are limited in number—you must have other qualifications.

THE ART OF SPEAKING.

You ought to have a good voice but Mr. Farquharson thinks even a bad voice may be considerably improved by training. Speeches should be thoroughly prepared. A maiden speech should be written out and committed to memory. After it is made you should wait and learn the ways of the House before speaking too often. Mr. Morley was three months in the House before he made a speech. You must not be bumptious or dogmatic.

THE RESULT OF THE NEW RULES.

It is a good thing, says Mr. Farquharson, to identify yourself with one subject and stick to it. You must be prepared, if you are an English member, to always have your hand in your pocket. In Scotland members are let off more easily. Mr. Farquharson ends his amusing paper by lamenting the new rules which, he says, have been framed at the bidding of the smart set. The new rules make the private member as extinct as the dodo, and are suited only to *flâneurs* and loungers who care for nothing but week-ends and dinner and golf.

In the *Revue de l'Art* for March, the new articles deal with the Musée Carnavalet, described by J. de Boissioslin and Emile Gallé, and his work by L. de Fourcaud. The articles on the Portraiture of English Women, the Legacies to Paris of Adolphe de Rothschild, and the House of Condé, and the Arts are continued.

IS FRIENDSHIP ON THE WANE?

MR. J. HUDSON contributes to *Gentleman's* a most interesting study on friendship. He grants that we look in vain to-day for any such close friendships as those of Theseus and Pirithous, Achilles and Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, Laelius and Scipio, Cicero and Atticus. For this fact he finds several causes.

(1) Rapid communication has increased a man's acquaintances a thousandfold, and has diffused over a multitude the affection once concentrated on a few or on one.

(2) Men being generally more like brothers to each other, there is less need of the close offensive and defensive alliance which was once the bond of intimate friendship.

(3) The wear and tear of modern competitive life leaves little leisure and small inclination for forming or maintaining friendships.

(4) Most potent of all is the emancipation of woman, which has made her more than ever before the companion and friend of man. The writer deals chiefly with the modern comradeship of husband and wife as distinguished from the easily-repudiated marriages of pagan times. He leaves it to be inferred that the new friendship is not restricted to the marriage-relationship. As a matter of fact, many of the friendships of to-day which would rank with that of David and Jonathan are between persons of different sex; and to the solid realities of friendship is added the glamour of chivalry.

So if friendship is spread out thin over a vast number of men, and the whole of the other sex has been admitted into the relation of true and equal friendship with men, we may take it that friendship is not really on the wane.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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The subscription is small. Any person able to obtain thirty members willing to pay one penny a week or one shilling a quarter can obtain on loan for one quarter a box of forty-five or fifty books.

To those who prefer to buy books the Library offers a good opportunity of obtaining them at reduced prices, there being always a large stock of surplus books of all kinds on hand. These are eminently suitable for persons wishing to start a library for the village or town in which they live, being strongly bound, clean, and in good condition.

Lists of books with prices, as well as all particulars of the Library, may be obtained from the Secretary, REVIEW OF REVIEWS' CIRCULATING LIBRARY, Temple House, Temple Avenue, E.C.

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD'S BOOK.

SOME HOSTILE CRITICISM.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Positivist Review*, expresses himself very freely concerning Mr. Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilisation." He declares that it serves as a test of the depth of imbecility which can nowadays be reached by what is called philosophy. The public rarely gets such a mass of sonorous fatuity as in this bulky collection of principles. Mr. Kidd's discovery that the present is under the control not of the past but of the future, is rank nonsense. The future has not yet happened, but Mr. Kidd knows what it is to be, and this inspiring vision enables him to see the final value of things which our current morality and common-sense politics condemn as evil. Mr. Kidd misunderstands and distorts the views of Mill and of Spencer, and speaks of Darwin almost as if he (Mr. Kidd) had discovered the true doctrine of evolution, of which Darwin had only a glimpse. Mr. Harrison is piously glad to see that Mr. Kidd does not allude to Comte nor to Positivism, as he would not have understood either:—

Metaphysics of this Christian Science sort may rejoice the heart of Mr. Beit and Lord Milner. Empire-builders and company-floaters sneer at the past and sacrifice the present, but they prophesy a glorious Paradise hereafter in this world and the next if we will only mock at the past and bear our burdens in the future.

He says that Mr. Kidd's meaning is sometimes projected beyond the farthest limits of metaphysical bamboozlement:—

The bang of the Laputan big drum is perhaps best heard when we reach the last sesquipedalian sentence of this gaseous volume. . . . Nothing so tall as this has ever been attempted in metaphysics since Squire Thornhill confused poor Moses Primrose. . . . With poor Moses Primrose we cry "Hold! Hold!" And this blatant stuff is paraded about as the last word of British philosophy!

Mr. John Beatty Crozier deals with the same book at length in the *Fortnightly Review*. He is even more scathing than Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Crozier says that the more he read Mr. Kidd's book the more disappointed he became with it. Mr. Kidd has retrograded to a standpoint vaguer, more crude, and, scientifically speaking, less advanced than any occupied by those earlier philosophers whose works he so lightly brushes aside. Dip into Mr. Kidd's volume where you will, and you will find that his history has been muddled and perverted by these empty chimeras called principles, projected retrospectively into it, which are as practically useless as they are unreal. He accuses Mr. Kidd of splitting civilisation into two antithetical halves. But I had better quote Mr. Crozier's summing-up in his own words:—

To sum up, then, we may say: (1) That Mr. Kidd's book is not a scientific evolution of civilisation or of any part of it, but a mere historical record. (2) That it is not a closely-written history, but a series of generalised sketches picked out at certain points. (3) That its explanations are mere labels attached to its divisions, and these divisions, again, are of the

most primitive scientific character, like the division of Life into the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms. (4) That to cramp his facts under these two immeasurable hats of the Present and the Future he has to pervert history, confound all human categories, and lump together things most opposite in essential nature. (5) That he nowhere even starts on the real problem of Civilisation, namely, of showing *how* one stage passed into the other, and by what means and out of what materials Society forged the tools necessary for these transformations, or how the great factors of Religion, Government, Philosophy, Science, and Material and Social Conditions co-operated at each point to produce them. (6) That he cannot, in consequence, get any fixed, continuous, and definite line of *direction* of Civilisation, and so has no line—as that of a mariner's chart—by which to steer the course of evolution, either in the present or in the future. (7) And lastly that, incredible as it may seem, he nowhere assigns any part in the development of Modern Civilisation to the results of Astronomical and Physical Science.

After having thus summed up under seven heads the shortcomings of Mr. Kidd's matter, he finishes up his article by an almost equally scathing condemnation of its general style, tone and manner. Tom-toms are beaten, cannon salvos are fired all along the route, to herald the approach of the new revelation. He first hypnotises himself with the importance of his message, and then hypnotises his readers by wrapping it in a confused cloud of words and phrases; a wordy confusion, and without real definiteness or point, which, in the world of literature, has not its parallel. At a time when so many of our best workers cannot even get a hearing—therein Mr. Crozier wells from the heart—the over-puffing of laborious mediocrity which has brought a work like this to the very crest of the wave is a scandal which ought to be abated.

Auguste Rodin, Sculptor.

IN the April number of the *Art Journal* Mr. Charles Quentin takes for his subject the work of Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor. He writes:—

Rodin always insists that modelling is everything. Poets naturally insist on the perfection of their means of expression. Our lips, our hands, our voices we can control by study, we can perfect their power and obedience so as to be fit instruments for the creative force. Nature recognises in the man who can take infinite pains a good interpreter. She certainly speaks through true genius; through one of the gifted she tells one secret, through another of the chosen, another of her secrets, but always she speaks most clearly and exquisitely through the greatest, the truest, the simplest.

Through Rodin, Nature expresses her eternal laws of creation, her union of the strong and tender, her ceaseless production of life. In Greek allegory, in legend, in cloud, in wave, in animal and human form, Nature speaks through Rodin her mystery of love and life, unending, undying. We find groups of touching sympathy, of tenderness, of love, of relentlessness, of tragic suffering from the inevitable; attitudes of appeal against fate, the eternal cry of humanity—all are here; forms agitated by emotion, or reposing, drawing breath for the ceaseless march of life.

A long time is required to gain even a slight idea of all Rodin's work. Group after group can be studied with real delight, and each time we visit his studios there is fresh work. We realise how much can be done even in one lifetime, and a wholesome sense of insignificance creeps over us as we stand in the presence of such masterpieces and feel the power of such an artist, who is himself always learning, always coming with a fresh childlike mind to the worship of Nature.

THE FAILURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HOW THINGS STAND TO-DAY.

LAST month Mr. Dooley described the position of the Americans in the Philippines in an article which, with very little alteration, might be read as a description of the British position in South Africa. The article is written throughout in a tone of delightful irony. Mr. Dooley is quite sure, on the authority of Governor Taft, that everything is going on well in the Philippines:—

They mus' be satisfied with our rule. A man that isn't satisfied whin he's had enough is a glutton. They're satisfied an' happy, an' slowly, but surely, they're acquirin' that love fr th' government that floats over thim that will make thim good citizens without a vote or a right to thrile be jury. I know it. Gov'nor Taft says so.

He winds up the whole matter by saying:—

I hope I have tol' ye enough to show ye that th' stories iv disordher is greatly exaggerated. The counthry is pro-gressin' splendidly. . . . Iv'rywhere happiness, contint, love iv th' shtep-mother counthry excript in places where there ar-re people.

AN OBSERVER'S CONFIRMATION.

Mr. Dooley is not guilty of exaggeration. At least, that is the conclusion we come to after reading Mr. Stephen Bonsal's paper in the *North American Review* for March. Mr. Bonsal has travelled a great deal in the Far East. He has just returned from three months spent among the Filipinos, and he is probably as well qualified to report upon the state of things in the islands as anyone who has recently visited them. Nothing could be more sweeping than his judgment. He says:—

There is no fraction of public opinion, such as it is in the Philippines, that is pleased with our administration, not even the Federal Party, a puppet of our own creation. Consequently there exists no group of men upon whom we can shift our burden of responsibility, or ask to share it. The thinking Filipinos are war traitors, from the highest to the lowest, and that very great majority who do not think at all follow their leaders blindly.

WHAT FARM-BURNING HAS DONE.

The Americans appear to be carrying on war in the Philippines with the same suicidal folly that we adopted in South Africa when we prolonged the war for a couple of years by the simple expedient of adopting the method of barbarism known as farm-burning. Mr. Bonsal says:—

In the Archipelago we have forty or fifty thousand soldiers divided up into between five and six hundred scattered garrisons and flying columns. Owing to the short time of service and the vicissitudes of an exasperating form of warfare these men are continually moving about. A private letter that reached me a few days ago from Mindoro gives a graphic picture, from an unimpeachable source, of conditions there, where according to some accounts peace reigns. My informant says:—

"The people here are becoming more and more *insurrecto* every day. Acting under the orders to destroy every town and village from which we are fired upon, or where we discover insurgent quartels, we have burnt down all the towns and collections of houses that were standing when I saw you last, with the exception of two. Under a strict interpretation of our orders these two should be destroyed; but then we would have no shelter ourselves."

It is not surprising that the policy of devastation should have had the same results as in South Africa. The Dutch, who have had more experience in dealing with Malays than any other nation, long ago peremptorily prohibited the destruction of any native habitations, as their experience in Atchin showed that there was no way more certain of intensifying and tending to rebellion than by depriving the natives of the shelter of their homes. The only part of the islands in which Mr. Bonsal could find anything on which to congratulate the United States was in the districts inhabited by Mahomedans, and even there he rejoices with trembling, not knowing how soon they may hoist the green flag and proclaim a holy war against the infidel intruder. At present there is a respite, because they find it difficult, says Mr. Bonsal, to believe that the Americans are Christians:—

Their government presents a problem that is quite distinct, one that for the moment, fortunately, is not very pressing. We seem to have won their sympathies from the first by the fact that we expelled the Spaniards, and from their impression, based upon observation and report, that we are not Christians. Almost without exception the officers charged with the difficult task of meting out "unequal laws" to these savage people have acquitted themselves well, and the result—peace such as has not been known in this part of the world for generations—has not been secured at the expense of principles.

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Bonsal at one time was very enthusiastic concerning the proposal to introduce the youth of the Philippines to a knowledge of the English language by the simple expedient of importing 1,000 American teachers. His enthusiasm was damped somewhat by finding that the whole cost of this educational mission was to be borne by the natives themselves, and a closer examination of the work disillusioned him entirely. He says that the friars, much as they were abused, were selected much more carefully from a moral point of view than were the American teachers, several of whom were not even allowed to land, owing to the discovery of their moral worthlessness while they were on board ship. Each American teacher costs about five times as much as a native teacher, and most of them are thinking all day long how they can make money. The net result does not seem to him to be good.

THE FRUIT OF AN OUTLAY OF £100,000,000.

Mr. Bonsal thus sums up the result of his observations:—

I have touched only upon a few of the more striking aspects of this perplexing situation, which has already cost us five hundred million dollars and many thousands of lives without our having even a policy to show for it. I believe that in all history no instance can be found of another nation, however young, however full-blooded, permitting itself such an extravagance with such poverty of results. To-day able men are working in the Philippines to make the Archipelago a white man's country; others, with equal authority, derived from the war powers of the President, are striving to make of the islands a closed preserve, a kind of brown man's paradise where no Caucasian may dare to show his face. Which shall it be? Certainly, without unity of action no permanent results can be achieved. Undeniably, the conditions in the islands to-day are unsettled to the verge of anarchy.

THE REMOUNT SYSTEM.

WRITING on "The Remount System from Within," Colonel St. Quintin in the *Empire Review* for April complains bitterly of the way in which red tape, *plus* want of proper means and direction, hamper Government enterprise. The real key of the situation lies in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's pocket—and seems likely to stay there. The late General Ravenhill's experience and ability might have borne much fruit, but he was retired under the age clause before he could get his plans completed. His successor had not the same experience nor ability; then came "an age of extra economy and cutting down," when it was impossible to put forward any broad views.

GENERAL RAVENHILL'S PLAN.

General Ravenhill's plan is our only salvation, in Colonel St. Quintin's view. He says:—

General Ravenhill was anxious to have in the Remount Department officers suitable for the work, and in sufficient numbers to enable him to send them to various parts of the world to learn thoroughly the breeding and distribution of the horses of those countries, and to get in touch with the real sources of supply, so that, should the occasion arise, he might be at once able to tap them.

The present Remount Department has been called upon to buy broken horses in unprecedented numbers, and in an impossible space of time. General Ravenhill foresaw the possibility of this, and had the views he held been carried out, the condition of affairs with regard to the Remount Department at the outbreak of this war would have been very different. But it unfortunately meant the addition of more officers to the Department, and that meant a small extra expense, and it is unfortunately this small extra expense in time of peace, which stops the utility of many branches of the service.

SOME DIFFICULTIES TO BE MET.

There is no possibility, says Colonel St. Quintin, of reverting to the pre-Remount Department plan of commanding officers buying remounts for cavalry. Therefore the Remount Department has to meet the difficulties as best it can; and apparently it will meet with the most loyal co-operation on all sides. How to find enough horses for the urgent demands of war is the question. There are now plenty of draught horses, but there may not always be plenty, since the omnibus companies, the chief source of supply, are reducing their horses. While in South Africa, the 'bus horse was the only one Colonel St. Quintin did not hear "crabbed." In direct buying of horses the difficulties are serious. Of late years the breed of English riding horses has much deteriorated. In Ireland patriotic gentlemen eager to assist Colonel St. Quintin collected at their stables all the best young horses in the neighbourhood, but however careful they had been to insist upon the requirements, it was mostly the leavings of the fairs that were brought, so that out of 150 horses thus collected the Colonel could sometimes not buy 10, and seldom more than 20 or 25, and those not very good. As for buying horses in the fair, only an experienced man can do that.

Another difficulty is that dealers and breeders get to know the points of one kind of horse only, forgetting all the rest. They forget that an Australian

horse, though perhaps just as good in every other way, is always narrower and lighter than an English horse.

HUNGARIAN HORSES.

Colonel St. Quintin says his experience of Hungarian horses has been most favourable. In April, 1900, he superintended the landing of two shipments in good condition, and the 1,500 or 2,000 Hungarian horses he saw at Maitland Camp compared most favourably with the others. Every one wanted Hungarians—Colonel St. Quintin himself included—and he found they did excellent work.

Incidentally, he comments on the officer who could send out to drill some hundreds of horses just unshipped, with soft, unshod feet, flabby muscles, and unfitted saddles. If this happened when there was no necessity, what happened under the strain of actual war?

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

We must clearly either have more horses during peace or pay extra in time of need.

Colonel St. Quintin suggests that if the desirable end is to be attained of only mature horses in the ranks, there is need—

of a 5th squadron to be horsed by remounts, and old horses partially worn out, ridden, I may suggest, by old soldiers and recruits, or the alternative presents itself of leaving the horses to mature at Government farms—a system general in France and Germany.

If younger horses are bought, then there will be need for one or two properly maturing farms, which need not cost very much. There is no necessity for paying more for cavalry remounts, if General Ravenhill's scheme is adhered to.

To sum up, the great needs seem to be, no more pennywiseness and pound foolishness; less red tape; and officers who know how to treat the horses got for them with so much trouble.

Lord Salisbury as a Business Man.

MR. F. D. How, in his April instalment of the "Life of Lord Salisbury," now running through *Good Words*, brings to light a little known side of the Premier's career. He says:—

It may not be generally known that as a business man he proved of the greatest service to the Great Eastern Railway Company. He became their chairman in 1867 at a time when the Company were in serious embarrassments. An application had just been made to Parliament to borrow one and a half millions and had been refused. Under his auspices, however, better things began. He induced the Company to amend their Bill and to ask for leave to borrow three millions. This they did, and so ably did he conduct the matter that this time they gained the day. Having put their affairs on the high road to success he retired from the Chairmanship in 1872, having held the post for just five years.

A little later, in 1874, he assisted Lord Cairns in dragging the London, Chatham and Dover Company out of an apparently hopeless state of financial muddle and set their affairs also upon a sound basis. This is strong evidence of a mind able not only to seize upon the points of a political argument, not only to work out the most difficult scientific problems, but able also to grasp and to manipulate vast business matters with the clearness and decision of one who might have been from his earliest years at the head of great commercial concerns.

KOREA AND ITS EMPEROR.

BY A RECENT VISITOR.

MR. ALFRED STEAD contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for March an interesting account of a visit which he and Mrs. Stead paid to the Korean capital last autumn. The article, which is illustrated with portraits of the Emperor and the Crown Prince and views of the palace, is the latest and most authentic description of a sovereign whose country may yet become the cockpit of the East. The Korean capital is fascinating, but dirty and incomprehensible. The Crown Prince shows little intelligence, but the Korean Emperor is shrewd enough not to commit himself in interviews with passing strangers. Lsi-ti, the ruler of the Hermit Kingdom, is a middle-aged person, slightly inclined to stoutness, who goes to bed at four o'clock in the morning—an hour at which the rest of the citizens of Seoul are awakened by the music of the Imperial military band, which parades the streets at the head of the troops. The hour of reception is late in the afternoon. There is much prostration on the part of Ministers, but the Emperor and Crown Prince greeted their English visitors with a hearty handshake. The Reception Room was not imposing:—

Imagine a small, wooden, square room, the walls papered with bad French paper, the ceiling whitewashed, a glaring red and green carpet on the floor, and cheap-looking lace curtains draping an ordinary glass window. To add to the general depressing effect, there were two cheaply-framed chromos hanging on the wall behind the Emperor.

The reception itself is thus described. Mr. Alfred Stead says:—

The Emperor himself was at the farther end of the room from the doorway, standing behind a plain modern table, unornamented except for a monstrosity of a table-cover. On his left hand stood the Crown Prince.

The Emperor was wearing a loose robe of yellow silk, beautifully embroidered with golden dragons in a circle on his chest. The imperial belt is of gold, with yellow opaque stones, and projects several inches from the Emperor's breast. On his arms, and on his chest and back, the Emperor wears the thin Korean woven bamboo guards or shields to hold the clothes from touching the skin in hot weather. These help to give him an appearance of stoutness greater than the reality. The imperial head-dress is a two-tiered purple gauze one.

The Emperor was courteous, and talked through an interpreter upon the usual topics, including the approaching Coronation. In the evening the guests were entertained at dinner, the Crown Prince peeping through the curtains at the diners, who were entertained by the usual dancing girls, whose beauty does not seem to have impressed the guests.

The Korean Court appears to be much infested by concession hunters, and Europeans, as usual, prey upon the Asiatic.

Here is one Korean story from which a British official's ardour would appear to have secured a "good thing":—

A British official having died in Korea, the court was given to understand, Heaven alone knows why, that some compensation should be awarded the widow. She therefore was given the post of governess to the Crown Prince, with an official salary. It is said that during the three years of her governess-ship

she never saw the Crown Prince, as a pupil; nevertheless, her engagement for another term of three years has been arranged for.

I close my extracts from this interesting paper by the following interesting local tradition:—

The Old Palace of the Emperor of Korea lies at some distance from the smaller New Palace, and close to the hill of Pouk Han, of which hill tradition says that when the last tree is gone from its surface the end of Korea is at hand. It is because of this tradition that it is death for any one to cut wood on Pouk Han. There are still many trees left standing, but on the summit there remains only one tree, solitary and rugged, and this gives the impression that the prophecy is not far from fulfilment.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

THE POET LAUREATE TO FRANCE.

IN *La Revue* last month was published Mr. Alfred Austin's poem on the Hugo Centenary in French and English. As it is far superior to some of the effusions with which he has of late honoured his own country, I reproduce it here:—

TO FRANCE.

(ON THE VICTOR HUGO CELEBRATION.)

Glory and honour unto France that pays
Honour and Glory unto those that sing,
Deeming them more than Emperor, Pope, or King,
And crowning them with Fame's unfading bays.

Therefore all wise men love you, love and praise,
And willingly to you their tribute bring,
And from their heart forgive you everything,
And hail you great through the enduring days,

And if you would but learn to love and know
Those who do know and love you, and believe
That England is your friend and not your foe,

And give her back as much as you receive,
Then would the world o'er Discord cease to grieve,
And Hugo's hopes be Victor here below.

ODE TO JAPAN.

An ode to Japan is contributed to *Macmillan's* by Mr. Arthur C. Benson. He begins by invoking the "Ocean-throned Empires of the East and West" to "clasp hands across the world" and plight mutual troth. He thus describes the gain which he expects will accrue to both the high contracting parties:—

From us you shall acquire
Stern labour, sterner truth,
The generous hopes that fire
The spirit of our youth;

And that strong faith we reckon ours,
Yet have not learned its strength, nor proved its dearest powers.

And we from you will learn
To gild our days with grace,
Calm as the lamps that burn
In some still holy place;

The lesson of delight to spell,
To live content with little, to serve beauty well.

Perchance, he says, our fleets may have to combine in "some war-vexed hour," "to bruise some impious head, to right some tyrannous wrong":—

But best, if knit with love,
As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
The world-wide dream of peace;

And, smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in faithful hand across the golden years.

HOW TO BEGIN THE SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

FEDERATION FIRST.

MR. W. B. WORSFOLD contributes to the *Empire Review* for April an article entitled "A Central Authority for South Africa," which sets forth the sound doctrine that the political and fiscal conditions of South Africa alike require that it should be administered as one country by a central authority.

But now the war has made a *tabula rasa* of almost all South African institutions, and Mr. Worsfold thinks an opportunity has arrived for the immediate creation of a central authority for South Africa as the sole *modus vivendi*. The regeneration of South Africa is a task that can only be accomplished by a strong and unfettered central authority for the whole area whose rapid industrial development is specially required.

Irrigation is the chief agency for the physical regeneration of South Africa, just as British agricultural settlement is the chief agency in its political and social regeneration. Mr. Wilcox's report showed that for irrigation purposes the three colonies must be treated as one area.

The need for such an authority is scarcely less pressing for the management of railways and the construction of new lines. A central authority is equally needed for the government of the native population, which is five or six times as numerous as the European, and uniformity of regulation and an equitable apportionment of the financial burden, of native education, and administration can only be undertaken by the collective strength of the whole European population. The thorny question of settling British immigrants upon the land is another matter which should be undertaken by a central authority. Therefore, Mr. Worsfold pleads for the abrogation of the constitution of the State Colony and the creation of the modern equivalent of a dictator.

He demands that Federal Union should be brought about by direct Imperial initiative, and that South Africa ought to be administered by a central authority during the period intermediate between the close of the war and the creation of this Federal Union. This intermediate central authority he proposes should consist of Lord Milner and a South African Council. This Council should be a consultative and advisory body so constituted that its members, taken collectively, would be representative not only of all the administrative authorities in South Africa, but also of all classes of its inhabitants and of all economic interests.

Mr. Worsfold's article is good to a certain extent, but everything would depend upon the nature of the Central Council which is to assist Lord Milner. Why should there not be constituted at once a constituent assembly composed of representatives of all the European communities between Table Bay and the Zambesi, selected with due regard to the importance of the interests which they represent? This constituent assembly would be charged with drawing up a federal constitution for the whole of South Africa, and its existence would be the best pledge possible as

to the sincerity of our intention to give the rights of free self-governing communities to both white races in South Africa. It could delimitate the areas of the colonies, and decide at what date each of these territorial divisions would elect its own local legislature, and undertake the responsibility of its own self-government.

TOWARDS AN IMPERIAL TARIFF.

MR. VINCENT CAILLARD contributes to the *National Review* for April a third and concluding article containing suggestions towards an Imperial tariff. His idea is that we should raise about seventeen millions sterling from imports from abroad. He divides them into two categories: (first) upon food-stuffs, and (second) upon all other articles. The first, entitled Appendix A, deals with food-stuffs:—

Animals	10s. per head.
Bacon and Hams	4s. per cwt.
Beef (fresh and salted)	4s. per cwt.
Mutton	3s. 1d. per cwt.
Pork (fresh and salted)	3s. 8d. per cwt.
Meat (unenumerated and preserved)	5s. per cwt.
Butter	10s. 2d. per cwt.
Margarine	5s. 4d. per cwt.
Cheese	4s. 8d. per cwt.
Condensed Milk	3s. 7d. per cwt.
Eggs	8d. per great hundred.
Wheat	1s. 2d. per cwt.
Wheatmeal and Flour	1s. 6d. per cwt.
Oats	1s. per cwt.
Oatmeal and Groats	1s. 4d. per cwt.
Barley	1s. per cwt.
Raw Cocoa	2d. per lb. (extra).
Cocoa (manufactures of)	2d. per lb. (extra).
Rice	1s. per cwt.
Maize	2½d. per cwt.
Maize-meal	6½d. per cwt.
Coffee	Remit 1d. per lb. on Colonial coffee; add 1d. per lb. on foreign coffee.
Tea	Remit ¾d. per lb. on Colonial tea; add 1d. per lb. on foreign tea.

The second, under Appendix B, deals with other articles of import:—

Timber	2s. 2d. per load.
Timber (manufactures of)	10 per cent. of value.
Paper and Pasteboard	1s. 5d. per cwt.
Dye-stuffs	3s. 4d. per cwt.
Leather	6s. per cwt.
Gloves (Leather)	2s. per doz. pairs.
Boots and Shoes	5s. 10d. per doz. pairs.
Leather (manufactures of)	10 per cent. of value.
Cotton (raw)	2s. 2d. per cwt.
Cotton (yarn)	1½d. per lb.
Cotton (manufactures of)	10 per cent. of value.
Flax or Linseed	1s. 9d. per qr.
Linen Yarn	1d. per lb.
Linen Manufactures	10 per cent. of value.
Oil-seed Cake	11s. 6d. per ton.
Caoutchouc and Gutta Percha	13s. 4d. per cwt.
Caoutchouc and Gutta Percha (manufactures of)	£1 10s. 2d. per cwt.
Skins and Furs	5 per cent. of value.
Tallow and Stearine	1s. 1d. per cwt.

The taxes on food-stuffs would bring in twelve millions sterling, and the other taxes about five millions.

HE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

MR. SYDNEY BROOKS in the *Fortnightly Review*, writing upon "America and the Alliance," utters a word of warning to those sanguine gentlemen who imagine that, because the United States is very glad to profit by anything we do to maintain the Open Door in China, we may count upon any effective support from the Americans if matters ever come to a pinch. Mr. Brooks has lived for a time in America, and he is perfectly right in discounting the expressions of enthusiastic approval with which the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was received by some of the American newspapers. He points out that the intervention of the Americans in the expedition to Peking was strictly limited to the protection of the lives of American subjects, and that unless American lives or American territory are endangered the citizens of the United States will fall back upon George Washington's warning against entangling alliances and absolutely refuse to fire a shot in defence of the Open Door or of the territorial integrity of China.

NO SUPPORT FROM AMERICA.

Mr. Hay's policy, dispatches and protests rest upon bluff pure and simple. Like other nations, we have been inclined to accept America at her own valuation and make the mistake of assuming that American diplomacy, like European, rests upon the implication of force. It rests upon nothing of the kind, and the American Bismarck has no American Moltke in the background. When the bluff is once called it will be found that the *Cologne Gazette* was not far wrong in assuming as it did during the negotiations of 1900 that so far as the discussions of the Powers with China were concerned it made no difference whether the Americans continued to co-operate or not. America will give the Anglo-Japanese Alliance all the moral support that any document can hope for. But the practical value of that moral support will only endure so long as she is not found out, and directly it encounters resolute handling it will collapse like a pricked bubble.

THE OBJECTS OF JAPAN.

Mr. Stafford Ransome follows up Mr. Sydney Brooks in the same review by an article on "Japan's Imperial Policy," and its bearing upon international relations. The fixed idea of Japan, says Mr. Ransome, is that it is her destiny to secure the command of the sea, and then, having made herself mistress of the Pacific, to use her ability first for the purpose of guaranteeing her own independence, secondly, for promoting her commerce, and thirdly, to enable her with China to manage the affairs of the Far East without Western interference. Japan is using us for the present to help her to achieve the great object of her declared policy. Mr. Ransome does not in the least pretend to disguise the fact that the Japanese agreement distinctly aims at Russia. He says that it was because we dreaded the reactionary influence of Russia at Peking that we joined hands with Japan. We did not see our way to check Russia on

our own ground, so we look to Japan to do the active work for us. Our material support will be very great when allied to the energy of Japan, and that is all that she wants to make her influence felt in Peking, China, and Russia. Japan therefore will seek to wake up China in order to use her against Russia, for Japan's future safety depends upon the existence of enmity between China and Russia. Japan wishes to educate China, so that in proportion as the military strength of that country increases Russian influence will decline until China is strong enough to hold her own against Russia. It is on China that Japan counts in the far future to turn the Russians out of Manchuria.

Mr. Ransome is candid enough, however, to admit that from her point of view Russia's policy is not only natural and justifiable, but quite logical. The anti-Russian may console himself with the assurance that whatever value there may be in the Yellow Peril theory, Russia will have to bear the brunt of it centuries before it will affect Europe. Russia, not for the first time, will be the buffer State between the Yellow and White races.

A CASE OF NOW OR NEVER.

The *National Review* is even more delighted with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in April than it was in March. It ridicules the idea that either France or Germany is in the least irritated at the conclusion of this treaty, and says that it is only the wicked Germans who make this suggestion, first because they were not asked to sign the Franco-Russian note, and secondly because they see in it an opportunity of fomenting that discord between England and Russia by which Germans have always profited. It says:—

There is no more trace of pugnacity in the demonstrations in Japan than in the general manifestations of approval in this country. The only extraordinary thing about the alliance is that it should have been postponed so long. Both countries would have been spared much bitter humiliation had they put their horses together some years ago. Still, better late than never, and it was certainly a case of now or never. Things could not have drifted indefinitely without disaster.

Lady Smith of Ladysmith.

LADYSMITH, now of world-wide fame, took its name from the wife of Sir Harry Smith, whose career is sketched in *Temple Bar* by Mr. H. A. Bryden. How the lady in question came to be Lady Smith is a striking piece of military romance. As the writer says:—

One of the most romantic incidents of an extraordinarily romantic career was Sir Harry Smith's marriage. After the storming of Badajos in 1812, two Spanish ladies, sisters, sought safety in the British lines. They had been roughly handled by the infuriated British troops, their earrings had been torn from their ears, and they were faint and bleeding. Among our officers they found safe retreat. The younger of these ladies, Juana de los Dolores de Leon, a beautiful girl of fourteen, attracted the sympathy and love of Captain Harry Smith, and, after the briefest of wooings, the pair were married. Juana Smith shared with her husband the fatigues and dangers of the rest of that wonderful Peninsular Campaign, and during the remainder of his long and stirring career proved the most devoted of wives. On the day of Waterloo she rode sixty miles in search of her husband, having heard that he was lying on the field of battle.

THE OLD LIBERALISM AND THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

"A STUDENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS" contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* a very clever article upon the deep-set causes of the impotence of the Liberal Party. He maintains that the root cause is to be found in the basis of our social framework. It is due to the impossibility of reconciling the interests and political ambitions of urban aristocracy and urban democracy. There was a time when many well-to-do men, employers of labour and the like, lived among their own working men, were captains of industry, shared the aspirations of democracy, and spent their lives in endeavouring to influence and improve the position of their poorer fellow-countrymen. In the last fifty years a gradual process of shifting has gone on. The former Liberal captain of industry has emigrated from the midst of his working men, and in place of desiring to improve the lot of the toiler he is consumed by an unholy passion for rubbing shoulders with the country gentry.

THE NEW DIVISION OF SOCIETY.

Society is now divided between West-Enders and East-Enders. The West-Enders, if they are Liberals at all, are Liberal Imperialists. They tamper with State Socialism in order that the toilers of the East-End who make up the urban democracy should be fed and washed and carefully housed in order that they may do better work. On the assumption that the wage-earning classes are beasts of burden, this is an excellent theory. But to social reform that will make urban democracy more independent, more self-reliant, and more free, your Liberal Imperialist is actively, determinedly, although not overtly, opposed.

THE DECAY OF NONCONFORMIST LIBERALISM.

The urban aristocrats of to-day, says the "Student of Politics" (who declares that he belongs to no political party, but is an outsider who sees most of the game), are not, to speak mildly, a lovable order of humanity. Their temper to their workpeople is overbearing and insolent, and to the landed gentry essentially snobbish. Their all-absorbing ambition is to hob-nob with the country gentry. They have therefore, as far as possible, cut their connection with the old Liberalism, with the chapel, with the workmen's clubs, with everything that smacks of plebeianism, they have put their servants into livery, affixed armorial bearings to their carriages, and taken seats at the parish church. Those of them who still attend the dissenting chapels use their influence to stifle the old spirit of aggressive nonconformity. The London Baptists' Association recently by a vote of 86 to 36 rejected a resolution expressing a desire for peace in South Africa, because such a resolution would be a menace to the prosperity of the Association.

"COMMERCIAL ASSET" PATRIOTISM.

Dissenting ministers, once the most active of Liberal agents, now take their views from their paymasters, who are members of the new urban aristocracy.

To be active and earnest in the spirit of the old Liberalism is more than their places are worth. Official Liberalism follows Dissent. It derives its inspiration from the urban aristocrats, the plutocrats of commerce whose love for the flag is in a given ratio to its value as a commercial asset, whose brutal nightmare is the shadow of the lean and restless giant, urban democracy. The new aristocracy is very rich and powerful. It owns all the machinery of existence, down to the cemeteries. They direct the police, own and conserve the slums, and dominate the Press. They are detested by the urban democracy, which votes for the Conservative party in many cases because that is the only way in which they can vote against the Liberal Imperialist party. The working classes of the urban democracy cherish the most profound contempt for, and detestation of, the official Liberal Party. In the opinion of the "Student of Politics," the policy that would command the loyal adherence of the democracy of the whole of the United Kingdom is a drastic and far-reaching reform of the Land Laws. This would not only attract the support of the democracy of the four countries, but it would be welcomed by a not inconsiderable section of the urban aristocracy. He demands that the land in the vicinity of the towns which was confiscated by the landowners during the sixty years ending 1820 should be reconfiscated for the benefit of the swarming populations living in the filthy warrens of our great municipalities. But if this generation shrinks from reconfiscation, let them compensate the landowners on a moderate and reasonable scale.

INDUSTRIAL ABSENTEEISM.

In conclusion I quote what the writer says as to the development of industrialism:—

A deep and clear-cut chasm divides the West-Enders of the towns from the East-Enders. The great business enterprises of the towns have been, or are likely to be in the near future, converted into limited liability companies, whose shareholders will be represented in the place whence their wealth is drawn by a Board and a managing director. We all know men who draw large incomes from towns they have never visited; men whose wealth is made for them by "hands" they have never seen, and towards whom they feel no obligation. This is Irish landlordism in an aggravated form. The position is fruitful in lessons for sociologists, and for all who feel an interest in public affairs.

THE remote islands grouped under the name of St. Kilda form the subject of a very interesting paper by Charles Dixon in the *Leisure Hour*. The islanders constitute a sort of simple co-operative commonwealth. They are practically without crime. They are held under the firm discipline of their pastor, and their most dreaded penalty is excommunication. Their staple food and commodity generally consists of the birds which abound. But they are intensely conservative:—

The waters round St. Kilda teem with fish, but little is caught. Years ago, when asked the reason of this neglect, the natives replied that they had no boat suitable for the purpose. A large new whale-boat was presented to them, but matters still remained the same, and the men excused themselves by saying that it wore out the boat's keel to launch her! Consequently, we saw her high and dry upon the rocks, never used, and fast becoming useless!

THE "CA' CANNY" CONTROVERSY.

THE "Ca' Canny" controversy is summed up in *Temple Bar* by Mr. Arthur Montefiore-Brice. He considers that the criticism of trade union policy has been confirmed by the trade unionists' own admissions. At the same time he welcomes the present success of the co-operative system as an augury of better times to come. He concludes thus:—

The outlook is better than the retrospect. I have the authority of one of the greatest among trade-union leaders for saying that as the gradual strengthening of organisation on both sides proceeds, so there develops a disposition on the part of both workmen and employers to deal with each other on the basis of their mutual obligations. There is an increasing inclination to reason together—a steady bias towards moderation. Industrial peace is infinitely preferred to industrial war. Out of the completer organisation grows a wider view and a recognition of the ultimate unity of the problem. And from elements so encouraging as these it is daily becoming more probable that a high standard of industrial statesmanship will be realised, and that a prevailing sense of industrial patriotism will maintain the eminence of England in the markets of the world.

AN EMPLOYER'S STRIKING TESTIMONY.

In the *Economic Journal* Mr. G. Binney Dibblee, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and Manager of the *Manchester Guardian*, discusses the situation as regards the printing trades and the crisis in British industry. He finds serious fault with the *Times* in its dealings with the effect of trades unions in the printing industry. His judgment is that the printing trade in Great Britain is now in a very fair condition of prosperity and efficiency. The linotype compositor can, he says, earn from seventy to seventy-five shillings a week. He bears willing witness to the virtues of the leaders of the Typographical Association. He says, "My impression from prolonged conferences and frequent dealings with them as opponents was not only that they had a better command of detail than the employers who had to meet them, but that they were a far-sighted, able set of men, whose influence over their followers was in the direction of progress." He emphatically denies that trades unions have adopted or fostered the "ca' canny" policy. "Trade union leaders are too intelligent to deliberately adopt a policy which must tend to general degeneration":—

No, "ca' canny," as it is called, is something much more simple than the *Times* would have it to be; it is just poor human nature, or the vices of laziness and ignorance, from which employers themselves are not exempt.

THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY AT FAULT.

Mr. Dibblee then compares British employers with their rivals "in America, where Unionism is more powerful and more aggressive than here"—a statement, by the bye, which both British and American employers do not seem to accept. He says:—

On the contrary, in England the employers in comparison are apt to attach too much importance to low money wages, they are lazy in resisting small encroachments on their liberty which may later on become a dangerous interference, and they are much slower to swallow individual jealousies for a common purpose. But then we have not the same level of ability to draw upon for our employing class here as in the newer country.

The able man in the working class is kept down by prejudice and class interests. The able man in the employing class will take to any or every employment, professional or honorary, rather than to vulgar trade. So the captains of industry are not conspicuous for ability. Mr. Dibblee points out that our Universities are intended for a leisured class and high station, and have not yet been adjusted to the industrial requirements of the nation.

This testimony of an employer, that British labour leaders know their business better than the employers themselves, and that the great lack in the armies of British industry is the lack of able and well-trained officers, is extremely significant. The most thoughtful of British labour leaders have repeatedly maintained, after observing what goes on in German and American workshops, that where our competitors have the pull over us is not in the rank and file, but in the directors of industry.

Lord Kitchener.

IN Mr. T. W. Williams' article on "The Man of the Hour" in *Pearson's Magazine* there is not much to quote. However, the words of "a well-known general," who has been all through the war, are interesting:—

Lord Kitchener is very much misjudged at home in England, where people believe that he is a sort of ogre who devotes his time to chasing officers round South Africa. This is a most erroneous idea.

I have worked under him now for many months, and the more one sees of Lord Kitchener the greater becomes one's liking and respect for him. No officer who does his duty can wish for a kinder or better friend than "K," but there is trouble in store for the one who neglects it; the Chief will stand no nonsense. When once he has lost faith in an officer he has no further use for him, and he is soon sent home on some excuse or other.

"Lord Kitchener," said the general, "is not a woman-hater either. He has not married, and I do not believe he ever will, because he is wrapped up in his profession."

Lord Kitchener in the Jepps Johannesburg Mansion, now his headquarters, rises at 5.30, and works till 8; again from 9 till 11, and again till 5, when he rides or walks with his staff officers till dinner, after which apparently he plays billiards till 11. Not an overworked life at all.

Naturally Lord Kitchener would not commit himself to say when the war would end; it might last till July or August, or be drawn out another twelve months. Several amusing stories of doubtful authenticity, however, are quoted about Lord Kitchener.

Current Event Postcards.

THE latest addition to the unique series was a card bearing photos of the rival crews, which was posted at Barnes on the day of the boat-race. The race took place just before one, and the cards which announced the result bore the Barnes postmark of three o'clock. To many subscribers the card gave the first intimation of the result. Arrangements have been made to have three beautifully coloured cards in the series posted during the Coronation celebrations. A series of fifteen of these cards will be sent to any address for five shillings. Address, THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 14, Norfolk Street, London.

MAGAZINE CHIT-CHAT.

"NOTABLE Essex Girls" form the subject of the second paper in the *Girl's Realm* on "Girls that the Counties are Proud of." Prominent, indeed first, among them is the Countess of Warwick, who is identified with the Essex Needlework Guild, the Dunmow Nursing Association (Dunmow is the place where she has a country house in Essex), and the Lady Warwick School at Bigod's Hall, Dunmow.

* * *

In the *Quiver* for April, "A Century of Englishwomen's Work" is described by Mr. D. L. Woolmer. The work is entirely of a philanthropic character, such as that done by Mrs. Fry and Miss Nightingale. The article recalls the fact that when women first began to organise Soldiers' Homes, the idea struck society as outrageous. Miss Robinson, the pioneer of such work, heard her name bawled about the streets of Portsmouth in a music-hall song. She heard, also, that she was burnt on Southsea Common, and a man dressed to look as much like her as possible paraded about on a scraggy pony followed by an admiring mob. But these were the days of pioneer work—now long past.

* * *

MR. HENRY BROADHURST, M.P., is the subject of an interesting interview by Mr. A. P. Grubb in the *Young Man*. Mr. Broadhurst admits that the influence of the House of Commons has declined of late, but he expects that one day a new Gladstone or Bright will arise to restore the House to its old position. So even the sturdy democrat's hope, it appears, rests not so much in the machinery of election, or in the people who elect, as in the God-sent hero. A curious witness to Carlyle's faith.

* * *

THE effect of war-loans on trade and prices is discussed by Mr. J. C. MacDonald in the *Economic Journal*. His conclusion is:—

The effect of war-loans is not to divert any of that vast capital which is employed in manufactures, but temporarily to abstract floating funds from the money market for the direct purchase of all the commodities needed by an army in the field. Such a movement of money involves no appreciable diminution in the supply of any commodity, but a direct and sudden increase in the demand. This acts as a stimulus to trade, and for a time prices are high and times are good. But war expenditure is non-productive, and therefore constitutes a drain upon our resources, which, continued long enough, will cripple trade and impoverish the nation.

In other words, it is a sort of economic dram-drinking which a strong head can stand with increased energy—for a while.

* * *

Gentleman's for April is an exceptionally attractive number. Mr. J. Hudson's discussion of friendship claims separate notice. A charming sketch of Thoreau, full of his life and the impulse of his thought, is given by S. E. Saville. The sonnet from Milton to Wordsworth, as studied by J. M. Attenborough, seems to have suffered eclipse, but rose with Nature to favour in the 19th century. A lively paper on British beetles in masquerade, by Rev. John Isabell, shows how they have realised the inedibility of such creatures as the ladybird and the soldier and sailor, and the dangerous qualities of wasps, bees, etc.; and have mimicked their tints with shameless pertinacity. So certain beetles wear the stripes of the wasp and affect its walking movements. Mr. Ernest Lowry gives much

information concerning the Zirians, a Turanian group of some 120,000 people, distinct in language and customs from the Russians, scattered through the northern provinces of the Tsar's empire.

* * *

THE *Sunday at Home* gives a clear story from the pen of a correspondent in Greece of the recent troubles in Athens about translations of the Bible. It is pointed out that after all modern versions have been prohibited, there are several significant exceptions, including the version of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which is exempted on the curious plea that it is not an instrument of proselytism but an article of merchandise! Clearly the modern Greek has not lost the ancestral love for verbal hair splitting. Practically nothing has been effected by the riots and the bloodshed and the upset of Government.

* * *

IN the *Royal Magazine* for April there is a curious account of a caterpillar farm near Scarborough, whose owner, Mr. H. W. Head, with half an acre of land, artificially raises a great variety of butterflies and moths, sending the caterpillars and chrysalises away to collectors all over the country. Collectors have long been able to rear moths from the larval stage, but not butterflies. The prices fetched by the insects vary from 2d. and 3d. each to 2s. 6d. for a "Purple Emperor," 2s. for a "Death's Head Moth," and even as much as 10s. for still rarer specimens. The chief difficulties to contend against are cold winds, earwigs, and cats, which delight in tearing down the muslin bags which are put over small bushes, and in which the larvæ are kept.

* * *

AN amusingly ill-timed piece of profanity is, according to Mr. Bryden, in *Temple Bar*, recorded by Sir Theophilus Shepstone of the famous South African Governor, Sir Harry Smith:—

"Sir Harry," he says, "always read part of the service on Sunday morning at Grahamstown, and was so particular that all should come that he imposed a fine of half-a-crown on every absentee. He read extremely well, and was very proud of it. One Sunday a dog came into the room when service was going on and began to create a disturbance. Sir Harry stood it for a little while, then, in the middle of a prayer, said suddenly, 'Take that d—d dog away!' after which he continued his prayer in the same tone as before."

* * *

"NOTABLE Gardens in Town" afford Mr. A. W. Myers the subject for an interesting article in *Cassell's Magazine* for April. The gardens treated of (illustrated by photographs which are surely somewhat idealised) are often where many of us did not know there were any gardens. They are the Fulham Palace gardens, the Prime Minister's garden at 20, Arlington Street, the gardens at Devonshire, Holland, Marlborough, Stafford, and Apsley Houses, the garden at 10, Downing Street, in which Walpole used to stroll, and the better-known gardens of Buckingham and Lambeth Palaces. Mr. Rudolph de Cordova has an illustrated interview with Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; and Mr. D. T. Timins has a readable article (of a type that rarely is readable) on the Orient Express from Paris to the Bosphorus shores. The Rev. John M. Bacon treats of Rockets and all about them.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for April is a fairly good number. Since the *Nineteenth Century* this month has dropped the publication of the chronicle which usually appears over the signature of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, the chronicle of the *National Review* has a monopoly among the half-crown magazines of a monthly record of events. But the *National* this month drops its American chronicle, and confines itself to the episodes of the month and the story of Greater Britain.

PREPARATION FOR WAR.

The editor asked Mr. Spencer Wilkinson to write an article pointing out the urgency of organising a North Sea squadron and a North Sea dockyard in order to meet the hostile intentions of the German Government as regards this country. Mr. Wilkinson refuses, and gives good reason for his refusal. It would be more profitable, Mr. Wilkinson thinks, for private persons—

to reserve all their energies in regard both to the naval and military defence of the Empire for the purpose of urging on the public and the Government the imperative need for providing both the Navy and the Army with a headquarters staff, organised upon sound principles, and therefore ensuring that at the moment of each important political decision a true view of the strategical conditions should be laid before the Cabinet and duly considered by that body.

IS PAPAL INFALLIBILITY A MYTH?

Mr. J. McCabe, formerly a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, in reviewing a book on "Roads to Rome," maintains that while everyone hears of those who go to Rome, few people hear of the multitudes who leave the Roman Church. Along every path that leads to Rome there is a two-fold procession. Past the pressing throng of proselytes returns the silent multitude of the disillusioned. There would be many more of the latter, he says, somewhat paradoxically, if it were not that the decree of infallibility which attracts proselytes to Rome is one of the most wonderful myths that men have accepted.

It is thirty years since the infallibility of the Pope was defined. During that period there have been vast waves of disturbing discussion at every point where dogma comes in contact with science, history, and philosophy. Roman Catholics have been no less harassed and perplexed than members of other Churches. What advantage have they derived from their precious dogma in this succession of storms? They have not had a particle of supernatural assistance. Leo XIII. has issued many encyclicals, it is true, but not a single word that has emanated from the Vatican since 1870 lays claim to infallibility. The truth is that during thirty years of critical discussion there has been no "living voice" of convincing authority in the Church of Rome, except on paper; and where the trustful Catholic will look for some tangible ground for hope that the silence will ever be broken it is impossible to imagine.

A PLEA FOR ATROCITIES IN WAR.

Mr. T. Miller Maguire, writing on the German army in France, dwells exultantly upon every scrap of evidence which he can discover in the records of the German operations in France in 1870-71 which tends to prove that the German authorities levied collective penalties upon French villagers, and made the innocent suffer for the guilty. He almost exults in the examples which he collates as to what Mr. Bullock calls the awful memorial of human vengeance wreaked on innocent victims. He quotes with approval Count von Moltke's recommenda-

tion to Von Werder to hold parishes responsible for the deeds of their individual members when such cannot be discovered, and also quotes with approval Prince Frederick William's orders to levy collective penalties upon the communes to which irregular troops belong, and also to the dwellers in territory which has been the scene of their offences. These things, he thinks, afford more than ample justification for everything that we have done in South Africa. But Mr. Maguire constantly ignores the fact that twenty-eight years after the Franco-German War was brought to a close the representatives of almost all the civilised Governments of the world unanimously agreed to place the ban of civilisation upon the methods of barbarism which Mr. Maguire apparently holds up to our admiration, if not for our imitation. The 50th article of the Rules of War drawn up at the Hague explicitly condemns the order of Prince Frederick William and the instructions of Von Moltke. It runs thus:—"No general penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, shall be inflicted on the population on account of the acts of individuals for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible."

OTHER ARTICLES.

Admiral James Bruce protests against giving every Colony a right to have a separate flag for its own fleet. If Australia is to have a distinctively Australian flag all the other Colonies would naturally claim to have separate fleets, flags, and uniforms. He raises the cry of one fleet one flag, and suggests that the Red Cross on a white ground should be the Imperial Flag of the Sea.

COMRADES ALL.

"COMRADES ALL" is the title of an Annual devoted to the extending of the system of International Correspondence, with which readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS are already well acquainted. It is a polyglot magazine, being printed in French, German and English. After a prefatory note by the Editor there is an admirable paper by M. Mieille, who may be regarded as the originator of the whole system, entitled "Visions of the Future." The German section is introduced by a letter to the International Correspondents by Dr. Hartmann. The contents of the number are very varied, and each section is copiously illustrated with contributions by those who have profited by the system which has now been in working order for several years. Any schoolmaster or schoolmistress who desires to stimulate interest in the learning of languages would do well to obtain a copy of this Annual, which will be forwarded to them to any part of the world post free for eightpence.

The Annual contains rules for the management of the scholars' International Correspondence, which is now extending itself to the United States. One of the articles in the number is a history of the International Correspondence in the United States. There is also a list of the prizes given to those who have carried on correspondence for a long time. Those who stand at the head of the list have carried it on for five years. There is also an account of holiday courses for foreign students in French universities. The whole number is admirably calculated to interest young students in what is too often regarded as one of the dreariest parts of their lessons.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is a singularly colourless and uninteresting number, containing not a single article of first-rate interest. It opens with a paper by Miss Agnes Lambert on "The King's Declaration and the Catholics of the Empire," largely made up of quotations, some of which seem to have nothing whatever to do with the question under discussion. South Africa takes up two papers. Mr. J. W. Cross writes upon "Capital and Population" in that country. He is of opinion that veldt life will prove much more attractive to Germans and Scandinavians, or even to Italians, than to Englishmen, and points out that sixty years ago British emigrants were much more inclined to go to British Colonies than they are now. The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil writes on "Female Emigration to South Africa." She thinks that it is our duty to "send out some of our best women to the country where we have sacrificed so many of our best men," and recommends that absurd expedient, sanctioned by Mr. Asquith, of farming for women near the great towns.

LORD ROSEBERY'S WHIGS.

Mr. Lloyd Sanders, in a short article, suggests that Lord Rosebery and his followers should abandon the term Liberal-Imperialists and call themselves Whigs or "Whig-Patriots." They are a war party, he says, and resemble the Whigs of Queen Anne's reign in objecting to a cobbled peace:—

Whiggery of the most inveterate order inspires Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Asquith's abjuration of Home Rule, now that it has failed to commend itself to the British electorate. An exact example of such airy opportunism is not easily discoverable in the whole confused course of party history. The Conservatives have abandoned principles times and again when innovation has been carried in the teeth of their resistance; such was the surrender to reform commended by the Tamworth manifesto, such Mr. Disraeli's ultimate attitude towards Protection. But it is one thing to throw away beliefs which have become antiquated and unattainable prejudices; quite another to clutch at brand-new ideas, to sport them as a party badge and then contemptuously discard them.

THE NAVAL RESERVE.

Mr. Laird Clowes writes on "The Condition of the Naval Reserve," arguing that one of the most efficacious means of making the Reserve popular would be to afford facilities for men, as well as officers, to join sea-going ships for one or more periods of twelve months' training, and give them afterwards small retaining fees in proportion to their qualifications.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Mr. Edridge-Green, writing on "Colour-Blindness," sums up as follows:—

It is probable that though we have gained in colour perception we have lost in acuteness of sight. It is well known that savages have a far more acute sight than is normal in civilised communities. I have examined a colour-blind person who was able to read coloured test types at more than twice the normal distance. There is no doubt whatever that the sense of colour and the perception of light and shade are quite distinct. In the same way acuteness of hearing and musical ability are not related. The theory which I have constructed to explain the phenomena of colour perception is consistent with every fact which I have alluded to in this paper. It is easy to suppose that primitive man saw all objects of a uniform hue, just as they appear in a photograph, but that he had a very acute perception for differences of luminosity. In course of time a new faculty of the mind, a colour-perceiving centre, became developed.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. G. A. Raper writes on "Freemasonry in France." Miss M. F. Johnson, in a paper entitled "The Case

Against Hospital Nurses," says that nurses are systematically overworked, having as a rule a working day of twelve hours for seven days in the week. Archdeacon Fletcher writes on "The Renewed Struggle for the Schools." Mr. P. F. Rowland, an Australian, deals with "The Literature of the Australian Commonwealth."

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

THE *New Liberal Review* is hardly up to its average level. I have dealt elsewhere with the best paper in the number, that is, Mr. Robert Farquharson, M.P.'s, "Com-
pleat Member."

MOTOR YACHTS.

Lazy sailors, who don't like tugging at a long oar on a windless day, will read the anonymous paper signed "A Yachtsman" with joy. The question dealt with is what is the auxiliary power suited for small yachts. A French invention has solved this problem. The present auxiliary engines are not a success on yachts, for the propeller lessens speed when sailing, interferes with steering, gets stuck in weeds when sailing, and has other disadvantages. But the new motor opens up a vista for the lazy yachtsman, which had never been dreamed of. It is "The Universal Propeller." The engine can be removed from the yacht, or stowed away, put into a dinghy to fetch visitors from the shore, or applied to a skiff for a rapid voyage up a river. It is $1\frac{1}{2}$ horse power. No structural alterations are required in the yacht, the engine merely being lashed to a couple of battens athwart the yacht, these battens having the advantage of absorbing vibration. The steering of the boat is done by the screw.

It is by this means that it is possible to make the boat go through the most wonderful evolutions which are unobtainable by the mere rudder. The propeller, attached to the propeller-box at the bottom of the vertical arm, can describe a circle without interrupting the rotary movement of the screw or changing the speed of the motor. To reverse, therefore, it is only necessary, by means of the steering wheel, to make half a revolution of the propeller-box. If the propeller-box be placed, by a slight touch to the steering wheel, at right angles to the direction in which the boat is travelling, the boat will turn in its own length, even if going at full speed. It is this circling movement of the propeller-box that is essentially, apart from its general adaptability, the most interesting point of the system introduced by this invention. For, apart from the steering capabilities of the motor, a boat, when going full speed ahead, can be stopped in less than its own length by a simple turn of the steering wheel. With this motor in use the yacht's rudder can either be lashed or entirely unshipped.

This invention is now being introduced into England, but in France it has been successfully used for some years.

TAXES THAT GALL.

Mr. H. Morgan-Browne has a paper under this heading. He estimates that if Sir Robert Giffen's proposals were adopted a man earning £1 a week would be taxed to the extent of £10 a year, and that an artisan earning £2 a week would be taxed to the extent of 10 per cent., while a man with £500 a year would pay only 5 per cent. on his income.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Hugh Spender writes on "Some Interesting Coalitions." Mr. G. A. Raper writes about M. Delcassé. Mr. Justin McCarthy has a paper on "Humour as an Element of Success," from which it appears that all successful men, however austere, have had some sense of humour.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is by no means up to the high standard which it has uniformly preserved during the past year. In this respect it follows nearly all the other serious monthlies, Easter preoccupations having evidently been fatal to editorial discretion. The number opens with two articles on the Japanese Alliance which I have dealt with elsewhere. I have dealt elsewhere also with the anonymous paper on "The Old Liberalism and the New Aristocracy," and with Mr. Benjamin Taylor's paper on "Sugar and the Convention."

AGAINST THE MILITIA BALLOT.

Captain W. E. Cairnes examines all the arguments which have been used in favour of the Militia ballot, and finds nothing good in them. If the voluntary system has broken down that is merely a reason for recasting our whole system. The Militia ballot would make it still more difficult to keep up the Regular establishment. Captain Cairnes would either make the Volunteers really efficient for war, providing them with field artillery, and giving them a real and workable military organisation, or disband all who would not be required for mere garrison service in war-time. The present policy of maintaining a huge and inefficient force cannot be justified.

TUBERCULOSIS.

An article by Dr. Alfred Hillier on this disagreeable subject claims notice owing to the writer's insistence that it is easy to avoid the spread of the disease. The sputum of patients is either the only or by far the most serious channel of infection. In advanced cases the sputa consist almost entirely of bacilli, and when dry they blow about the atmosphere, carrying infection. Dr. Hillier says that the preventive work in New York surpasses that of any other city, and the result is that there has been a rapid fall in mortality. Notification to the Public Health authorities should be compulsory, as it is in Norway. In Manchester and Liverpool voluntary notification is practised with excellent results.

MR. CROZIER ON MR. KIDD.

Mr. Beattie Crozier writes a scathing criticism of Mr. Kidd's latest work. He condemns it because it is not a scientific evolution of civilisation, because it is only a series of generalised sketches picked out at certain points, that it perverts history, confounds all human categories, nowhere touches the real problem of civilisation, which is to show how one stage passes into another—and so on. As to the style and tone of the book, they are what we would expect in a work in which facts and principles have to be clipped, tortured, and coerced in order to get them to lie down peacefully under Mr. Kidd's vague abstractions.

MOROCCO AND EUROPE.

Mr. Donald MacKenzie writes on "Morocco and the European Powers." He says that great reforms could be carried out in the country if Europe were united, and gives as instance the reform of the prisons which was brought about by Sir A. Nicholson, who united all the Powers temporarily. Mr. MacKenzie complains that the British Government does not look after trade in the way that France and Germany do. Some time ago, he says, he attempted to get the Foreign Office to appoint a commercial *attaché* in Tangier, but the officials refused on the ground that no money was available. In conclusion, Mr. MacKenzie argues that our best policy is to treat Morocco as an independent State.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

MUCH in the April number reminds one of the stern warnings of Hebrew prophecy. Several of the articles are full of lamentation and mourning and woe over the national decadence.

"Gladstone's Foreign Policy, and How Lord Rosebery Failed to Adhere to It," is a vigorous contrast, drawn by the able pen of M. D. O'Brien, between the high moral principles advocated in the Midlothian campaign and the sordid opportunism of the younger man. Rosebery's eagerness to fight France for Fashoda and the Boers for the gold-mines is set over against his craven fear of observing our treaty obligations to the down-trodden Armenians.

"Chamberlain and Rosebery" is the title of an attack by Mr. F. A. White on the Jingoism partly common to both these statesmen. The tone may be inferred from one sentence: "His Right Honourable Lordship forsook the butchered Armenians, opposed Cretan freedom, deserted the Grand Old Man, favoured the Fashoda war policy against France, and repudiates Home Rule." Mr. White is convinced that Lord Rosebery, should he come to power, will betray us into a war with Russia, and laments that our splendid isolation has given way to an alliance with Japan rather than with Russia.

"The Case of Ireland" is stated by "Mac" very eloquently and forcibly over against Lord Rosebery's recent depreciations. The writer warmly repels the charge that the Irish are a priest-ridden people. He asserts that their Church is progressive, tolerant, and essentially National; and that their experience of Rome Rule has mostly been in restrictions imposed on them by the Pope acting under subterranean influences from the English Government!

Mr. Harry Hodgson portrays the National Crisis yet more inwardly. He sees everywhere—in foreign policy, in home politics, in trade, in religion—a sacrifice of principle for the sake of gain. "We have become to a large extent a nation of knaves, believing in knavery." This is due to the "keenness of competition," which in its turn is strengthened by Darwinian theories of the struggle for existence. But the root cause is found in the industrial evolution of the last century, the transition from the old order towards the centralised and organised order made possible by steam and other mechanical inventions. The only remedy, he argues, is to place our industries under national collective control, and to establish them on a just and orderly basis.

The King's Sanatoria for consumptives are planned in a new way by Mr. J. A. Gibson. Instead of one huge sanatorium, with all the unhealthy distractions attendant on a crowd, which will absorb all Sir Ernest Cassel's gift of £200,000, Mr. Gibson would place eight sanatoria so as to cover the three kingdoms, spend £10,000 on site and buildings, invest £10,000 apiece for the resident doctor's annual stipend, and use the balance of £40,000 for a medical training sanatorium.

Harriet M'Ilquham reviews the progress of legislation towards making the position of the wife more safe and honourable; but presses for further reforms, including alteration of the Church of England marriage service, a legal claim for wife and children on deceased husband's property, a defined portion of the husband's earnings for the support of the home, equality in intestacy and in divorce.

There is a pleasant paper by Dora M. Jones on the "Love of Death," a picturesque sketch of Ajaccio by R. W. W. Cryan, and a plea for following the Swiss model in representation, federation and referendum by Lewis Stockton.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for April is somewhat heavy. With the exception of Mlle. Vacaresco's article on Roumania, and a sketch by an officer in South Africa, all the articles are grave. I have noticed elsewhere Dr. Dillon's paper on "The Commercial Needs of the Empire."

"THE ROMAN CHURCH AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM."

Mr. Austin West gives a very interesting account of the Commission of twelve appointed by the Pope to sit in judgment upon all the leading questions of the higher criticism. The appointment of this Commission was brought about by Cardinal Richards' accusation against the Abbé Loisy, who seems to be a kind of Roman Catholic Robertson Smith. He published a volume of Biblical studies, in which he sets forth, among other things, that the Pentateuch as we now have it cannot possibly be the work of Moses, that the first eleven chapters of Genesis, while they may embody traditional memories of historical significance, are in no sense an exact or real history of the origin of the world or of man, that the whole of the New Testament ought to be freely criticised as to its origin owing to the freedom with which such documents were edited in the olden time.

Dr. Loisy's view is that the Fourth Gospel is a *spiritual* interpretation of Our Lord's teaching, the Gospel of Christ lived over again in the mind and religious experience of a privileged soul, in contrast with the material or historical interpretation of Christ in the Synoptics.

Instead of allowing the question raised by the Abbé and the Cardinal to be decided by Consultors of the two congregations of the Index and the Inquisition, the Pope on August 30th last appointed a permanent international pontifical Commission of twelve persons, under the presidency of Cardinal Parocchi. Father David Fleming was the Irish secretary of the committee, Dr. Robert F. Clark represented England, and Mr. Grannan, of Washington, the United States. Several of the twelve are very advanced in their views, and Mr. Austin West thinks that the appointment of the Commission marks an epoch in the history of Roman Catholicism.

MARRIAGE AND THE NEW LICENSING BILL.

Mr. Thomas Holmes maintains that the fifth clause of the new Licensing Bill, which allows a married man to get from a police magistrate a separation order equivalent to a judicial separation, is stupid, immoral, and the very quintessence of cruelty. When it is known that man may marry a drunken woman or drive his own wife to drink, and then run to the nearest magistrate and get a separation order, it will not add to the dignity of the marriage state. Mr. Holmes does not, however, confine himself to negative criticism. He is prepared with an alternative. He says:—

My proposal is simply this: No separation orders; we have enough of them. But when a sober wife has a persistently drunken husband, or a decent sober husband has a persistently drunken wife, let them have the right to apply to a Court of Summary Jurisdiction for a summons, the wife against the husband or the husband against the wife as the case may be, for habitual drunkenness; and if the case is proved, let the Court have power to call on the inebriate to enter into recognisances for six months and to come up for judgment at the end of that time. If during that time the accused has kept sober, the desired end has been obtained; but if not, let the guilty party, either husband or wife, be committed to an inebriate reformatory for not less than one year and only then discharged on licence. If the wife be committed let an order be made on the husband for her maintenance—he had better pay for her there than elsewhere; if the husband be committed, the Court must be guided by the surrounding

circumstances and judge of the ability of the wife to pay for the husband.

NON-EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

It is very difficult indeed for the lay mind to take any interest in the discussion which is going on in the *Contemporary* between the clergy of the Free and of the Established Churches as to the status of non-episcopal churches. In the current number Mr. Vernon Bartlett surveys the opinion expressed by the four deans in the previous number of the *Review*. His point of view may be gathered from the following extract:—

The three questions to which answers seem most needful are these: (1) Were ordinations by presbyters the highest type of ordination in certain churches down to some period in the third century, at any rate? And, if so, why should such ordination to-day be invalid, and invalidate the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ministered by men so ordained? (2) What evidence is there that the Apostles, or the "delegates whom they authorised to ordain others of equal and inferior rank," appointed to the ordinary local ministry any order superior to presbyters as regards power of ordination? (3) Is there valid proof that in all cases even presbyters were ordained by Apostles, or by apostolic men who had themselves received by ordination a formal apostolic commission to transmit it?

INDIANS AND THE EMPIRE.

The Prime Minister of an important native state says that the two Jubilees of the late Queen made the people of India feel a disparity of affection compared with her subjects in other parts of the Empire. That feeling of soreness threatens to become acute unless something is done to make India feel that the English are not indifferent to the keen sense of loyalty by which Indians are animated. This native Prime Minister says:—

To achieve this object two things should be attended to. In the first place, Indians should be allowed more opportunities of cultivating devotion to the person of their Emperor, and in the second place, a natural feeling of pride and glory in being associated with the British Empire should be allowed to grow in their minds.

There are no practical difficulties in the way of allowing Indians access to our Court, but this Prime Minister would go much further than that, as may be seen from the following extract from his article:—

Lord Curzon has in various ways been enlisting the interest of the Indian people in the British Government. His Cadet Corps is a happy move in that direction. It would be to his lordship's lasting credit if he went a step further and persuaded the British Government to give an honoured place to the Indian princes in the ranks of the Imperial Army, and to trust them with commands in the field when occasions arose to defend the Empire against external danger. It would be a clever stroke of policy to incorporate the noblemen of India among the aristocracy of the Empire by conferring British titles on them. Outside the limits of India no Indian nobleman feels sure of his rank, and thus has no personal interest in the affairs of the Empire.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. John Gamble discusses the causes of the dearth of candidates for Holy Orders, and suggests that the chief cause for the present lack of candidates is the extent to which the standard of orthodoxy has been changed in the last generation. Mr. Charles Douglas writes upon the Liberal League from the point of view of one who believes that the South African War is conducted with a humanity deliberate, scrupulous, and, on the whole, effective. The Rev. Guinness Rogers writes upon the Liberal Imbroglia, not to much purpose, excepting in his last page, in which he suggests that there should be a Council of War in the Liberal Party to decide upon practical operations.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

THE Easter number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* shows no signs that it will be displaced from its position as the first English illustrated monthly. The articles on King Alphonso of Spain and Lord Salisbury are separately noticed.

OUR STATESMEN VIEWED BY AN AMERICAN.

The "well-known American publicist" who so sympathetically sketched Lord Salisbury has some remarks to make about some of our other statesmen.

Of Lord Curzon he says that he has probably more personal power and power of initiative than any ruler in the world. The "splendid experiment" has proved a splendid success. To which Mr. Digby may have something to say.

Of Lord Cromer he says he is a man of business rather than a diplomatist; "a young man of sixty, erect, alert, equal to his work." Of living experts in the rare art of conversation Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery are first. Lord Lansdowne possesses the supreme gift of tact, and when Lord Pauncefoot's

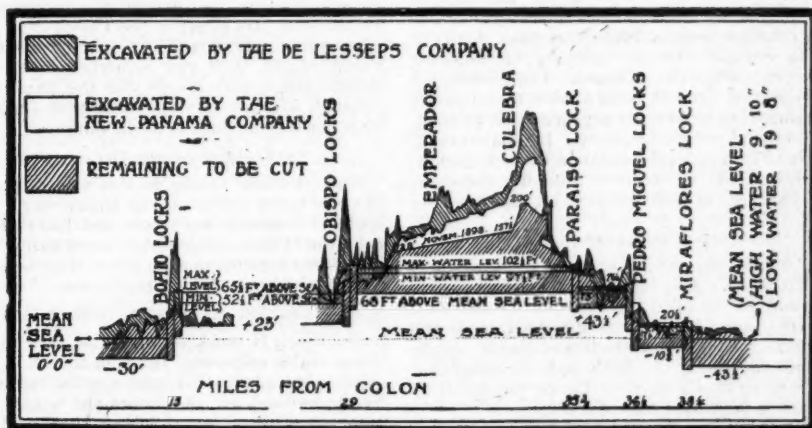
deep-draught vessel could go through is little more than one-third as long as for Nicaragua. This article is a very clear *exposé* of the question and well worth reading.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. W. A. Pearce writes of "plants that walk." Mr. D. W. Freshfield writes of a holiday tour in the Himalayas. Mary Howarth writes of the weaving of the King's mantle of gold and other Coronation finery at Braintree and other places. Mr. William Archer has been having another of his marvellously interesting conversations—this time Mr. Heinemann being the person conversed with, and the subject publishing, bookselling, and the reading public in general.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

In *Pearson's Magazine* for April Mr. Gould is the subject of the "art" paper. Mr. Rydall describes a ranch of ten thousand pigeons in California. The King's recent visit to Burton has inspired one writer to pen a



Profile of the Panama Isthmus.

(From the *Pall Mall Magazine*.)

retirement was recently contemplated there was some question of Lord Lansdowne succeeding him.

"Black Michael" holds his conviction first and his office second. Few men in high office are less loved, or care less for the affection of those about them; none are more respected.

Of Mr. Brodrick he can only say that he is a good example of the highest order of civil service, blessed with a departmental mind; while Mr. Wyndham is a remarkable example of a young man belonging to the leisured class who prefers the strenuous life.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Mr. J. G. Leigh, discussing the *pros* and *cons.* of the rival routes, is distinctly in favour of the Panama route. It is (1) shorter, (2) needs far less labour to complete it, (3) has more facilities for transport, (4) has a better climate, (5) there is less risk of malaria, (6) the cost (a) of construction and (b) of maintenance is considerably less, and (7) the time in which a

glowing description of Burton and its ale-making. There are besides a couple of natural history articles.

THE SIMILARITY OF A BABY AND A MONKEY.

Writing on "Our Descent from Monkeys," Mr. S. S. Buckman makes a curious comparison between the habits and attitudes of a young baby and a monkey, all of which, he says, go to the support of the Darwinian theory. To quote a very few of his numerous illustrations. The baby's snub nose with wide nostrils is like the nose of a low type of monkey. The furrow of the upper lip often shown in a baby's face is a relic of the time when the lip was in two distinct pieces. The mobility and almost prehensile power of a baby's foot have often been noticed, as also the fact that their instinct is always to clasp and grasp with the whole hand, and always to hold the hand in a grasping attitude. And children will even sleep face downwards, their limbs tucked underneath them, exactly in the attitude of a sleeping monkey. But there is no end to the points of similarity found.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for March is rather more interesting than usual. I have noticed elsewhere Mr. W. Berdrow's paper on "German Industrial Corporations and the Forcing of Markets" and Mr. Long's paper on "Some Remarkable Russian Engineering Projects." The first article in the number deals with "Proposals of the Inter-State Commerce Commission," and is of American interest only.

WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY?

Professor G. T. Ladd, of Yale, describes "The True Functions of a Great University" as follows:—

- (1) The highest mental and moral culture of its own students;
- (2) the advancement, by research and discovery, of science, scholarship, and philosophy;
- (3) the diffusion, as from a centre of light and influence, of the benefits of a liberal, genial, and elevating culture over the whole nation, and even over all mankind.

But his article is a rather abstract one.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

Professor A. A. Bruce recommends compulsory insurance as a means of solving this problem. The method is already employed by a number of American corporations. The employé insures himself against death or accident in an ordinary insurance company, the employer sometimes paying part of the premium. The provision is made that if damages are recovered against the employer under his common-law liability for negligence, no recovery can be made on the insurance policy. In this arrangement the injured man gets compensation in such circumstances when he could not recover from his employer, while the employer is still subject to damages for negligence.

CHINESE EXCLUSION.

There is a rather interesting discussion of the problem of Chinese Exclusion. The Hon. Truxtun Beale argues that they should be excluded; if not America will have a hybrid civilisation. He regards the question as the eternal historical race-problem which was fought on the field of Marathon. But is Mr. Beale right in saying that China is little more than a third as thickly populated as the most sparsely populated part of Europe?

The Hon. R. Hutcheson puts the case against exclusion. He says the Yellow Peril is a spectre of the imagination; and says the anti-Chinese prejudice is merely the same thing as the old anti-Jewish prejudice, which has died out in most countries. In any case, the Americans will find it necessary to admit the Chinese into the Philippines if they intend to develop those islands commercially.

PORTO RICO.

What the Americans are doing in Porto Rico is described by Professor Hollander, who says that all the appointments in Porto Rico have been made exclusively on merit principles. Most of the American officials in the island took up their duties against their own personal interests owing to Mr. McKinley appealing to their patriotism. Efficiency and fidelity have become the essential qualifications for office; and the result, he says, is that the natives are satisfied, and that there are no American troops in the island excepting a garrison in the harbour forts.

SCHOOL CONCENTRATION.

Mr. C. E. Blake has an interesting article describing how schools formerly scattered all over American cities have been concentrated into one large school, the children being conveyed to and from the schoolhouses at the expense of the town. The drivers begin to collect

the children between seven and eight o'clock, and bring them home at about five. The result has been an increase in the number of school children attending, and a saving of money to the town. The educational result is favourable, as, instead of a large number of poorly-paid and ill-educated teachers, well-paid and well-trained teachers have control. The buildings and equipment are better, and there is a greater and more beneficial mingling of different classes.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. J. Gustavus Whitely, in a paper entitled "Ambassadors of Trade," describes the reform of the American consular system. Mr. Albert Watkins writes on "The Primary Election Movement," and Mr. W. Ordway Partridge on "The Educational Value of World's Fairs."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for March is not up to its usual level. The only two articles calling for separate treatment are Mr. Hannis Taylor's "International Arbitration and the Pan-American Conference," and Mr. Stephen Bonsal's paper on the Philippines. The number opens with a paper entitled "Germany's Political Turning-Point," by Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand. Mr. von Schierbrand's article deals chiefly with the decay of the Triple Alliance, and the Agrarian Protectionist movement. But he is not very definite as to the future.

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE SPANISH WAR.

A naval officer writing on this subject points out that the vital factor in the war was engineering. The Spanish ships at Santiago were new, and had their engineering department been efficient they could easily have escaped. The writer laments that no efforts have been made in the American navy to enforce this lesson.

CHINESE EXCLUSION FROM AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Hugh H. Lusk reviews what the Australians are doing in this question. He is, of course, in favour of exclusion, but admits that some concession must be made to Queensland for the losses she would suffer by the stoppage of the coloured labour supply. It must, however, first be ascertained what industries in Queensland can or cannot be carried on by white labour.

SENATE VERSUS REPRESENTATIVES.

Congressman W. H. Moody replies to Mr. A. M. Low's assertion that a small group of Senators now controls all the American administration and keeps the President in subjection. Mr. Moody argues that if this is so the power of the House of Representatives must have declined, and that, he maintains, is not the case. The House still exercises a firm control over public expenditure, he says, and he quotes recent instances of the Representatives throwing out the vast majority of Senatorial amendments. During the period before the Spanish War the House supported the President against the Senate, and obtained for him the delay he required, and they defeated the Senate over the crucial question of the recognition of the Cuban Republic.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. L. Miner writes a somewhat wild denunciation of "Muscovite Designs in Manchuria." Mr. Harold Cox deals with "The Public Debts of the British Possessions." There is a very interesting but unquotable article by Mr. Claude Phillips on "The Quality of Emotion in Modern Art."

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

WE have noticed elsewhere Maurice Maeterlinck's essay on "Luck," M. Berard's analysis of the real meaning of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu's account of the present Pope. The place of honour is given to M. Gregh's critical review of Victor Hugo's early work. Far more interesting and valuable, however, are Anatole France's concluding chapters on the Siege of Orleans. He insists on, and indeed helps to make clear, a point which is too little regarded in connection with Joan of Arc—namely, that she was above all things desirous to avoid bloodshed, and on more than one occasion she tried to soften the hearts of her English enemies by telling them of her visions, and of what evil would befall them were they to proceed in their efforts to take the town. At the present time it is interesting to note that even in those days "the mounted men ran but little risk of being caught by the English, who were quite short of horses." Very shortly, but perhaps all the more vividly for that, the latest historian of the Maid of Orleans describes the last day of the famous siege, which had already lasted nearly seven months. It was a Sunday, and when the Maid was asked whether the English should be given battle she answered, "In honour of holy Sunday refrain from giving battle. Do not yourselves attack; but if you are attacked, defend yourselves with strength and courage, and be without fear, for you will be the victors." Curiously enough the English did not give battle, or try again to take the town by assault. They retired in good order, leaving, however, their wounded and prisoners. In Orleans the great day was celebrated with jubilation, and services were held in all the churches. On this triumphant note M. France leaves his heroine.

French readers seem to have an inexhaustible interest in the Royal personages, great and small, who once ruled over them. Viscount de Reiset devotes a long and elaborate article to the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, the hapless prince better known to our own time as the Comte de Chambord. To most people on this side of the Channel these pages will be noteworthy as showing that the French reader, not only in fiction, but in the pages of a leading review, welcomes the transcription of physical details which would in this country and in America be scarce tolerated in a medical journal. There is, however, much that is touching, and at the present time profoundly moving, in this straightforward account of the eagerness with which was welcomed the posthumous son of the Duc de Berry. The splendid gifts sent from all the great towns in France, the humbler presents forwarded to the widowed Duchess by obscure individuals who longed for the birth of a future King, and then the minute account of the event itself, which was, one learns with amazement, followed by the doors of the palace being thrown open to all and sundry, even the bedroom of the Duchess being filled with strangers come to assure themselves of the birth of the Royal baby! How strange and mournful to think that the child whose birth was hailed with heartfelt joy by every section of France should have been fated to spend his life, and finally to die, in exile.

Yet another retrospective article dealing with two Royal personages intimately associated with the history of France describes the passage in the lives of Napoleon's brother Louis, at one time King of Holland, and of his Queen, Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter by her first husband of the Empress Josephine. After the fall of Napoleon the couple retired into private life under the title of Count and Duchess of St. Leu; in the *Revue* is described their final parting with Bonaparte.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* is interesting rather as expressing the sentiments of young France than as a literary or artistic publication. In the second March number are three topical articles; the one deals with the new German customs tariff; the second analyses, from the anti-British point of view, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty; the third describes with intelligent care the co-operative communities of the United States. M. Raffalovich, who is in his own way an expert, evidently regards the new German tariff as a menace to French trade. Nowhere does protection rule more triumphantly than in the German Empire. For instance, every article of dress sent from Paris to Germany is highly taxed, not only according to its intrinsic value, but according to the price paid for it in France. Accordingly, private individuals, especially those German ladies who procure their clothes from the land of dress, do all in their power to evade the law, and, by an arrangement with their French dressmakers and milliners, articles of clothing which have cost hundreds of pounds are debited—for the benefit of the customs officer—at five per cent. of what has actually been paid, or will be paid for them! The present German Emperor is said not to be a friend of protection, but his ambition ties his hands; thus, in 1900, *à propos* of the German Navy Bill, beer, alcohol, and, above all, sparkling wines, were all taxed more heavily than had been the case before. The new tariff goes so far as to tax human hair, fans, paint brushes, cardboard, books, illustrations and pictures, watches and clocks, and even toys. In his next article M. Raffalovich apparently intends to give a brief sketch of what German protection will bring forth.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty evidently fills M. de Pourville with apprehension, though he admits that on the face of it the new Agreement was only entered into to keep, not to destroy peace. He evidently considers that had it not been for the South African War, England and France would by now have been plunged into bitter conflict. This view is much held in France, where it is firmly believed that Mr. Chamberlain was at one time "playing" for an Anglo-French naval conflict. The French writer evidently fears that, once the South African embroglio is out of the way, the more ambitious spirits who guide the destinies of the British Empire will once more turn their attention to France; and he naturally fears lest Japan should prove a powerful ally in the Far East, and he strongly advises that France and Russia should on their side enter into an alliance with China.

M. Jadot is evidently fascinated by the American religious and communistic societies, notably by the Shakers, whom he considers lineally descended from the "Camisards," who were persecuted and practically driven out of France in the eighteenth century, some taking refuge in England, and others in America. He describes, with evident admiration, the Amana Society, the outcome of a German religious movement established in the State of Iowa in 1843, and which has since prospered exceedingly—in fact, the Society now owns 28,000 acres, and is divided into seven villages. Here may be seen an ideal republican community, having solved the servant problem, all the work being done in common, all the food being consumed in restaurants. There is but one shop in each village, and there everything that is necessary for human comfort, though not for luxury, may be purchased at cost price. There is no room in an Amana settlement for the lazy, or for the beggar; there is no police, and no precautions are taken against thieves. Public-houses are strictly prohibited, but in each village there is an inn or hotel.

LA REVUE.

IN *La Revue* for March there is, as usual, great variety of interest. The *enquête* on Women's Suffrage in Belgium has been noticed elsewhere.

THE MASTERY OF THE SEAS.

M. Alfred Duquet writes a forcible article, often verging on bitterness, the gist of which is that France is guilty of criminal, of suicidal folly in not developing to the uttermost her one means of defence—the submarine torpedo-boat. The submarine, put to its full use, would be the end of "our subjection to England." Invulnerable to France's other weapons, she is vulnerable to the submarine. France knows more about the submarine than any other nation. But whenever an inventor has come forward anxious to endow his country with an irresistible weapon, the Administration of Marine—M. Duquet's Black Bogey—discouraged them and put every possible obstacle in their way. They might easily have sold their invention to some more enterprising foreign Admiralty, but this they were above doing. M. Duquet quotes the words of Admiral Aube—a great man perpetually scoffed as "living in the clouds." Speaking some years ago of a new French man-of-war, of which the French Admiralty were highly proud, Admiral Aube had the courage to exclaim: "All that only deceives the eye. Your ship is going down—a pre-historic thing, the worm-eaten framework of which will fall to pieces at the first shock."

Admiral Aube was right and the French Admiralty wrong. And now, says M. Duquet, here is every Power busy seeking the irresistible type of submarine; and to the Power which finds it will belong the mastery of the seas:—

Yes, abominable to relate, although she has good types, although she could make them still better, France alone does nothing, or almost nothing, to create a formidable flotilla of submarines. . . . Yes, we are going back; instead of increasing the tonnage of our fleet, it is being diminished. . . . Naturally, the English and Germans are free to sleep on both ears.

Since it is recognised, even by our admirals, that we are a hundred leagues from being able to fight with England, that our defeat is certain, and that our ironclads and cruisers cannot and will not prevail over the English ironclads and cruisers, why persist in constructing ruinous and useless vessels when we have a way of annihilating their like of British build by those sea-thunderbolts known as submarines?

France is the only country in the world whose geographical position allows her to think of naval war with England. In such war the English Channel must be held. It can only be held by submarines. Submarines must come; and the Power with the best fleet of them must dominate the seas till some other Power produces a Santos-Dumont who shall take possession of the air.

THE LAST WORD OF ISLAM TO EUROPE.

This M. Finot gives us through the mouth of Scheikh Abdul Hagk, of Bagdad. A few extracts from this singular document will show its nature:—

For us in the world there are only believers and unbelievers, love, charity, fraternity towards believers; contempt, disgust, hatred and war against unbelievers. Amongst unbelievers the most hateful and criminal are those who, while recognising God, attribute to Him earthly relationships, give Him a son, a mother. . . . Learn then, European observers, that a Christian of no matter what position, from the simple fact that he is a Christian, is in our eyes a blind man fallen from all human dignity. . . . Other infidels have rarely been aggressive towards us. But Christians have in all times shown

themselves our bitterest enemies. . . . The only excuse you offer is that you reproach us with being rebellious against your civilisation. Yes, rebellious, and rebellious till death! But it is you, and you alone, who are the cause of this. . . . Great God! are we blind enough not to see the prodigies of your progress? . . . But know, Christian conquerors, that no calculation, no treasure, no miracle can ever reconcile us to your impious rule. Know that the mere sight of your flag here is torture to Islam's soul; your greatest benefits are so many spots sully our conscience, and our most ardent aspiration . . . is to reach the happy day when we can efface the last vestiges of your accursed Empire. . . . Before the Christian peril we have effaced the quarrels of our sects. Islamic unity is rising from one end of the world to the other. . . . The cause of Islam's sterility . . . is entirely in the fatal abyss created by your Churches between us and Western civilisation.

One European nation, with its religion divorced from its Government, might have been the ally of Islam—France. The rupture of the modern spirit with the ancient Church might once have assured to France "the enthusiastic support of a hundred nations carried by an unconquerable faith to one and the same God, to one and the same justice." But it is with no unquenchable faith the Scheikh writes of France's rising to this glorious opportunity.

COUNT TOLSTOY ON RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

Immediately after this cry of eternal hatred of the unbeliever, Count Tolstoy takes up his pen to prove that tolerance to those of another faith is of the very essence of Christianity. The Church, being a human institution, can only live by intolerance and persecution; Christianity, being a divine institution, cannot be anything but tolerant.

Mme. Pardo-Bazan contributes a curious article on the close connection of literature and politics in Spain.

AUGUSTE COMTE.

On March 23rd last a statue was erected by the Positivists on the Place de la Sorbonne to Auguste Comte. M. Louis de Busnes, in two long articles, traces the history of Comte's life and of the spread of the Positivist philosophy in different parts of the world, from France to Brazil.

OTHER ARTICLES.

M. Melinaud takes tears as the subject of his article on "Why do We Cry?" He replies that more often than not we cry to excite pity, when we could very well prevent it if we wanted to do so.

Dr. Catanés discusses what is being done to cure madness by surgery; and Dr. Romme describes the light cure, especially for lupus.

M. Jean Canova contributes a long piece of lyrical poetry in honour of Comte.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March fairly maintains its usual standard of excellence. We have noticed elsewhere M. Daudet's paper on Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland in 1843, and M. Bellessort's paper on Japanese society. It must be admitted that the remaining articles are not of any great interest to English readers. We may note, however, a delicately written paper on the Dantesque Comedy by Mlle. Lucie Félix-Faure, the daughter of the late President; while a paper by M. Dastre on the part played by the mosquito in the propagation of diseases is significant of the attention with which the experiments of Major Ronald Ross are being watched on the Continent.

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THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE *Rassegna Nazionale*, March 16th, publishes a long, melancholy description of the Italian foundling hospitals, with some account of the reforms that have already been introduced in some places, notably at Milan and Rovigo, and of those recommended by a recent Commission of Inquiry. No one will question the urgent need of reform on reading that whereas the death-rate of legitimate babies under one year is 175 per 1,000, among foundlings it is 376 per 1,000, and in the Campagna it rises as high as 459. Yet this is not the only evil of a system which allows unmarried mothers to dispose of their offspring without fear of subsequent inquiries. It encourages illicit unions, deprives children of their parents' care, and owing to bad internal management frequently conduces to infantile immorality. It is now proposed that the old-fashioned foundling hospitals, where a child can be deposited at the gate, should be abolished altogether, and that the necessary assistance should take the form of a small weekly sum to the mother to enable her to keep the child herself, or to some respectable peasant woman to take charge of it in her stead. Where orphanages for deserted children appear necessary they should invariably be supervised by a skilled doctor. Unfortunately, as the author of the article points out, political questions take precedence of social questions in the Italian Parliament, as elsewhere, so the chance of this much-needed reform being carried seems remote.

In the *Nuova Antologia* (March 1st) D. Angeli writes with personal knowledge and warm appreciation of the late Lord Dufferin, whom he describes as "an admirable *dilettante*, who knew how to enjoy life in its most perfect forms, and to create himself a world in which he could live at his ease." His talents, his charm of conversation, and his love of Italy combined to make him by far the most popular ambassador whom we have sent to Rome of recent years. In the same number an illustrated article on the walls of Bologna, with their delightful gateways, and another, also illustrated, on the celebrated pavement of Siena Cathedral, with due acknowledgment of Mr. H. Cust's recent volume on the subject, should interest all travellers in Italy. The growing interest in "feminism," which is one of the features of intellectual life in Italy to-day, finds confirmation in a series of articles on women's education in America, which Professor A. Mosso, of Turin, has started in the mid-March number. He writes of the various colleges in a most appreciative vein, and it is clear that the sight of female undergraduates, who were both hard-working and womanly, and of attractive lady-professors in cap and gown, shattered many of his national prejudices. Lovers of folklore will be interested in a very full account of the beautiful Estonian epic-poem, "Kalevipoeg," *i.e.*, "The Son of Kalev," which, for the many who do not know the Estonian tongue, can only be read to advantage in German, although an English prose translation does exist.

The Victor Hugo Centenary has had its echo in many of the Italian magazines, the most noteworthy article being contributed by the novelist A. Fogazzaro, to the *Nuova Antologia*.

IN March, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. brought out a new sixpenny illustrated monthly, entitled the *Country*. Mr. Harry Roberts is the editor, and the contents deal with gardening, country-houses, sport, natural history, etc., etc.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

DEALING first with the illustrated—and therefore more "popular"—magazines, the most interesting article is to be found in *Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift*, and treats of a collection of boots and shoes of all countries. There is the old Spanish shoe, in leather and velvet, the heel of which seems to be coming apart from the shoe proper; the Chinese, of silk and velvet, looking something like one shoe on another; the product of Tunis ("Koeb-Keb") is made of white wood, and has the appearance of a chopper; and others, both curious and interesting, are illustrated and described in the article. The continuation of the article on "The Land of the Khmers" comes next in point of interest. The illustrations are of some of the ruins of Ankor-Wat, in Cambodia, described in school geographies as "the most remarkable monuments of Further India." The Khmers—one would like to know exactly how to pronounce the name!—are worth becoming acquainted with; they are possessed by a warlike spirit, and other qualifications, and go into battle "like the heroes of Homer," says the writer. Articles on Dutch art, stories, and editorial chat are included in the contents.

Woord en Beeld (freely translated, "Pen and Pencil") gives articles on Sonsbeek, an estate near Arnhem, and Old Flemish Towns, both illustrated; they engender the wish that the summer holidays were here, so that the reader might go over the same ground. The "celebrity" for this month is Dr. Bronsveld, one of the great sons of the Protestant Reformed Church, a sturdy antagonist of Rome. The writer says that Dr. Bronsveld is not very popular, because he speaks the truth fearlessly; and the portrait accompanying the article enables one to believe it without difficulty. Holland, as we know, is not the only country where a man gets himself disliked for speaking out! A story, music, and an instalment of a novel, given as a supplement, complete the number.

The heavier reviews are headed by *De Gids*; this review usually leads off with a novel or a short story, and this month the celebrated Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, gives us two legends, of which "The Unholy Heritage" is the more dramatic. Professor A. G. van Hamel deals in his usual scholarly and thorough style with French Symbolists. Professor van Hamel is at home in French literature, not to mention other things, and one may be sure of something good from his pen. The writer of an experience of quarantine on the Iles du Frioul, Marseilles, certainly should not wish to repeat it. The essay on Dutch Naval Strength shows us that even Holland is troubled about its navy. For a long period the navy had but scant attention, but during the last decade there was a change, and the introduction of electricity, quick-firing guns and other modern improvements for the destruction of one's fellow-creatures has brought the Dutch navy more into line. Mr. van Rossum writes of the ships and the men in an exhaustive manner, regrets the lack of experience in certain officers, whom he does not mention, but classes as the "older officers," and touches on the question of hygiene in the Indian fleet.

Vragen des Tijds has an article on another burning question—the revision of the tariff. He deals with the flow of goods from the Rhine, more than nine million tons, of which two-thirds come under the head of free of duty. The German invasion of Holland will probably be checked to some extent, although there is a desire to do nothing that will seriously hamper trade. "The Purification of Waste Water" and a political essay make up the current issue.

GERMAN MAGAZINES.

THE *Deutsche Revue* contains a review of Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the war in South Africa, and regrets that, although given away free in Germany, it receives no attention to speak of; for after all, says the reviewer, it may be taken to represent the views of the educated classes in England. There is also an open letter to the Dutch Prime Minister, praising him for his efforts on behalf of peace. Dr. Cabanes contributes one or two Victor Hugo anecdotes. From these it would appear that the great poet had a very high opinion of himself, and corresponded with most of the sovereigns of Europe on terms of equality.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal contributes an essay upon Victor Hugo to the *Deutsche Rundschau*, dealing chiefly with the picture of the world shown in his works. It makes interesting reading, and a few well-chosen quotations give force and point to his view of the poet. Eleonore von Bojanowski concludes her articles upon Hader and Duchess Louise.

Nord und Süd publishes its 300th number this month. In a foreword by the Editor its history is traced from its foundation exactly a quarter of a century ago. Beginning shortly after the creation of the German Empire, it has witnessed and chronicled marvellous changes and immense strides in commerce, in social development, in literature. We wish our contemporary every success during the next twenty-five years, in which it will, without doubt, continue to keep up its high reputation. The article which touches us most in England is that by Karl Blind, entitled "India's Need and Russia's Goal." He quotes Mr. Digby's book pretty largely, and the view of Indian affairs is rather gloomy.

Ulrich von Hassell gives some interesting figures about German colonies in the *Monatsschrift für Stadt und Land*. It appears that the total white population in the four African possessions is only 5,571! Of these 3,760 are Germans, and these are largely composed of troops and officials. The increase since 1896 is only some 2,300 whites. Turning to the South Sea colonies the figures are little better. Omitting Kiautschau, there are only 6,500 whites living there, Samoa contributing 950 to the total. The trade returns show an increase of 16 million marks on imports into the African colonies, being now 36 millions; but the exports have only increased 2 million marks since 1896, when the value of exports was 11 million marks. The Pacific possessions have a total trade return of 57 million marks, whilst in 1898 they had only 32 million. The total German trade with all colonies appears to be only 25 million marks—almost twice what it was five years ago. The writer gives many other particulars about the colonies, and his article will be of great use to those interested in the development of German enterprise overseas. Constantin von Zeppelin contributes his third paper upon the relations between King Frederick William IV. and his prime minister Manteuffel.

Ueber Land und Meer contains a finely illustrated article upon icebergs and the wonderful attraction of the world of ice. The photographs of the bergs are splendidly done and give a good idea of their impressive grandeur. Gustav Meinecke writes upon the wonderful development of Schöneberg, one of the suburbs of Berlin. Photographs of the principal buildings and streets accompany the article. Yet another article on Victor Hugo is contributed by L. Sivethof. The telephone system of Berlin is ably described by Otto Jentsch. The photograph of the huge central office interior is especially good.

THE ITALIAN REVIEW.

I AM glad to learn that the *Italian Review*, which has hitherto appeared quarterly, is in future to appear every month. The last quarterly number, that from January to April, was published for the Jubilee of Adelaide Ristori. It appears with a coloured frontispiece of her latest portrait. The editor, Mme. Zampini Salazar, writes hopefully and cheerfully concerning Italian industries. The deputy, Mr. de Marinis, discussing the situation in Italy, writes in a jubilant tone. There is a decline, he thinks, in the fortunes of other nations of Europe, but Italy, after a long and painful struggle freed from financial difficulties, notes on the bright horizon the dawn of a jubilant and prosperous future.

One of the longest and most interesting articles in the number is the chapter from the book on the first Queen of Italy, written by Onorato Roux.

There is a brief article describing the strikes at Trieste, in which the troops who were employed to disperse the rioters fired a volley at the crowd, killing five and wounding a great number.

The magazine is excellently printed, admirably illustrated, and gives English readers a much better insight into Italy and the Italians than any other magazine published in the English language.

The Empire Review.

IN the *Empire Review* for April the important articles—those on "A Central Authority for South Africa," Lord Pirbright's "Forty Years of Sugar Bounties; and After," and Colonel St. Quintin's paper on "Remounts"—are all separately noticed.

The Lord Chief Justice writes on the "Oxford and Cambridge Sports." The second part of Trooper Matthews' Diary deals with Spion Kop. Mr. R. E. Macnaghten hopes that "Tasmania as a Manufacturing Centre" may benefit greatly from Australian Federation and the resultant abolition of hostile tariffs. The wool, fruit, timber, and beer trades he hopes will rapidly develop.

The Cosmopolitan.

IN the *Cosmopolitan* for March the illustrations are more striking than the articles. The portraits of some well-known women and their children accompanying Lavinia Hart's article on "Motherhood" are beautifully reproduced. William Allan White contributes an appreciation of President Harrison. Julian Ralph writes the story of President Roosevelt's first public service, a continuation of the series of papers on his life, and Mr. J. B. Townsend writes on the Charleston Exhibition opened in November last.

THE RUSSIAN MAGAZINES.

Istoricheski Vostnik.—ST. PETERSBURG A. S. SUDORIN. March. Recollections of M. A. Patkul. Contd. Literary Recollections. L. E. Obolensky. In Bokhara and Turkestan. A. A. Semenov. From the Far East. V. D. Tcherevok.

Mir Bozhi.—ST. PETERSBURG, BASSEINAYA. March. Impressions of Japan. Tana. Schopenhauer as Man, Philosopher, and Teacher. F. Paulsen. History of Political Economy. Contd. M. Tugan-Baranovsky. The Present Condition of Darwinism. S. Tchulok.

Russkoe Bagatsvo.—ST. PETERSBURG, SPASSKAYA I SADOVAYA. Feb. Through Spain. Dioneo. The Condition of Russian Mining Industries. Sieveryanin. Victor Hugo in His Last Book. A. G. Hornfeld.

Vestnik Yevropi.—GALERENAYA 30, ST. PETERSBURG. March. N. V. Gogol. Contd. A. Kotchubinsky. Manchurian Recollections. A. V. Verestchagin. The Agricultural Decline of Central Russia. D. Richter. London Debating Societies. A. Savin.

LEARNING LANGUAGES BY LETTER-WRITING.

THE *Revue Universitaire* of February contains a most interesting paper by M. Henri Bornecque upon the important dates of the school year in a German gymnasium. He remarks first that, taken as a whole, the German buildings are superior to those in France, as regards the interior; though their exterior is not so imposing—for one thing, they are smaller in Germany, as there is no need of accommodation for boarders. Reading this, it occurred to me that some interest might attach to a schoolboy's comparative table of the working hours and subjects of study in the French Lycée of Tours, and the German Realschule at Leipnik, in Moravia. I give it as it was sent me by the French lad, whose correspondent is a Leipnik scholar:—

UNIVERSITÉ DE FRANCE, LYCÉE DE TOURS.

THIRD MODERN.			
Mon.,	8-10,	Chemistry	... 2-4, Literature
Tues.,	8-10,	English	... 2-4, German
Wed.,	8½-10,	Geometrical Drawing	... 2-4, Mathematics
Thurs.,	10½-11½,	Drawing	... Holiday
Fri.,	8-10,	History	... 2-4, Literature
	10½-11½,	German	
Sat.,	8-10,	Mathematics	... 2-3, Physics
	10½-11½,	English	... 3-4, Geography

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, LEIPNIK IN MOEHREN.

CLASS IV.			
Mon.,	8-9,	Arithmetic	... 10-11, Physics
	9-10,	German	... 11-12, Chemistry
Tues.,	8-9,	French	... 10-11, Gymnastics
	9-10,	Bohemian	... 2-3, Geography
Wed.,	8-9,	German	... 2-4, History
	9-10,	Arithmetic	... 10-11, Gymnastics
Thurs.,	8-9,	Bohemian	... 10-11, Physics
	9-10,	French	... 12-12, Chemistry
Fri.,	8-9,	German	... 3-4, Geometry
	9-10,	Geography	... 10-11, Gymnastics
Sat.,	8-9,	Bohemian	... 1-2, History
	9-10,	French	... 2-3, Chemistry
			... 3-4, Arithmetic
			... 4-5, French
			... 10-12, Drawing
			... Holiday

From this it will be seen that the German class hours are thirty-one as against twenty-four in France—that the Leipnik arrangements are more like our own—one-hour studies, and that Bohemian there alternates with German instead of English. The holiday arrangements also are more like ours.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Swarthmore College is the centre of the Scholars' International Correspondence in U.S.A., Mr. Edward Hicks Magill, whose interesting paper is given in the annual, "Comrades All," being the founder and organiser. The college was instituted by the Society of Friends, the co-education of the sexes being an integral part of its foundation. As the students are some of them much older than they would be in a similar institution in England, the equalities and inequalities of the young men and young women students offer a unique opportunity for comparison and criticism. To quote from one of the students: "Good scholarship, good fellowship, and mutual helpfulness make the firm foundation of the system; and the frank, social and intellectual intercourse of the students is surely a right preparation for the business of life."

THURSDAY IN THE COLLEGE OF MONTELMAR.

I give here a rough translation of Charles Marinier's letter. "Ding-dong! goes the bell, and in the dim daylight of the long dormitory I see arms lazily raised, heads turned, and hear a prolonged 'Oh!' which sounds like a complaint. Behind the curtain at the end comes the voice of the master in the traditional phrase, 'Jump up, everyone.' The gas flames—in twenty minutes all are ready to go down. Our college was once a monastery, and down the dim passages I seem always to see a file of monks advancing with us, only more silently and solemnly. Behold us in the schoolroom, it is half-past six. Heads bend over the books, pens scrape over paper, time passes rapidly if only we can get absorbed in our work, and then comes the welcome early breakfast. A bowl of hot soup, a morsel of bread, and even a cake of chocolate for the lucky one who has a kind mother. It is 7.30, and the usher gives the signal, 'Advance.' The door opens, and a joyous troop rush out into the court. Ah! how cold it is, how grey is the sky; blow upon your

fingers. Soon comes eight o'clock, when all of us, great and small, march into chapel. After mess comes recreation until nine o'clock. Lessons again for an hour—then twenty minutes' recreation, then again silence and study, for the master is severe. Mid-day, and breakfast; then until two o'clock we can go into the courtyard—if we like. I do not like—the solitude and tranquillity of the class-room allure. Ding-dong! ding-dong! the bell breaks my reverie, and again the boys come pouring into the schoolroom, and again we get out our books and papers. Four o'clock comes, and it is time for a meal; then some music, then our preparation; at seven o'clock comes dinner, and half an hour afterwards we prepare for bed."

POPULAR FICTION AS A SOURCE OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

The story given here is an abstract of one which appeared in a well-known French journal, and accounts for some of the misapprehension as to the social life of the United States.

The hero of it, Cuddy Flint, a trapper in the Western States, was originally the enemy of the Indians. He afterwards became their ally, and worked with them in the business of "holding-up" the mails and parties of emigrants. Five times he was imprisoned for murder and pardoned, but at last he commits the unpardonable sin—he steals two oxen and incidentally kills their owner.

The parson and the wife of Cuddy prayed for his pardon in vain.

A certain Sheriff of the town—Mr. Cox by name—proposed that the execution be made a public spectacle, the tickets for which were to be sold and the profits used for the widow. Then are described the scenes between Cuddy and the Sheriff; Cuddy's thankfulness that as he cannot escape he may at least make a public exit. Mr. Cox collects the seat-money and insists upon taking it to the widow. He is not a man to lose a chance, and makes love to her at the same time, gets her promise to marry him, and the 20,000 dollars in the bargain. They build an hotel, make an immense fortune, and live happy ever after.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.*

IT may seem rather odd to regard the translation of a book which was finished before 1848 and published for the first time fifty years ago as the Book of the Month for April, 1902. But there are reasons for this choice. A good translation of a typical foreign book describing the life and adventures of one of the most notable figures in nineteenth century France may deserve to be regarded as the Book of the Month in England. Certainly we have no book of this month of British origin that is at once so interesting and so important, and to the average British reader so novel and original, as this translation of a book which to all educated Frenchmen has been a classic for half a century.

To Englishmen of this generation it must be admitted that Chateaubriand is a name and *præterea nihil*. We have all read about him. Most of us have read reviews of his books or extracts from his writings, but the man Chateaubriand has hitherto been more or less of an unknown quantity. Imperfect translations of his memoirs have appeared in London, but they have long been out of print. Hence the cordiality of the welcome which we extend to the ambitious enterprise of the present translator, Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos, who in Messrs. Freemantle and Co. has found publishers courageous enough to produce a literary monument so costly and imposing as a six-volume translation of Chateaubriand's memoirs.

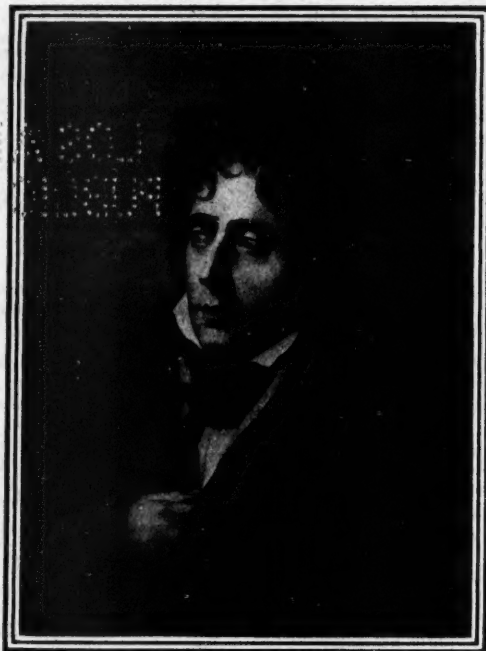
Chateaubriand was a little French nobleman only 5 feet 4 inches high, who was born in the same year as Napoleon, and died the year of the Revolution, 1848. His life spanned eighty years of the most

exciting period of the history of France. He began his literary career as a sceptic; he burst into fame as the interpreter of "The Genius of Christianity"; he wrote poems, novels, pamphlets. He began, so he

tells us, the natural period of French literature, and no less a critic than Sainte Beuve ascribed to his book on the Genius of Christianity the honour of ushering into the world the literature of the Nineteenth Century. The names of his novels and their heroines are still remembered, but the glory of "Atala" is departed, and the immense success which it achieved is now only a matter of history. He was Ambassador of France at the English Court and Foreign Minister of France. There is something about his career that suggests a very glorified edition in French of Lord Beaconsfield. Imagine Disraeli's Memoirs, written by himself, to be published as a voice from the tomb. But Disraeli, although, like Chateaubriand, he combined politics and literature, had nothing in his

career to compare with the marvellous vicissitudes of the little Frenchman, whose adventures would make a romance even if he had never written a book or played a leading rôle as statesman.

The author's preface is an appropriate and characteristic introduction to his book. If it strikes English readers as somewhat too egotistic and rhetorical, all the better. It will prepare them for the book. A writer of his own memoirs must be egotistical, and as for rhetoric, never was there more thoroughbred a rhetorician than Chateaubriand. Like the poet who "lisp'd in numbers" from the cradle, he must have been given to declaiming from the arms of his nurse, and have gone on perorating until his lips were closed by the finger of death. There is also, to the English reader, a sense of pose never absent from his memoirs. He never abandons the sock and buskin, and he always remembers to pose. Nevertheless, the inci-



[By permission of Messrs. Freemantle and Co.]

Vicomte de Chateaubriand.

* "The Memoirs of François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, some time Ambassador to England." Being a translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos of the "Mémoires D'Outre-Tombe," with illustrations from contemporary sources, in six volumes. Published by Freemantle and Co., 217, Piccadilly. First two volumes.

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dents of his life were so dramatic he may almost be excused for being slightly theatrical in his style. But listen to what he has to say in his preface as to the life whose reminiscences he records :—

I have met nearly all the men who in my time have played a part, great or small, in my own country or abroad, from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII. to Alexander, from Pius VII. to Gregory XVI., from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istria to Malesherbes, Mirabeau and the rest; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet Pasha of Egypt to Suffren, Bougainville, La Pérouse, Moreau, and so forth. . . . I have explored the seas of the Old World and the New, and trod the soil of the four quarters of the globe. . . . After wearing the bearskin of the savage and the silken caftan of the Mameluke; after enduring poverty, hunger, thirst and exile, I have sat, as minister and ambassador, in a gold-laced coat, my breast motley with stars and ribbons, at the table of kings, at the seats of princes and princesses, only to relapse into indigence and to receive a taste of prison. . . . I have carried the soldier's musket, the traveller's cudgel, the pilgrim's staff; I have been a seafarer, and my destinies have been as fickle as my sails; a halcyon, and made my nest upon the billows.

I have meddled with peace and war. I have signed treaties and protocols, and published numerous works the while. I have been initiated into secrets of parties, of court, and of state. I have been a close observer of the rarest miseries, the highest fortunes, the greatest renowns. I have taken part in sieges, congresses, conclaves, in the restoration and overturning of thrones. I have made history, and I could write it. And my life, solitary, dreamy, poetic, has gone on through this world of realities, catastrophes, tumult, uproar, in the company of the sons of my dreams . . . of the daughters of my imagination.

Chateaubriand's life was divided into three parts. From 1768-1800 he was a soldier and a traveller. From 1800-11 he was devoted to literature. From 1811 to 1848 he was in politics. He was thus ever on the stage, a leading actor in the world's great drama. Contemplating his end, he speaks of "death as lowering the curtain between him and the world," and contemplating his life he regarded it with some excusable complacency. He says:—

During each of my three successive careers I have always placed some great task before myself; as a traveller, I aimed at discovering the polar world; as a man of letters, I have striven to reconstruct religion from its ruins; as a statesman, I have endeavoured to give to the people the true system of representative monarchy, accompanied with its various liberties.

It is true that he failed to penetrate even the outer circumference of the polar world, and he died as the Revolution was sweeping away the last remains of the representative monarchy in France; but these facts do not in the least impair the interest of his *Memoirs*—the one nineteenth century book which a severe modern critic regards as a monument which will last for ever. However that may be, it is full of intense human historic and dramatic interest. I cannot honestly say that the *Memoirs* make us love the man. But they do interest us intensely in the vicissitudes of his fascinating career, and not a little in those crises of emotion common to all, but which he describes with engaging frankness. But without further criticism I will endeavour to condense into a few pages the story of this remarkable life so far as it is unfolded in the first volumes of the *Memoirs*.

I.—BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

"I am of noble birth." The Barons of Chateaubriand had a castle in Brittany in 1000, and the predecessor of the author—his eldest brother—perished on the guillotine in 1793. His father entered the French Navy when fifteen, was twice wounded in action against the Russians, was wrecked upon the Spanish coast, and ultimately went to the West Indies, where he made a sufficient fortune to enable him to return and re-establish the ancient family at Combourg. His son describes him as taciturn, despotic, and threatening, with deep-set small eyes of a bluish or sea-green colour, like the eyes of lions or of the barbarians of olden time. Each flashing pupil seemed to shoot out and strike you like a bullet. This aristocratic old despot married a woman "dark, short, and ill-favoured," in piety an angel, endowed with great wit and intelligence, and with a prodigious imagination. Chateaubriand was the tenth and last child. "Probably my four sisters owed their existence to my father's desire to ensure the perpetuation of his name through the arrival of a second boy. I resisted. I had an aversion to life." He was almost stillborn. A tempest raged around the rock on which he was born. Life seemed so precarious that his nurse in these first hours vowed him to "Our Lady of Nazareth," promising that if he survived he should wear blue and white in her honour for seven years. Notwithstanding this dedication the boy was anything but saintlike. He began to pass as "a ne'er-do-well, a rebel, an idler, in short an ass." When seven years were accomplished he was taken to the Abbey of our Lady of Nazareth, where his white and blue clothes were removed and hung up as a votive offering before a picture of the Virgin. The prior preached a sermon recalling the fact that a Chateaubriand had gone to the Holy Land with St. Louis, and that perhaps he too might visit Nazareth. "Since the Benedictine's exhortation I always dreamt of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and I ended by accomplishing it."

As he was destined to be a sailor he grew up in the family without lessons. The ragamuffins of the town became his dearest friends. He resembled them in all things, spoke their language, dressed like them, and was as ragged and dirty as they. Poor and penniless he spent much time apart musing on the sea shore. On the festivals in church he saw the heavens opening and the angels offering up the incense, and the prayers of the worshippers. "Vowed as I was to the Virgin, I knew and loved my protectress," and at the time when he wrote his *memoirs*—"A statue of our Lady, adorned with a gothic crown and clad in a robe of blue silk trimmed with a silver fringe, inspires me with more devotion than one of Raphael's Virgins."

Speaking of the harsh education of his early childhood, he says, "it imbued me with ideas different from those of other men, and impressed upon my sentiments a character of melancholy which arose from the habit of suffering acquired in the age of weakness, improvidence, and mirth."

After spending his earliest years running wild among the ragamuffins of St. Malo, Chateaubriand was sent to the college of Dol, near the family seat of Combourg. Here he discovered that he possessed a phenomenal memory, a great taste for languages, and a remarkable aptitude for mathematics. A year or two later the perusal of an unexpurgated Horace and a theological book describing the torments of Hell awoke at once the storms of premature passion and the terrors of superstition. "Thenceforward I felt escape from me some sparks of that fire which is the transmission of life." He became outwardly very pious. He fasted to excess. But the ravages made in his imagination by the lascivious images of the classical poets filled his soul with misery. When he was prepared for his first confession he was full of shame at the thought of these thoughts of the unveiled. He was about to receive absolution when he suddenly cried out, "I have not confessed everything!" "Come, my dear child, courage," said the kindly old priest, bursting into tears; and the little penitent, sobbing with happiness, poured out the story of his secret sins. "I venture to say that it was from that day forward that I became an upright man. I felt that I should never outlive remorse." When he bent his brow to receive absolution his feelings partook of the joy of the angels. Next day at Communion, "the Real Presence of the Victim in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar was as evident to me as the presence of my mother at my side. When the Host was laid upon my lips I felt as though a Light had been kindled within me."

After he left Dol he spent two years at the college at Rennes, and then he was sent as a naval cadet to Brest. About the time of leaving Rennes he saw for the first time a lady of twenty-three whose beauty fascinated him. "I was confused on perceiving the face of a strange woman. I heard the distant and alluring voice of the passions which were coming to me. I hastened towards these syrens, attracted by an unknown harmony." He ran off from Brest and returned to Combourg, where to gain time he professed a wish to become a priest. He went to study at Dinan, but after a short time he settled down at Combourg, where he was made to sleep alone in the turret of the ghost-haunted donjon, where the winds filled the night with groanings and the owls hooted around the battlements. The lad defied the phantoms, and the night winds served but as playthings for his fancies and wings for his dreams.

The child vanished, the man arrived. "At first all became passion with me pending the arrival of the passions themselves." At his sister's suggestion he began to lisp verses. He wrote verse long before he wrote prose. His experience at this stage of his life he describes with the utmost freedom. "I was a mystery to myself. I could not see a woman without feeling confused. I blushed if she spoke to me. Had the loveliest slaves of the seraglio been handed over to me I should not have known what to ask of them.

Chance enlightened me." A very pretty woman came to visit at the castle. One day something occurred which led all in the room to rush to the window. He felt himself pressed between the fair lady and the window. "I was no longer conscious of what was happening round me. From that moment I was aware that to love and be loved in a manner unknown to me must be the supreme happiness."

So he built up an imaginary woman compounded of all the charms of all the fair ladies he had ever seen or read of. "This invisible charmer accompanied me wherever I went. I communed with her as with a real being. This delirium lasted two whole years. I had all the symptoms of a violent passion, my eyes grew hollow, I fell away, I could not sleep, I was absent, melancholy, ardent, fierce. I found at one and the same time in my marvellous creation all the blandishments of the senses and all the joys of the soul." Yet he was unable to enjoy what did not exist, and tortured with longing that his phantom could not satisfy, he tried to commit suicide. Repeated attempts to blow his brains out having failed, he decided that it was decreed that he should live. He became ill. He discovered he had no vocation for the priesthood, and was at last made sub-lieutenant in the Navarre Regiment, and hurried off to Paris.

II.—HIS AMERICAN ADVENTURES.

Chateaubriand was fortunate. He obtained rapid promotion, was presented to the King and Marie Antoinette. He went hunting as a *débutant* in the forest of Saint Germain, where his horse ran away with him and took him willy nilly to be in at the death of the stag before the King. He felt bored in Paris, did not improve his chances, and was delighted when his regiment was moved to Dieppe. There he remained until the first throes of the great Revolution found him in Paris. He witnessed the fall of the Bastille, saw with horror the heads of Foulon and Berthier carried on pikes through the streets. "One eye in one of these heads had started from its socket and fell upon the dead man's livid face; the pike projected through the open mouth, the teeth of which bit upon the iron." As the men who carried the pikes sang and capered and leapt in order to thrust the heads nearer to Chateaubriand's face, he lost control, denounced them as brigands, and nothing but the stoutness of the door saved his head from adorning a third pike. Shortly after he witnessed the entry of Louis XVI. into Paris:—

First appeared guns, upon which harpies, thieves, doxies, women of the town rode astride, uttering the most obscene speeches, making the most filthy gestures. Next, surrounded by a horde of people of every age and sex, marched on foot the bodyguards, who had exchanged hats, swords, and bandoliers with the National Guards; each of their horses carried two or three fish-bags, dirty bacchantes, drunk and indecently clad. After them came the deputation from the National Assembly; the royal carriage followed, rolling in the dusty darkness of a forest of pikes and bayonets. Tattered ragmen, butchers with their blood-stained aprons hanging from their thighs, their bare

knives from their belts, their shirt-sleeves turned up, walked beside the carriage doors. Other sinister guards had climbed upon the roof; others on to the footboard, others lolled upon the box. They fired muskets and pistols; they cried:

"Here are the baker, the baker's wife, the baker's boys!" By way of oriflamme they carried before the descendant of St. Louis, in mid-air upraised on Swiss halberds, the heads of two bodyguards powdered and curled by a Sèvres hairdresser.

Chateaubriand met most of the men of the Revolution. Mirabeau in the Assembly reminded him of Milton's Chaos sitting shapeless and impassive in the centre of his own confusion. This "lion's whelp, a lion with a Chimæra's head," said to Chateaubriand, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, "They will never forgive me my superiority." "I still feel the pressure of that hand as though Satan had touched me with his fiery claw." Robespierre seemed to him "a common-looking deputy with grey impassive face, his hair neatly dressed, decently clad like the steward in a good house."

Wearied and disgusted by the excesses of the Revolution, Chateaubriand set off on a wildgoose chase to discover the North-West Passage. He resigned his commission, got an introduction to General Washington, and sailed from St. Malo for Baltimore, carrying with him only his youth and his illusions. He enjoyed the voyage, spending much of his time in the maintop alone with his imagination, between the firmament of water below and the firmament above. He called at St. Pierre off Newfoundland, narrowly escaped drowning while bathing from the ship's side in a dead calm in shark-haunted waters, and ultimately landed at Baltimore. From thence he went to Philadelphia, where he dined with General Washington. He describes him as "tall in stature, of a calm and cold rather than noble bearing; he resembles his engraved portraits."

From Philadelphia by coach to New York, from New York by packet up the Hudson to Albany, where he found a Mr. Swift, an Indian trader, who happily succeeded in convincing him of the absurdity of going into the Arctic circle before he had learned the life and language of the Red Indians and the Esquimaux. So he ruefully decided to abandon his quest for the North-West Passage and went on to Niagara. On his way through the forest he first came upon the noble savage. Imagine his disgust when he found the red men taking lessons in dancing from the scullion of a French general, who for his skill on the violin was paid by the Iroquois in beavers' skins and bears' hams! If he was disappointed in the Indians he found compensation in Niagara. "Niagara," he exclaims enthusiastically, "eclipses everything." It twice nearly eclipsed him. A rattlesnake caused his horse to back towards the falls, dragging him after it. The glimmer of the abyss caused the horse to recoil from the very edge of the precipice. His other escape was when he climbed down to the lower basin. The ladder of creepers used by the Indians was broken. He slid down the rock, fell forty feet perpendicular, smashed his left arm above the elbow, but escaped with his life.

He turned southward, lamenting the loss by France of more than two-thirds of North America. "We, disinherited of the conquests of our valour and our genius, scarce hear the tongue of Colbert and Louis XIV. spoken in some petty market town of Louisiana or Canada under a foreign Government; it lingers there only as a witness to the reverses of our fortune and the errors of our policy." He sailed down the Ohio, and then travelling southward found compensation for all his disappointments in the discovery of the originals of his heroines, Atala and Celuta. They were Seminole girls whom he met in Florida. "There was something indefinable in that oval visage, in that shaded complexion, which one seemed to see through a light orange-tinted smoke, in that hair so black and soft, those eyes so long half-hidden beneath the veil of two satiny eyelids that opened indolently—in short, in the twofold seduction of the Indian and the Spanish woman." He fell in love with his two sylvan goddesses. He went to fetch water for their cup, shoots for their fire, mosses for their bed. When night-time came he found himself alone among the fireflies under the shade of a magnolia tree. He slept; when he awoke:—

I found myself between two women. The odalisks had returned; they did not wish to rouse me; they had sat down silently by my side, their heads had fallen on my shoulders. A breeze blew through the grove and deluged us with a shower of rose leaves from the magnolia. Then the younger of the Seminoles began to sing. Let whosoever is not sure of his life beware of ever thus exposing himself! No one knows the strength of the passion that glides with melody into a man's breast.

When dawn began to break they waked and fled. He only once saw them again. Vigorous hands helped them upon the cruppers of two barbs, ridden bare-backed by a Burntwood Indian and a Seminole. Solitude appeared empty to him after their departure. "I know not whether I gave back to them the life they gave to me; at least I made a virgin of one and a virtuous spouse of the other by way of expiation." It is rather disenchanting to know that the originals of the saintly heroines whose plaster casts once were sold with those of the Virgin Mary, were only Seminole courtesans. Such, however, was his guide's opinion, and Chateaubriand does not contest the accuracy of his judgment.

Crossing the Blue Mountains he stumbled accidentally upon an old newspaper in a settler's house. It contained a report of the flight of King Louis and his arrest at Varennes, June 22nd, 1791. Instantly he felt he must return to France, and back he came accordingly.

Before leaving this part of his career it may be worth while to transcribe some of his reflections upon the future of the United States, which were penned eighty years ago. He predicted that in 1880 their population would exceed 50,000,000. In 1880 it was 50,445,336. In 1822 he wrote, "Literature is unknown in the new Republic. The American has replaced intellectual by positive operations. The new Continent has neither classical, romantic, nor Indian literature. There is only the literature of workmen,

merchants, sailors, farmers. The Americans have no childhood, and have as yet had no old age."

Discussing the prospects of the Union, Chateaubriand inclined to the idea that the Northern, Southern, and Western States being divided in interests might break up the Union by force of arms. In that case he thought Kentucky, peopled as it is by a race of men bred in the open air, harder and more soldier-like, would conquer all the rest. Greater, however, than the danger of war seemed to him the perils of peace. The commercial spirit was taking possession of the nation. Self-interest was becoming their national vice. An aristocracy, born of great fortunes, is ready to appear with the love of distinction and the passion for titles. Finally, he says, "the United States give the idea of a colony, not of a parent country; they have no past; their manners owe their existence to the laws."

III.—EMIGRÉ AND EXILE IN LONDON.

Chateaubriand sailed for France, December 10th, 1791. He narrowly escaped shipwreck between Alderney and Jersey, but ultimately the ship reached Havre with topmasts broken, boats carried away, and quarter-deck cut down. He was penniless. His sister decided that he must marry in order to replenish his purse. They knew a charming girl of seventeen with a fortune of £20,000. "The affair was managed without my knowledge. 'Have your way,' I said. I was racked by the muse. In me the public man is inflexible; the private man is at the mercy of whomsoever wishes to seize hold of him. It was a new acquaintance that I had to make, and it brought me all that I could wish. Madame de Chateaubriand has an original and cultured mind, and admires me without ever having read two lines of my works." She had no children. "Often separated from me, disliking literature, to her the pride of bearing my name makes no amends. But," he adds, "when the two of us appear before God it is I who shall be condemned." He never pretended to love his wife. His first love he met years after in England. But he got her money, and that sufficed. "If I had not married, would not my weakness have made me the prey of some worthless creature?" For this and other reasons he concludes that he owes her "an affectionate and eternal gratitude." Poor Madame de Chateaubriand!

He married at the end of March, 1792, and took his wife to Paris. There he found himself in the universal presence of a universal Tiberius. Mirabeau had disappeared. In his place was the Swiss *foetus* Marat, with his gorgon head, who, like Milton's Sin, was violated by Death; Fouché, a dressed-up hyena in a circle of wild beasts; Camille Desmoulins, "of the age of the Sansculotte Jesus," a stuttering Cicero, a public counsellor of murder, worn out by debauchery; and Danton, "a Hun of Gothic stature, with a flat nose, outspread nostrils, furrowed jaws, and the face of a gendarme combined with that of a lewd and cruel attorney."

Before leaving for the frontier to join the army of the Princes, Chateaubriand borrowed 10,000 francs, and that same evening gambled away all but 1,500 francs. This balance he left in a cab; but next day recovered it miraculously, for a priest also had subsequently hired the vehicle. With this sum in his pocket he set off to the frontier. He succeeded in joining the Army, and was provided with a rusty firelock whose trigger would not move. He was sent for and saluted as a representative of the French Army by the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick. He enrolled himself in the 7th Breton Company, and was marched off without commissariat to besiege Thionville. He carried the MSS. of "Atala" in his knapsack. A thief stole his shirts, but left his story, whereat he greatly rejoiced. He foresaw that the expedition against Thionville would lead to the execution of the King. It was his first and most successful prediction. Thionville was not captured, but in the siege a bomb burst near where he lay asleep, almost under the wheels of a gun-carriage, and sent a splinter into his thigh. Two bullets penetrated his knapsack, but the MSS. of "Atala" served as a shield. The army fell back on Verdun, and from thence to Longuy. Weak and lame, Chateaubriand could no longer keep up with the troops. He sank to his knees in a ploughed field and hoped to die. His comrades pulled him out, and he decided to make his way, if he could, to Ostend.

After four and twenty hours' vomiting, confluent smallpox broke out all over his face and body. His thigh was swollen and gangrened. He was in high fever; with eighteen francs in his pocket, "Atala" in his knapsack, and a crutch under his arm, he set out to walk six hundred miles to the sea! The straps of his knapsack cut his shoulders, but he would not abandon it. No one seems to have refused to shelter him because of his disease until he reached Brussels. On the sixth day he was succoured by gipsies. On the seventh day he lay down to die, with his knapsack under his head, in a ditch. He felt extremely ill, the smallpox turning in and choking him. Lying as one dead, a passing driver stumbled over him, and, finding he still breathed, he helped Chateaubriand into his cart. So he came to Naumur, where the women showed him much kindness. At Brussels no one would take him in. There, however, he met his brother, who lent him some money. Travelling by canal-boat he reached Ostend, chartered a decked barge, and sailed for Jersey. He lay on the ballast in the hold. The sea was rough. He could neither eat nor drink, and when they reached Guernsey they put him ashore to die. The wife of an English pilot took compassion on him; he revived sufficiently to complete his journey. He reached his family in Jersey, and for the next four months lay between life and death. It was not till January, 1793, that he had recovered sufficiently to notice that his attendants wore mourning. "Who is dead?" he asked. "His Majesty the King," was the reply.

Chateaubriand recovered from the smallpox, but his chest was affected. Nevertheless he decided to go to England and try to join the army. He crossed over to Southampton and made his way to London. He had to suffer great privations, upon which, when he came to write his memoirs nearly thirty years after in the French Embassy, he descants with considerable gusto. His first lodging was in a garret at Holborn. He was so ill that doctor after doctor gave him up as incurable. He might live two months they thought, no more. He believed himself to be dying, and began his "Historical Essay on Revolutions" in order to occupy his time "while he was under sentence of death."

He made money when he could by doing translations during the day. He wrote his essay at night. His amusement was to wander in Kensington Gardens or to muse among the tombs at Westminster. On one occasion he mused so long that he was locked in and spent the night alone in the Abbey. He found a bed for the night in the fold of a marble winding-sheet in a sarcophagus built into the wall at the entrance to the double stair of Henry VII. and the Knights' Chapel. Immediately opposite was a marble figure of Death armed with a scythe. He lay down, and looking up at the vaulted roof of this English St. Denis he thought "that the years which have been and the issues of the past hang down like Gothic lamps; the entire edifice was, as it were, a monolithic temple of ages turned to stone." He was released by the little bellringer who came at dawn to toll the break of day.

Chateaubriand and his friend nearly starved to death. When it came to their last shilling they made it last for five days. "I was devoured with hunger, I burned with fever, sleep had deserted me, I sucked pieces of linen which I soaked in water, I chewed grass and paper." At the last moment his wife's relatives sent him some money. It staved off death. He shifted to a garret in the neighbourhood of Marylebone Street, whose window overlooked a cemetery. It was the turning of his fortune. He got a commission to translate old French MSS. at Beccles for a local antiquarian society. Here he met and fell in love with Charlotte Ives, the daughter of a clergyman near Bungay. She also loved Chateaubriand, not knowing he was married. He was oppressed with sadness when they came to part. Mrs. Ives proposed that he should marry her daughter and inherit their property. "I threw myself at Mrs. Ives' feet, and covered her hands with my kisses and my tears. She stretched out her hand to pull the bell-rope. 'Stop,'

I cried, 'I am a married man!' She fell back fainting."

Nearly thirty years afterwards Charlotte Ives, then Lady Sutton, called on Chateaubriand to induce him to use his influence with Lord Canning to secure the appointment of one of her sons to his suite as Governor-General for India. It would seem that they had really loved, for after twenty-seven years their mutual affection was far from being extinguished. But, as Chateaubriand soliloquises after his wont, although Charlotte was the first woman he had ever loved, a sentiment of that kind "was in no way sympathetic with my stormy nature, the latter would have corrupted it and made me incapable of enjoying such sacred delectations." Charlotte was probably much happier as Lady Sutton than she would have been as the Countess de Chateaubriand.

While Chateaubriand was losing his heart to Charlotte Ives, the Revolutionists in Paris were shearing off the head of his brother, his brother's wife, and M. de Malesherbes. He succeeded to the title, and soon after published his "Essai Historique," over the writing of which, he tells us, the image of Charlotte presided. The book grieved his mother for its sceptical tendencies. At the age of seventy-two she had been flung into the dungeon; five years later she expired, expressing with her latest breath a hope that her son would open his eyes to see his errors, and give up writing. His dying mother's last message reached him in a letter from his sister, who died before her brother received her letter. "The idea that I had poisoned the last days of the woman who bore me in her womb filled me with despair. I did not recover from my distress until the thought occurred to me of expiating my first work by means of a religious work; this was the origin of the 'Genius of Christianity.'" "These two voices from the tomb, that death which acted as death's interpreter, impressed me. I became a Christian. My conviction came from my heart. I wept and I believed."

Of the subsequent history of Chateaubriand: how he published the "Genius of Christianity," and was hailed as the genius who reconciled France with religion: how he passed Pitt in the street, and met Burke in his school, and heard the blind, mad George the Third playing Handel's music at Windsor: how at last he re-entered France in the year 1800, to achieve still greater glory by the publication of "Atala"; all this and more besides can be read at large in the second part of the second volume, into which I do not enter. I have said enough to indicate the nature and scope of these charming memoirs.

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FROISSART'S MODERN CHRONICLES.*

THIS book is the result of a very happy idea which occurred to Mr. Carruthers Gould, who has long since established his reputation as our first British caricaturist. In the compass of a hundred copiously illustrated pages he has told the story of the political history of the last sixteen years, in the spirit and language of Sir John Froissart, as if the events recorded had happened in the fourteenth, instead of in the nineteenth and twentieth, centuries. Mr. Gould says:—

So strange does history often repeat itself, that I have been able here and there to transcribe passages of Lord Berners's translation almost verbatim into my text.

There are twelve chapters. Of these twelve the first half-dozen relate to the Home Rule Campaign; the other half-dozen are chiefly concerned with the affairs of South Africa, and the last chapter tells how the Earl of Durdans left his furrow and rode to Chesterfield to speak to the people. In Mr. Gould's cartoons the whole spirit of the situation is so happily portrayed, that it would be difficult by pages of letter-press to bring out the salient features more distinctly. For instance, there is the charming picture of Irishmen rowing, from the Irish records, in which Mr. Redmond and Mr. John Dillon,



[From Froissart's Modern Chronicles.

The Earl of Durdans on a Pilgrimage to Chesterfield.

sitting at the opposite ends of a boat, are diligently rowing in opposite directions at the same time. Another

* "Froissart's Modern Chronicles." Told and pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902. Price, 3s. 6d.

admirable cartoon from the Irish records depicts Mr. Pigott as an Irish scribe spelling that fatal word hesitancy.

Mr. Gould, as usual, is inimitable when he deals with Mr. Chamberlain, or, as he is called, Sir Joseph de Birmingham. He appears in many different guises.



[From Froissart's Modern Chronicles.

Sir Joseph de Birmingham demandeth places for his son and others.

On the cover he appears as a knight on his charger riding after the British lion; in another place, in his shirt, holding a waxen taper, he is presented when he formally renounces his Radicalism. The story tells how—

"Sir Joseph de Birmingham went privily to Hatfield, where abode my Lord of Salisbury, and prepared himself to be received into the right noble company of the Blues by watching for a night, clad only in his smock, and with a taper in his hand, in the Chapel of Hatfield, and there he kept vigil.

"My Lord of Salisbury would have had him doff even his smock, but he refused, saying that it behoved him for decency to keep his last garment, which was but a thin partition.

"And the next morning after his vigil the noble lords assembled and clothed him with beautiful raiment of many colours, and a blue velvet robe, saying to him, 'You are now one of us.'

"And Sir Joseph de Birmingham was mightily pleased when he sat down with the nobility, clergy and gentry. 'Of a truth,' quoth he, 'I am now one of the Gentlemen of England.'

When the Ministry came to be formed, Joseph claimed his reward, and we have in a clever little sketch a picture of Sir Joseph de Birmingham demanding place and office for his son, Mr. Jesse Collings, and Mr. Powell Williams.

The stories of the Jameson Raid and of the South African Enquiry afford themes admirably suited to Mr. Gould's facile pencil. It would be difficult to imagine a cleverer cartoon than the little picture of the Lord Chief Justice Russell charging a jury. But even better than this are the two cartoons in which Mr. Rhodes is confronted with Mr. Chamberlain, when Sir Joseph de Birmingham and Sir Cecil de Kimberley converse, and Sir Cecil tells Sir Joseph—

"Sir, of a truth it behoveth you not to be so reproachful, for it is your apple-cart as well as mine that hath been put in peril, and we be both in the same plight, seeing that neither you nor I had foreknowledge of the enterprise. Let us rather have pity for each, for we be both in the same boat."

Then these two looked one at the other and sorely mused, for neither knew how much the other did not know.

Then the story of the South African Committee is described in the cartoon, "How Sir Cecil de Kimberley spoke to the Noble Knights and Esquires in the Council Chamber at Westminster"—

And in truth he overbore them so that it was a wonder to all beholders, for it seemed as if it were Sir Cecil who was making enquiry upon the Committee, rather than that he himself was being judged.

As for the proceedings of the Committee, Mr. Gould says:—

I will content myself with saying that the noble knights and esquires showed such marvellous respect for confidences that



[From Froissart's Modern Chronicles

"Protesters."

they recoiled back whensoever they came near to finding out anything that was hidden. Those things that were obvious they examined closely, but by great subtlety they avoided that which was obscure. Thus they saved themselves from doing injustice to or compromising any man.

The whole volume is full of similar specimens of Mr. Gould's dry humour. Mr. Gould has also ventured into a new field in his caricature of two Protesters, the Rev. H. P. Hughes and the Rev. Dr. Parker, both of whom lifted up hands of holy horror against a racing Prime Minister. It is to be hoped that this first essay of Mr. Gould's in a new field will be so successful as to lead to the publication of a Froissart Annual, treating the events of the year in similar fashion. No one could do it better.

THE LAST DAYS OF PEKIN.*

FROM A FRENCH STANDPOINT.

PERHAPS there is no other living writer endowed in so supreme a degree as Pierre Loti with the gift of delicate word-painting. Certainly no one else has been able so vividly to present the scenes which occurred during those "last days of Peking" after the insurrection of 1900, and before the departure of the Allied troops. Nothing else seems so to bring a living picture of Peking before the reader's eyes—Peking with its marvellous forbidden Palaces, its tombs of 'long-dead Emperors, all for the first time displayed to sacrilegious crowds of pillaging "barbarians," and Peking with its streets in desolation and ruins, festering corpses lying everywhere around, the horrible crows cawing around, and the still more horrible dogs, "engraissés de chair humaine."

As first aide-de-camp of Vice-Admiral Pottier, Loti found himself on October 3rd, 1900, in the Gulf of Pechili. He left the Gulf to proceed up the Pei-ho with its "muddy and infected waters in which floated all sorts of filth and uncleanness, . . . human corpses and the bodies of animals." The journey seemed interminable. At last:—

"Pekin," said one of my companions to me suddenly, pointing out a terrible dark mass, which had just risen above some trees, an embattled dungeon of superhuman proportions. . . . The wall of Peking crushes us—a giant thing, Babylonian in appearance, something intensely black in the dead light of a snowy autumn morning. . . . Not a passer-by as we approach the city, not one. And not a blade of grass all along the walls; the ground cracked, dusty, sinister as ashes, with rags of clothing lying about, bones, a skull. And from each of the black battlements a crow posted there salutes us as we pass with its deathly cawing.

In Peking Loti spent his time in the Forbidden City—in the "Violet City"—near the famous Lotus Lake, by which day after day lay unburied half-devoured corpses. He lived in one of the Imperial Palaces, in the midst of ageless and priceless things, of impossible screens, five-clawed dragons, amongst yellow silk, sculptured ebonyes, carpets thick as cushions, matchless porcelains.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

There is not much said about looting; it is assumed as a matter of course. Dark hints are from time to time thrown out as to the misconduct of certain troops, but which troops is never specified. Certainly, in Loti's view, the troops who most fraternised with the Chinese, who most won their confidence, were the French. Of the French, at least, the Chinese had no fear. Their little children rode about on the French Zouaves' shoulders; order was restored in the French quarter sooner than in any other. Some of the Chinese merchants made statuettes representing the soldiers of the various European nations, some (not named) with ferocious countenances and whips uplifted to strike, but the French always tenderly carrying about Chinese children. All these statuettes, except the French, were promptly suppressed.

OTHER SCENES.

It is impossible to speak of all the scenes depicted in this most realistic book. In its pages figures Count Waldersee, whom the French author admired; in them he describes the mournful funeral of Colonel Schwarzhoff—burnt to death in one of the palaces; his visit across China to the tombs of the ancient Emperors, never before visible; in them appears the enigmatic Li Hung Chang, then dwelling in an old dilapidated house in a wretched alley, and affecting extreme poverty.

* "Les Derniers Jours de Pékin," by Lieutenant Viaud (Pierre Loti). Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1902. Pp. 464. Price 2 fr. 50.

SIR W. BESANT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is too frequently a caricature rather than a likeness. This is not so in the case of Sir Walter Besant, whose autobiography has now been published with a prefatory note by S. Squire Sprigge (Hutchinson, 16s. net). It is a true portrait of the man, drawn with a modesty equally characteristic and pleasing in these days when that virtue in a popular novelist possesses something of the charm of novelty. Few men could truthfully pen at the close of a strenuous life such a summary as that with which Sir Walter Besant ends his autobiography :—

All that life has to give, or that fortune chooses to give, has been already given. The love of woman; of wife and children; the allotted measure of success; the joy of work; the joy of struggle; the joy of victory; the love of friends who had gone before and of friends who are left; the reputation, whatever it may be—all these things have been received and enjoyed; and with them the piled-up hatreds and revenges of the baser sort.

Before Sir Walter began his career as an author and a writer of fiction he had served his apprenticeship in the school of life as a professor for six and a half years at a college in the island of Mauritius. The secretaryship of the Palestine Exploration Fund enabled him to start life again in London at the age of thirty-one. It was not till eighteen years later that he regarded his position as an author sufficiently assured to justify him in relinquishing this post. For those who wish to follow in his footsteps Sir Walter lays down the following maxims.

1. I was not dependent on literature. I could spend time on my work.
2. I began by producing a book on the subject on which I desired to be considered a specialist. The work had a *succès d'estime*, and in a sense made my literary fortune.
3. This book opened the doors for me of magazines and reviews.
4. The knowledge of French matters also opened the door of the daily Press to me.
5. I followed up the line by a second book on the same subject.

In 1868 Sir Walter Besant made the acquaintance of James Rice. Together they wrote "Ready-Money Mortiboy," "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," and many others that have become household words wherever the English language is spoken. Sir Walter throws very little light upon the working or method of their literary partnership. Nor does he favour collaboration in fiction. On the contrary, his opinion was decidedly against it :—

An artist must necessarily stand alone. If two men work together, the result must inevitably bear the appearance of one man's work; the style must be the same throughout; the two men must be rolled into one; each must be loyal to the other; neither can be held responsible for plot, incident, character, or dialogue. There will come a time when both men fret under the condition; when each desires, but is not able, to enjoy the reputation of his own good work; and feels, with the jealousy natural to an artist, irritated by the loss of half of himself and ready to accept the responsibility of failure in order to make sure of the meed of success.

When the partnership was dissolved by Rice's death, Sir Walter went on producing his novel a year with the same unflinching regularity. He was by nature untiringly industrious. He was not happy when he was not working, and he never idled away an afternoon in gossip or pottering about a garden. Success in almost too ample abundance crowned the last eighteen years of his life. He was always engaged three years in advance, and had the offer of a great deal more work than he could possibly undertake. But he enjoyed in full measure the golden reward which success brings to a novelist.

THE GHOST OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN.*

THIS is an ambitious book in more senses than one. The anonymous work entitled "An Englishwoman's Love-letters" was the talk of society last year, partly owing to the mystery of the authorship, and partly to the unreserve and abandon of the Englishwoman herself. The Englishwoman who wrote the love-letters in the original book is supposed to have died, leaving the mystery unexplained as to why her love should have been forlorn. The idea occurred to Mr. de Lisle to write a book as a kind of sequel to the "Englishwoman's Love-letters," which would explain what kind of person was the writer of these love-letters, account for the unexplained barrier which rendered her marriage impossible, and by way of bringing matters to a pleasant ending, raise her from the dead, and let her marry her lover and be happy ever afterwards. The book is clever, not altogether pleasant in portions, but the idea is very ingeniously worked out. It is hardly fair to give away the secret of this sequel to the Love-letters, but it may be said that the obstacle to the happiness of the Englishwoman was the mistaken belief, suddenly impressed on her mind, that she had married her own half-brother—a belief which, after inflicting infinite misery upon all concerned, is discovered to be a delusion. The death of the Englishwoman is also satisfactorily explained. She only died for literary effect, and she duly reappears on the scene in the last chapter, much to the delight of her husband, who was on the point of committing suicide in sheer despair for her loss. The book is clever, but risky, and some of the suggestions are distinctly strong.

LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

MRS. TOOLEY'S beautifully illustrated biography of Queen Alexandra (Hodder and Stoughton) is sure to find a warm welcome from many readers. She has accomplished a rather difficult task with a woman's tact and delicacy, and has arranged such materials as she has been able to command in an attractive narrative. She does not tell us much that is new, nor does she attempt to penetrate the privacy which still surrounds the lives of Royal personages. Her task has been a humbler, but not less useful, one. She has collected the numerous stories about the Queen that at one time or another have been in circulation or in print. The assistance she has received from those in a position to know more than they tell has been in the direction of sifting existing material rather than of adding to it. Mrs. Tooley, however, enables us to catch many glimpses of the life of the woman beneath the veil of the queen. It is precisely because Queen Alexandra has never allowed her position to deaden her womanly sympathies or to chill her kindly feelings that she has won so warm a place in the hearts of the people. How she gained her popularity is made amply plain in Mrs. Tooley's pages. They are filled with instances of the Queen's kindly actions and considerate words, quietly performed and tactfully spoken. There is hardly a page without its anecdote illustrating Queen Alexandra's thoughtfulness for others, her faithfulness to her friends, and her generosity to the sick, the outcast and the forlorn. It is a charming picture of the simplicity of the home of her girlhood, of her girlish delight at the rich dresses and costly jewels and general admiration which became her portion when she married the heir to the English throne, and of her woman's life of gentle deeds and winning sympathy.

* "The Ghost of an Englishwoman." By John de Lisle. (John Fletcher: Exeter.) Price 6s.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

WE are a curiously unimaginative race. With a history that teems with romantic incidents and striking events, we pay scant attention either to its study or to the preservation of those monuments which link us to these memories of them. The Tower of London is the most precious of all the historic monuments that we possess. And yet the Tower is comparatively neglected by the sightseer; no attempt is made to transform it into an historical exhibition; and no voice is raised in protest when the authorities erect in its very centre a hideous building which violates every canon of good taste.

Lord Ronald Gower, in his two sumptuously illustrated volumes on "The Tower of London" (George Bell, 42s.) can scarcely relate, with a thrifty use of detail, all the many and varied events which have been transacted within this fortress. For seven hundred years it was the centre of English political life, the pivot round which English history revolved, from the days of William the Conqueror to those of the second George. It has been the great stronghold of the kingdom, where monarchs have sought refuge. It has been a royal palace where kings and queens have lived and feasted, and from whence they were accustomed, until the reign of Charles II., to set forth on their way to Westminster Abbey for Coronation. It has been for many centuries, and these the most picturesque and interesting of our history, the national prison-house for political offenders. Within the Tower the Royal Courts of Justice have been held, the Mint has been set up, the records have been kept, and the regalia have been housed.

In Lord Ronald Gower's finely illustrated pages will be found brief records of true stories infinitely stranger than fiction. From the night when Bishop Flambard lowered himself from the window of the White Tower by the aid of a rope concealed in a flagon of wine, to the day when Lord Lovat painfully ascended the scaffold on Tower Hill, each year added a new tale of sorrow, misery, horror, or of dauntless courage and fortitude to the annals of the Tower. Captive sovereigns from Scotland, Wales and France were imprisoned within its towers. English monarchs were murdered in its dungeons. English queens perished on its scaffolds. Richard II. was deposed in the White Tower, Richard III. carried out his *coup d'état* in the great Council Chamber; Lady Jane Grey reigned for nine days as queen within the Tower; Elizabeth was confined as a prisoner within its walls; the Duke of Monmouth spent his last agonising days in a chamber of the Tower. Martyrs like Lord Cobham and Anne Askew, conspirators like Wyatt and Guy Fawkes, impostors like Perkin Warbeck, patriots like Eliot, and Russell and Sydney, favourites like Essex, and statesmen and divines like Thomas Cromwell, More, Bishop Fisher, Rayleigh, Laud, Strafford, and the execrated Jeffreys, have all suffered and died within the precincts of this famous prison. Many of them lie in immortal graves in the plain little chapel of the Tower, which contains more famous names on its burial roll than any other sacred edifice except the Abbey.

That the Tower should have been so long neglected, and that all that is of greatest interest should be excluded from public view, is nothing short of a disgrace. It is the most magnificent historic object-lesson which we possess, and if Lord Ronald Gower's book should do something to impress this on the public mind, his industry will not have been labour in vain.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

COMING events casting their shadows before the Coronation are producing a goodly number of books devoted to the ceremony of next June. Not to be behindhand, the publisher of "Books for the Bairns" is bringing out three Coronation numbers. The first double number that has ever been published in this series, which has now been running for nearly six years, is a portrait gallery and story-book of the Kings and Queens of England. Most of the portraits of the latest Kings and Queens have been specially drawn from those in the National Portrait Gallery, and without any attempt to write a history of England, each portrait is accompanied by a page of letter-press which aims at either telling an interesting anecdote or bringing into clear relief the chief characteristic of the reign. The page devoted to George III. may interest some of our readers as illustrating how it is that the formation of the United States of the English-speaking world is no longer regarded as treasonable by British patriots:—

GEORGE III.

In the eighteenth century there were born two boys, both of whom were christened George, in the lands ruled by English Kings. One was born of German parents; he married a German wife, and all his life he was German in his ideas. He was George, the grandson of George II., who came to the British throne in 1760. The other boy was born in the British Colonies in America. He was of good English family, he had a good English education, he became a gallant officer in the British army, and he was all his life full of the English ideas of liberty, independence, and self-government. The name of this George was Washington. He was the greatest Englishman born in the eighteenth century, and he was not the less an Englishman because he was born in the British colonies of America.

The two boys grew up to be men. The German George was King of Britain; the English George was one of his loyal American subjects. The King, who was obstinate and proud, and who had Ministers who were false to English ideas of liberty, said that they would compel the American colonists to pay taxes without asking their consent. Now, to make a man pay taxes without his leave is tyranny. The German George said he would make the Americans pay. Britain was strong. The American colonists were only a handful of wretched farmers. He would send his army and make them pay. But the English George, whom we know as Washington, and most of the other British subjects in the American Colonies, said that they were too true to English liberty to pay taxes to which they had not consented. So when the King sent them taxed tea they threw the tea into Boston Harbour, and when he sent his soldiers they stood up against them and fought them. At first they were beaten. But they were true English, these American-English; they did not know when they were beaten. They went on fighting against all the King's armies, and often defeated them.

Then the German King George sent over to Germany and brought German troops to fight against the Americans, who had only asked to live free as their English ancestors had done, to make their own laws, and levy their own taxes.

The English in England obeyed their stubborn King George, although all their ablest and wisest statesmen—Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Burke—were opposed to the war. At last the German George was beaten, and the English principles triumphed when George Washington became first President of the American Republic. But we lost America and America lost Britain.

Those who have charge of the distribution of souvenirs to children of this Coronation might do worse than distribute this little book of English Kings and Queens to the juveniles, who at present seem to be doomed to receive nothing but Coronation medals and Coronation mugs. The medal and the mug are all very well, but this little book will probably do more to interest them in the English past history than either medal or mug.

Wake Up! John Bull.

An Illustrated Supplement to the "Review of Reviews."

No. 10.]

Issued as an integral part of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS of April 10, 1902.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TOBACCO WAR.

THE opening of the great Tobacco War has had at least one good effect. In the first place it has helped as much as anything that has occurred of late to wake up John Bull, and in the second place it has afforded that excellent gentleman a most useful lesson as to how not to do it. Anything more fatuous than the method adopted by the Imperial Tobacco Company in order to ward off the threatened American invasion could hardly be imagined. The contest is a very pretty one, and its development is being watched with the greatest interest throughout the country. In trade duels, as in combats between individuals, there is a great deal in the first opening. The Imperial Tobacco Company standing on the defensive in favour of the great principle of freedom of trade, and a protest against what is supposed to be the American method of boycott and monopoly, blundered in the most heedless manner in their opening move. They began by issuing a circular to the 34,000 retailers who were already sore at the alliance made between the Imperial Company and their great competitors Messrs. Salmon and Gluckstein, asking them to sign an undertaking refusing to sell any of the tobaccos supplied by the American Company which bought up Ogdens. In order to induce them to boycott the American Company's tobacco the Imperial Tobacco Company offered the retailers to divide among them a sum of £50,000 next November, and afterwards to distribute 20 per cent. of their net profits after paying the dividends of the debenture and shareholders. While the retailers were considering what they would do with this demand, which they regarded with considerable suspicion, they were dazzled by a counterstroke delivered by the American Company which promised them a bonus of £200,000 a year for the next four years in addition to the whole of the profits made by the company during that period. This offer of a free gift of well on to a million sterling was limited by only one condition, namely, that they would not sign the circular of the Imperial Tobacco Company boycotting American goods. The retailer was offered a million sterling in order to go on doing as he had done before. He would be perfectly free to sell the Imperial Company's goods and to buy his tobacco wherever he pleased. All that was asked of him was that he should not consent to boycott the goods of the Imperial Tobacco Company.

The offer took away the breath of those to whom it was addressed. It was a knock-down blow for the Imperial Tobacco Company, and that it was so felt was shown by the immediate withdrawal of their original demand, and the substitution for it of a modified boycott. The retailers were not asked to refuse to deal with the American Tobacco Company, but merely to refrain from displaying their goods in their windows. This, however, was felt to be a very weak shuffle to get out of an intolerable position.

So far the American invaders have won easily, and Mr. Duke must be laughing in his sleeve at the clumsy stupidity with which the Imperialists endeavoured to thwart his invasion. Not even in his most sanguine moments could he have hoped that his adversaries would have allowed him to pose before the retail trade as the champion of Free Trade and the opponent of the introduction of the principles of the boycott and monopoly. That the American Trust has no hesitation in employing those methods is notorious. They are at this moment endeavouring to enforce the principle of exclusive dealing in Canada with such severity that the Canadians are crying out for legislative protection. But what they are doing in Canada in no way affects the offer which they are able to make to the British tobaccoist. The offer of the Imperial Tobacco Company of £50,000 a year looked handsome at first sight. But when you divide the £50,000 a year between 34,000 retailers it only yields them about 30s. a year, a very paltry mess of pottage for which to sell their birthright.

WAKE UP, MOTHER COUNTRY!

LORD ROSEBERY made a great speech at Glasgow, in which he impeached the Government for the neglect of those matters which most concern the welfare of the people and their efficiency in the world. Passing on to speak of the need for efficiency, he pointed out that the lack of efficiency was impairing the very foundations of our Empire:—

But what do I mean by "efficiency"? I will give you my definition. It is a condition of national fitness equal to the demands of our Empire—administrative, parliamentary, commercial, educational, physical, moral, naval, and military fitness, so that we should make the best of our admirable raw material. And, sir, this is a very pressing point. It is a pressing point of Empire as well as for our people. The other day I heard at the Guildhall the Prince of Wales make one of the most admirable and eloquent and one of the best delivered speeches that I ever heard in my life. (Cheers.) He stated the results of his visit to the Colonies, and what he said was this, that the feeling of the Colonies towards the Mother Country wherever he went was this: "Wake up, Mother Country"—(cheers)—the feeling that these young Britains of ours beyond the seas are watching with the keenest interest whether you are going to learn the lessons of the war or whether you are not. They know all about your remounts and your meat contracts. They are not blinded by the answers—they are not deceived by the answers of our Ministers in Parliament. They know all about the seamy side of the war, and what they are watching for is to know whether, when the war is over, you will be disposed to take your pleasure and go "Mafficking," or whether you are determined to learn the lessons of the war and to profit by them. On that question must largely depend the attitude of the King's great dominions beyond the seas. Whether they wish to come closer to you or whether they do not, they were in earnest in prosecuting this war. But I very much doubt if they are equally enthusiastic about its management and its direction.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT INSURANCE,
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN?

SOME CURIOUS AND INTERESTING LETTERS.

LAST month I published a challenge from an American correspondent, whose honour and good faith I had no reason to question, who declared himself ready to explain to all and sundry of my readers who were insured in old-fashioned British offices how much better off they would be if they transferred their policies to up-to-date insurance companies who had adopted all the latest American improvements. A considerable number of readers have availed themselves of his offer, and submitted their policies to him for examination. But in the middle of the month I was disagreeably surprised by the receipt of the following letter from Mr. Haldeman, which speaks for itself:—

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES: "TWISTING POLICIES."

MR. D. C. HALDEMAN, the General Manager in London of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, writes to me as follows from his head office in Cornhill:—

"My dear Sir,—A copy of the March issue of REVIEW OF REVIEWS was handed to me yesterday, and my attention was called to page 318, on which a letter appears signed 'Expert.' I was very much upset by this letter, more especially as, although the name of this company was not mentioned, we, being the largest life insurance company, and the only company issuing the particular form of policy referred to, could not fail to be identified, at least in the insurance world, with what I must stigmatise as a most pernicious practice, *i.e.*, 'twisting' policies.

"The statement that I would specially call attention to is the following: 'It is possible to obtain large money for the surrender of old policies, and for nearly the same annual premiums get new insurance for the same amount.'

"There is no foundation for such a statement, and it must mislead innocent people. A policy of old standing in a good company cannot be surrendered and a fresh one taken out with advantage to the insured; even in the company in which he is already a policy-holder it could not be done. I feel convinced, had you known all the bearings of the case, you would never have allowed such a letter to appear. It is the duty of every one connected with life insurance to maintain in its integrity the value to the public of life insurance *first*, and then by all honourable means possible to further the interests of their own company. I have tried to impress this upon my representatives on every occasion when I have come in contact with them.

"I ascertained this morning, to my great mortification, that 'Expert' is one of our recently appointed agents. In writing this article he has acted in direct violation both of my instructions and his contract. I have, therefore, summarily cancelled his contract, and from to-day's date he has no connection with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York."

I at once laid this communication before "Expert," whose reply follows:—

"Honoured Sir,—I have seen the printed proof of Mr. Haldeman's letter and in reply would ask you to insert the following:—

"I hereby affirm that before approaching you I had good and sufficient reason to believe that the publication of my letter would be approved at the head office of my employers. I have occupied the position of manager for a stronger American office than the Mutual Life for many years and in my opinion Mr. Haldeman is mistaken.

Why should a man who, under a misunderstanding or any other reason, entered into a wrong contract and paid a few pounds on account be obliged and advised to pay several hundreds more on the same contract and perhaps lose it all? There is, I am convinced, no manner of a doubt as to the superiority of the most recent American investment and insurance policies to all earlier policies of all other companies including both American and British. For I admit that in many instances it does not pay to hold on to old-fashioned American contracts any more than it does to British of the same brand.—I am, yours truly,
EXPERT."

On this latter point I have received another challenge, this time from an English expert. He writes to me as follows:—

REPLY TO THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE.

Sir,—In reply to the American "Insurance Man's" statements, I am prepared to prove that any American office that he can name can be beaten on its own ground by at least a dozen British insurance offices. This supposed expert would have your readers believe either that the laws of mortality are a changeable quantity or that they are not properly understood except in America, and that the rates of interest upon which premiums are based are capable of expansion at the will of those who would offer new attractions to the insuring public. What is frequently called "new" is but a dressing up of the old. Mortality and interest rates are among the most inflexible quantities to be met with. Moreover, there is no feature of advantage which the American offices offer which has not long ago been offered by established British life offices. What a life office can give to its assured beyond the protection depends very largely upon what it spends in procuring its business. Let your readers examine any of the standard publications, and see how large a part of their premiums are spent in getting the business placed on the American books. Money so spent is not available for bonuses. Once disbursed, it has gone beyond recall. The company that has not so used it is of course accumulating it, and the assured will benefit.

I apologise for taking up so much of your space, and will close by submitting a counter-challenge, which I trust you will do me the favour of inserting. I will ask your readers to send me the same particulars that they were asked to send to the American "Insurance Man," and I think I can undertake in each case to prove to the satisfaction of my correspondent that the American expert is wrong.—I am, yours truly, ANGLO-EXPERT.

P.S.—Letters in reply may be addressed to "Anglo-Expert," care of Editor, "Wake Up! John Bull," REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, 14, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In addition to the above communications, I received a letter from Mr. Seton Lindsay, General Manager of the New York Life Insurance Company, upholding Mr. Haldeman's view, and several letters from British experts accepting the American challenge. As the life offices of the world practically control the savings of the people, and being a large policy holder myself, I am more than ever interested in this challenge and hope that it will be looked into by all who seek for the truth. I will deal with the replies at my discretion and report the result in the columns of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. There is no doubt that American offices have cut in and carried off a very great deal of English business. Why is this? If "Anglo-Expert" is right there is no solid foundation for it. I should be glad to hear from representative men on both sides as to how the matter actually stands.

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 Maxwell, J. B. *A Passion for Gold* (Treherne) 6/0
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 Poynter, E. F. *Michael Ferrier* (Hutchinson) 6/0
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- Voxell, J. H., M.P. *The Girl from St. Agneta's: a Fantasia on a Fugue* (Ralph, Holland, and Co.) 3/6
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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 Airy, Reginald B. A. *Westminster. (Bell's Handbooks to Great Public Schools.)* Illustrated net 3/6
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 Patten, Simon N. *The Theory of Prosperity* (Macmillan) net 5/0
 Pendleton, John. *How to Succeed as a Journalist. ("How to" Series.)* (Richards) 3/6
 Roxburgh, T. L., and Jos. C. Ford. *The Handbook of Jamaica for 1902, comprising Historical, Statistical, and General Information concerning the Island* (Stanford) 7/6
 Skrine, J. H. *Pastor Agnorum: a Schoolmaster's Afterthoughts* (Longmans) net 5/0
 Story, Alfred Thomas. *Swiss Life in Town and Country*. Illustrated. (Newnes) net 3/6

The Ca' Canny Controversy.

ONE of the most interesting contributions to the discussion as to the limitation of output was supplied last month by Mr. J. C. Stewart, the able manager of the new structure of the British Westinghouse Electric Company at Trafford Park, Manchester. It will be remembered that the contributor to the *Times* impeached the policy of the Bricklayers' Union for restricting the laying of bricks to about 450 in a nine-hours' day. Mr. Stewart stated that the trades union, so far from offering opposition to his speeding up the labour of bricklayers in their works at Manchester, co-operated with them in the opposite direction. They had helped them to get good men, and on their part they had paid good wages. With this result:—

Mr. Stewart says:—"In the construction of the pattern-shop, where there are fewer openings in the walls than in any of the other buildings, our regular average was 1,800 bricks per man per day. The averages per man include face brick work. On common work we reached an average of 2,250 bricks per man per day."

Upon the brick chimney stack for the Mersey Tunnel power station at Birkenhead, Mr. Stewart reports an average per man per nine-hour day of 1,976 bricks.

"Assistance by up-to-date methods of handling bricks and mortar" is Mr. Stewart's explanation of the fast work, and he adds: "Our mortar is made much softer than that commonly used in England."

Munsey's Magazine for April is a very well got-up and well illustrated number. The number opens with an illustrated paper by Mr. Story on the etching work of M. Paul Helleu. Mr. S. M. Williams writes on Hapsburg Romances. There is the usual fiction and verse.

HOW THE WORLD TAKES AMERICANISATION.

MORE COMMENTS OF THE PRESS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

THE American reprint of "The Americanisation of the World," published in cloth at a dollar (Markley, New York), is now in a second edition.

A German edition of "The Americanisation of the World" has been published at Berlin (Heinemann).

Arrangements are now being made for its publication in French (by the Maison Juven), Spanish, and Russian.

Dr. Westermarck, the well-known Finnish scholar, writes me from Morocco :—

Though your ideas will undoubtedly meet with much opposition at present, I venture to believe that they, in the main, anticipate history. I am even optimistic enough to hope that in a still more distant future not only the Anglo-Saxon peoples, but all civilised nations will form a federation in which the rights of each will be duly respected. But we are far from that.

Mr. Frederic Carrel writes me from Paris :—

The book is a perfect mine of fact and observation, and is of truly documentary value as recording a phase of the world's history. I am strongly of your opinion that one of the main causes of America's success has been the republican régime with its freedom of initiative and absence of prejudice and pride of caste.

Mr. Novikoff, the well-known Russian peace advocate, writes to me from Odessa :—

I have read your Americanisation of the World with the greatest pleasure, but I don't agree with you about the need for a political alliance of the English-speaking world. Nobody will attack this world, and therefore it is useless to prepare defence against a foe which does not exist. Nevertheless, if that alliance were made it would be very useful to the world. It might, perhaps, induce the Continental Powers of Europe to make an alliance to counterbalance that of the English-speaking world.

General Turr, writing in the *Revue d'Orient* in a notice of "The Americanisation of the World," calls attention to the danger with which disunited Europe is menaced by the Anglo-Saxon race. This danger looms upon the horizon far off, but distinctly visible. "This Utopia of Mr. Stead's, of which I anticipate the realisation, will compel the realisation of that other Utopia which all ardently desire—the constitution of the United States of Europe."

At the Commercial Club, Chicago, Mr. Vanderlip, late Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, addressed a meeting of leading citizens on Mr. Stead's idea, "The Americanisation of the World." At St. George's Hall, Wimbledon, on March 19, Mr. Stead opened a discussion of the "Americanisation of the World," which book had been selected for study by the Reading Guild.

The newspaper and review notices which arrive overstrain the linguistic resources of our office. French, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian we can manage. But when reviews arrive in Tcheck, Finnish, Polish, and Roumanian, we are perforce content to note that they have appeared, and remain in ignorance of their contents.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

As we anticipated, the Colonial and Indian papers resent somewhat indignantly the suggestion that they may some day find a berth beneath the Stars and Stripes. Some are simply abusive, others argumentatively hostile, but it is evident that the book is "giving them furiously to think" concerning a possible contingency they had hitherto refused to face.

The *Times of India* regrets that a tendency on the part of its author to inspect other nations through a magnifying glass, and his own through the wrong end of a telescope, spoils what would otherwise have been a valuable contribution to the literature of the day which attempts to foreshadow the future :—

It is a mistake to underestimate the competition of the United States, especially in industrial matters. But there is still a good deal of the earth left over which the Stars and Stripes do not float; and despite Mr. Stead's ravings, the dispassionate reader will still be left with some faith in the future of the British, and some belief in the continued loyalty of the Colonies.

The *Montreal Herald* notes with satisfaction the unqualified testimonial which Mr. Stead gives the Canadians for loyalty, and recognises the care with which his argument is worked out as to the probable influence of economic conditions. The *Montreal Star* ridicules Mr. Stead and his prophecies. It says :—

We Canadians are, perhaps, a little sick of this "inevitable destiny" business. All the way up the breezy hill-side of our development, faint hearts have been whispering it to us. Year by year we have heard it as we have pushed by threatening crises in our history and reached wider fields and surer footing.

The *Toronto Mail and Empire* is very angry at Mr. Stead's "meanness" in mentioning the fact that Mr. Dryden, the Ontario Minister of Agriculture, has invested his money in Dakota, and declares that for every untrue Canadian thus annexed by the United States Canada will annex thousands of Americans who are now trooping into Manitoba.

Another Canadian Exchange objects to the purely selfish considerations which Mr. Stead believes will determine the ultimate destiny of Canada. Yet there is sufficient truth in his observations to give his words a sting. At present, however, even on selfish grounds—

The Colonists have reason for their loyalty, in that they have always gained far more through their connection with the Empire than they contributed towards its maintenance.

The *Toronto Globe* says :—

The English-speaking peoples of the world may, and probably will, finally be welded together in some way, but the Briton who suggests that the union should be effected by the effacement of Great Britain is a contemptible poltroon.

The *West British-American*, a Canadian paper published at Chicago, is very angry with Mr. Stead for his "absurd bunkum." It declares that—

annexation, on the lines mapped out by Mr. Stead, is an insult that could not possibly emanate from any but a perverted brain and a mind that has lost its proper grasp of affairs of international concern.

The *City of Mexico Herald*, in a humorous article, says that—

the only way in which this big democratic power can be tamed, rendered innocuous, seems to be to Europeanise the Americans. Thanks to the new appetite of the Newport-Tuxedo set for titles, and those distinctions only obtainable in monarchical countries, it is possible that the restless young giant of the

West may be presentable in Old World drawing-rooms, and taught to conform to the old etiquette. One must compliment the astuteness of Europe, which is carrying out the idea of Napoleon, who said he had only to decorate a Republican to make him a Royal Imperialist! Cosmopolitanism, which comes with wealth and travel and international marriages, is an insidious disease.

THE OLD WORLD.

The comments of the Continental journals are most interesting.

The *Hamburger Nachrichten* is irate. It begins by calling Mr. Stead a prophet of the coarsest calibre and a dreamer about the future such as has hardly before existed, and concludes by expressing inability to decide whether he is a bad logician or a lamentable hypocrite—the latter on account of the last chapter in the book. As to the main thesis of the book, the *Nachrichten* thinks it deserves careful consideration, especially as Mr. Stead is always careful to have a firm ground of fact under his feet. It disbelieves in the reunion of the English-speaking race:—

The deep-rooted pride and profound self-consciousness of Britisners will never tolerate for a moment such a humiliation of "Old Merry England." Another weak point in the pamphlet is that far too little importance is attached to the rest of the world which does not speak English, and its power of resistance is greatly underrated, and that, blinded by his imagination, Mr. Stead assumes that Russia, France, Germany, and consequently also Austria-Hungary and Italy, would stand calmly by and watch such a remodelling of the world, and obediently submit to being pushed aside themselves. Imagine our noble mother tongue, the elegant French language, the musical Italian, the widely spread Slav dialects, all doomed to decay, to be gradually swallowed up by the ugly, more chewed than spoken, English! What a cheerless prospect for mankind. But on this point Mr. Stead, despite his comparative freedom from prejudices, is an Englishman of the deepest dye, for he also speaks in the preface of the "providential mission" with which the English-speaking race is entrusted, that is, ensuring the peace of the world by means of an enlarged United States.

The London correspondent of the *Hanoversche Zeitung*, the *Magdeburgische Zeitung*, and other papers devoted about three-quarters of a column to summarising the thesis of "the New Year's sermon," which Mr. Stead "in his well-known drastic fashion, and with a melodramatic use of the sharpest contrasts, has dedicated to his countrymen as an unwelcome present for 1902." In conclusion, the correspondent remarks that however bitterly people have railed against the pro-Boers of late, there is here no lack of imagination nor skill in present-ing facts.

The London correspondent of *Vorwärts*, while complimenting the author on his comprehensive grasp of the subject of America's growing power, and especially his treatment of Germany's attitude to the United States, remarks that as yet the thought of reunion is all "music of the future," and if negotiations to any such end really took place between England and the States, Germany and Ireland ought to have something to say, and a good deal, too. "Home Rule will have first to be settled to the satisfaction of the Irish, and the Irish element in America is very important. Also an honourable peace would be first necessary between England and Germany, to set at rest the German elements in the United States. A permanent understanding between London and Washington can only come about *vis à Dublin and Berlin*."

The *Mannheim Landes-Zeitung's* London correspondent, writing on England and the American danger, says the realisation of Mr. Stead's idea would be "altogether horrible"—

In spite of all the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, a wholly

Anglicised world would be a horror. Mr. Stead seems convinced that an irresistible Anglo-Saxon world-Empire, dominating everything, would make its power felt in an unselfish, wise, and humanitarian way; and all the time he himself, from being a known pro-Boer, is hardly safe in the London streets from the patriotic mob. . . . The president of Mr. Stead's Anglo-Saxon United States would one day fall on Germany, France, Russia, Italy, etc., as Rhodes and Chamberlain fell on the Boer States, in order to fulfil that mission of the Anglicisation of the world which, in the opinion of every Anglo-Saxon, has been specially intended by Providence for his race.

In *Les Quatre Langues* (February 20), under the title of "The World for the Americans," Mons. A. Vincent, in a vivacious article, writes very sympathetically of what he calls "a passionately interesting book," written by one of those servants of humanity whom she requites with ingratitude, and sometimes with abuse, although honouring them later—too late, alas! What is to be said of such a coalition of England and America, M. Vincent asks:—

What will become of European industry, already so dangerously hit by the power of England and America, but still profiting by their competition? Will it resort to force? But the English and American Navies would be mistress of the sea. There will be nothing for it, I fear, but to bow before the accomplished fact. But what perturbations, what crises must come! What will become of the nationalities which arrived so painfully at their formation at the end of the nineteenth century, and in particular what will become of France? Ah! Mr. Stead, we shall never be able to resign ourselves to witnessing our own disappearance! What is going to become of us? You are not one of those who, with a light heart, would see disappear—with its traditions, its language, its generous ideal, the nation which of all others has contributed to the freeing of the American nation—these future masters of the world.

M. Vincent concludes by remarking that "even those who find weak points in the arguments, who would refuse to admit his forecasts, could not help admiring with us the generous spirit animating this new prophet."

L'Impartial (Chaux de Fonds), the *Gazette de Lausanne*, the *Tribune de Geneva*, *L'Express* of Mulhouse, and other papers supplied by a news syndicate, publish long articles on "The Americanisation of the World." They summarise the contents of the book, but confine their criticisms chiefly to its South African chapter. The writer says:—

The speculative structure of the English writer will seem incomparably less solid the more it contemplates the future, while the story of the Napoleon of the Cape is bound to furnish an adequate explanation of the past. It was, nevertheless, not without interest to publish it, to show up clearly the weak points of a thesis presented with a positively bewitching *endiabli* attractiveness, and much talent, but which loses decidedly by being examined more closely.

Of the Italian papers, *Rivista Politica e Letteraria* says:—

In a word Mr. Stead gives a glance into the future, and with a faith largely compounded of desire sees, in early progress if not in full accomplishment, that union which promises so many advantages for the Anglo-Saxon race and for the world's peace.

La Lombardia (Milan) asks:—

Does Mr. Stead consider the English Crown capable of submitting itself to the bourgeois hegemony which governs the White House? We doubt it. What, however, we hold for certain is that, with or without the opinion of the Crown, the English are fatally called to re-cast themselves with the Anglo-Saxons of America, in the same way as must happen to their racial brethren speaking the German tongues. . . . For the rest we have no cause to fear the American race, the race of races. Its triumph would only mean the triumph of our own best elements.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

THE CORONATION—HOW TO SEE THE PROCESSIONS AND THE REVIEW.

LONDON is just beginning to wake up to the fact that on June 26th next the capital of Great Britain and Ireland and of all the Britains beyond the seas will be the scene of a ceremony of unexampled splendour and of more than regal magnificence. There have been many coronations of British kings in the thousand years and more of our history, but this is the first coronation that has taken place since the British Empire, as we now know it, has come into existence.

Even in ancient times there was an attempt to represent the coronation of a British king as signifying more than the coronation of a king of these small islands. So thoroughly did our forefathers believe in representing the idea of over-sea dominion at the coronation of their sovereigns, that when King George I. was crowned, not only was he crowned King of France as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, but in proof of his right a couple of players representing the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy,

from reign to reign until it has now reached a point never to be surpassed. Some curious information on this point is given in William Jones's interesting and elaborate work on "Crowns and Coronations" (Chatto and Windus). The price of a good place at the coronation of Edward I. was half of a farthing, or one-eighth of a penny. The lowest price was that for seeing the coronation of William the Conqueror and his son Rufus, but the titles of the rude coins then in use are unintelligible nowadays. It was not until the reign of Edward I. that the money paid was expressed in terms which have some resemblance to modern currency. In reading the story of the progressive increase in the price of seats at the coronation, one is reminded of the familiar arithmetical problem as to the cost of shoeing a horse. If you pay one farthing for the first nail, and two for the second, and so on, doubling every time, it is something like the price of coronation seats, which have gone up almost in the same ratio.

For instance, we start at Edward I. with the price at one-eighth of a penny; under Edward II. a seat cost a farthing; under Edward III., a halfpenny; under Richard II., a penny. Possibly owing to the disturbed state of the realm, on the accession of Henry IV. prices at his coronation ruled the same as for his predecessor. But when the fifth Harry was crowned prices had risen to 2d., which figure remained without alteration through the whole of the time of the Wars of the Roses; and when the crown found in the hawthorn-bush at the battle of Bosworth Field was placed upon the head of Henry Tudor, the quotations for seats still remained at 2d. When Henry VIII. came to the throne, the prices had gone double, and the great quotation unaltered until the accession of Queen Elizabeth, when it rose to sixpence. The prosperity of her long-continued and glorious reign had its effect upon the coronation of her successor, for the price of seats at the coronation of the first two Stuart kings was one shilling. The greatest increase of all, however, took place at the Restoration, when the exuberant enthusiasm roused by the re-establishment of the ancient monarchy forced up quotations to half-a-crown, at which they remained until the accession of William and Mary, when, perhaps because of the double event of the Restoration, the price advanced to five shillings, and remained at that figure until the time of George II., when the current quotation was 10s. 6d.

It is improbable that these prices secured entrance to the Abbey itself, although there is some doubt upon that point. When George III. was crowned, it is specifically mentioned that the front seats in the galleries of the Abbey were let at ten guineas each. It was in the reign of the Third George that the business of letting seats and windows first seems to have assumed importance. At that time it is stated that the price of a seat in ordinary houses commanding a view of the procession ran from one to five guineas. One small house in Coronation Row is said to have secured the sum of £700, and some large houses are quoted at £1,000. The stands erected along the line of route were then known as Coronation theatres. They were large temporary erections, which contained from 1,200 to 1,500 seats, all let at high prices.

In the time of George IV. stands or pavilions were erected along the whole line of the procession. The price varied from two to five guineas for a single seat.



Queen Elizabeth in her Coach at her Coronation.

(By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan, from Green's "History Illustrated.")

wearing crimson velvet mantles, furred with minever and powdered with ermine, each holding in his hand a cap of cloth-of-gold, did homage to the King as if they had been peers of the realm. There is no need at the present coronation to hire actors to personate defunct sovereigns. The great difficulty is to provide adequate accommodation for the representatives of the great commonwealths of British origin owing fealty to the British King, who are even now making preparations to do homage at the great ceremonial.

Not for sixty years and more has the world witnessed a British coronation. In that time such a transformation has been wrought both in the King's realm and in the dependencies and appurtenances thereof, that the event is naturally attracting daily increasing curiosity and interest all over the world. We hear even now of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of booking berths on steamers from the remotest parts of South America where the British flag is not flying, but where multitudes of colonists of British birth have decided to make the pilgrimage to the great central temple of their race, to witness for the first and last time the coronation of the hereditary head of their empire.

The popularity of the coronation has gradually grown

Long Procession. ----- Short Procession.
DR. HENRY S. LUNN'S SKETCH MAP OF CENTRAL LONDON.

Long Procession.
Short Procession.

DR HENRY S. LUNN'S SKETCH MAP OF CENTRAL LONDON.



1. Dr. Henry S. Lunn's Head Office, 2. Dr. Henry S. Lunn's 47, St. Paul's Churchyard, 3. Messrs. Blundell and Sons, 157, Chapside, 4. Messrs. Chas. Baker and Co., 41, Ludgate Hill, 5. M. Brough Road S.E., 6. Cannon Road, 7. Messrs. Corby, Palmer, and Stewart, 39, 40, and 41, St. Paul's Churchyard, 8. The Borough Polytechnic Institute, 9. The Sanctuary, Westminster, 10. Messrs. Samuel Bros., Ludgate Hill, 11. Messrs. Philips, Fleet Street, 12. London News Agency, Limited, 46, Fleet Street, 13. The Surgery, Westminster Bridge Road, 14. Suchard's Offices, King William Street.

At the coronation of Queen Victoria an immense number of persons were accommodated in erections put up in the vacant ground close to the Abbey, where you could get a seat at the very moderate price of from 10s. to 30s. The prices at the galleries in front of Westminster Hospital were put up at one guinea, but they rose to two guineas premium.

From a rapid survey of the history of prices in connection with the coronations, it is evident that, although the power of our monarchs has waned, the popularity of a coronation as a great spectacle has steadily increased, and it is impossible to calculate the full extent of the popularity of the present ceremony.

We must remember that this is the first occasion on which the railway and steamships have rendered it possible for the dwellers not only in distant provinces, but in the remotest parts of the Empire, to attend the coronation with less trouble and expense than was possible for our forefathers to come up to town to witness the coronation of Queen Victoria. Not only is it sixty years since there has been a coronation in England, but never before has such a population been summoned to attend the solemn consecration of its monarch. When Queen Victoria was crowned, the number of her white-skinned subjects was not more than about twenty-five millions. King Edward reigns over more than twice that number. We have, therefore, twice as large a population to draw upon, and a thousandfold greater facilities for concentrating upon one spot. A mere consideration of these obvious and indisputable facts convinces everyone that the run on seats to see the greatest show on earth will be absolutely without precedent.

This may be said without taking any account of the American contingent. Sixty years ago American visitors to the Coronation were few and far between. This year they will come in thousands and tens of thousands, for those who are talking about the Americans being kept from witnessing one of the great events of contemporary history, merely because of increased steamer fares or heavy hotel bills, are singularly ignorant of the American character and American resources. We may take it then that all previous precedents will be outdone, that the attendance at the Coronation in June will be far in excess of anything that has ever before been witnessed in London. The police authorities had to handle pretty considerable crowds in London in 1887 on the occasion of the first Jubilee; in 1897, on the occasion of the second Jubilee; and again in 1901, on the occasion of the funeral of the good Queen. But none of these events will compare, as pageants, with the approaching Coronation.

Yet, although these facts stare one in the face, it is somewhat astonishing to know how slowly even those along the line of route are waking up to a perception of the possibilities of revenue which the British Constitution, for the first time for sixty years, has placed within their reach. One man, and one man almost alone, in London has been thoroughly alive to the necessity for preparing for the immense influx of spectators, and that man is Dr. Henry S. Lunn, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W., who on more than one occasion has honourably distinguished himself by meeting a national emergency with which no other person was competent to cope. As it is the early bird that catches the worm, so it is Dr. Lunn who promises to carry off the honours of this Coronation, so far as providing accommodation for the great public is concerned. It is in many respects very satisfactory that the provision of accommodation should be in such experienced and trustworthy hands.

I was glad, therefore, to have an opportunity last

month of an interview with Dr. Lunn to ascertain at first hand from the best authority what may be regarded as Coronation prospects. Dr. Lunn, as usual, responded readily to my request for information.

"The boom in Coronation seats is only just beginning," said Dr. Lunn, "but from business already done, and inquiries which are pouring in every day, it is evident that it will be the greatest boom on record. At the same time it is astonishing how slow the public has been to realise the nature of the crowd that will be clamouring, and clamouring in vain, for seats at the Coronation. Last midsummer I foresaw what was coming, and opened negotiations with the tenants of the best sites along the route of the procession. Instead of welcoming the suggestion, my clerks found the greatest



Queen Elizabeth Enthroned.

(By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan, from Green's "History Illustrated.")

difficulty in inducing the persons concerned to listen to proposals of any kind. It was not until last October that a second visit led them to realise the windfall which the Coronation would bring. Some of them had been badly hit by the speculations in which they had entered at the time of the last Jubilee, when, it will be remembered, stands were constructed upon so extensive a scale as to exceed the demand for seats. More than one enterprising firm lost thousands in providing seats which were never wanted. One firm, for instance, had to report a loss of £17,000 on seats for the Jubilee. 'Once bit, twice shy,' and persons of speculative disposition have been thinking twice and even thrice before putting their money into stands for the Coronation. Then, again, this tends to diminish the number of seats available for the Coronation. The memory of the Jubilee slump deters speculators from investing their money in providing seats for the Coronation, and the

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consequence is that while there will be a bigger crowd than ever, there will be many fewer seats to be had from which the procession can be seen. All this will intensify the demand for seats, and will inevitably tend to drive up prices more and more as the time approaches."

"Then you anticipate a deficiency in accommodation?"

"Judging by present appearances a deficiency in accommodation both on the line of the procession and at the naval review."

"If you don't mind, Dr. Lunn, we will begin at the wrong end, and you will tell me what provision has been made for the naval review."

"With pleasure. We have had some considerable experience of naval reviews at the two Jubilees, and also at the Queen's funeral, and I can say, without the slightest hesitation, that the demand for berths on the steamers chartered for the purpose of enabling visitors to witness the coming review is far in excess of any one of the three previous occasions, indeed of all three put together. The review itself, as you are aware, will be the greatest of all the reviews that have ever been held. The fleet of England is greater than it ever was, and the display of the armed might of the empire naturally attracts universal attention. The display will be of a very different nature from that sombre and melancholy pomp that prevailed at the time of the Queen's funeral. Yet you may remember the crush at Portsmouth on that occasion. Great as it was, it is nothing to what you will see in June. Why, already I have arranged to run fourteen special trains from Waterloo Station on the morning of the review."

"You have more than one steamer?"

"One steamer! I began with one steamer, but every berth on the *Argonaut* was taken up three weeks after the first announcement. The result is that I have had to go on engaging one steamer after another, until so far as I can see I shall have chartered for the accommodation of Coronation visitors a flotilla of at least half a dozen first-class steamers. You know," added Dr. Lunn, modestly, "people remember what I did at the Diamond Jubilee."

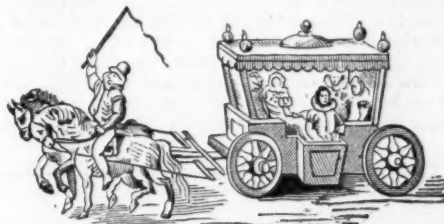
"Oh, yes," I said, "I remember perfectly well. The fact was, as Mr. Goschen stated, that the Government at the last moment discovered they could not provide a steamer to enable the Colonial troops who attended the Jubilee to witness the naval pageant, and you came to the rescue by placing the *Koh-i-noor* at the disposal of the Government."

"Yes; the Government were in a fix. All the accommodation had been bespoken, and the Colonial troops were on the point of being left out in the cold, when I was able to extricate them from a difficulty. I took the Colonials on board my steamer, and I have the pleasure of holding a certificate from the Colonel commanding the Colonial troops testifying to the complete satisfaction with which the arrangements were carried out. I began with our own *Argonaut*, which is a capital boat, and when this was full I immediately chartered the Royal Mail steamer *Vancouver*, of the Dominion Line, with accommodation for three hundred passengers. Yet so great was the demand for seats that we have now disposed of every available berth on the *Vancouver* as well as on the *Argonaut*, the price for berths running from £9 9s. to £18 18s. This includes first-class return ticket from London to Southampton on Friday, the passengers leaving London immediately after the conclusion of the Coronation procession. The ships will take their places on Friday evening for the review on Saturday; they will remain there with a position of vantage

for seeing the royal yachts steam through the lines of the fleet, and will witness the magnificent illuminations and fireworks in the evening, which will be on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. On Sunday they will cruise round the Isle of Wight, the beauties of which will then be in the height of their midsummer glory. Then on Monday morning they will return to Portsmouth, and the cruise will be at an end. During the time they are on board they will be provided with first-class fare. The rapid snapping up of all the berths on the *Argonaut* and *Vancouver* compelled me to charter another liner, and we expect to fill that as rapidly as the others, if not more so. For, after all, the amount of ships that you can crowd into the narrow waters of the Solent is limited. In order to check the tendency to postpone taking seats betimes, the charge for berths will be increased after a certain date."

"Now tell me," said I, "about the steamers for that day only, which interest me much more than the three days' cruise."

"Here," said Dr. Lunn, "we are very fortunate. We have chartered four steamers; at the Jubilee review we had only one, the *Koh-i-noor*, which was handed over to the Colonials. This year we shall have at least four, beginning with the *Empress Queen*, one of the finest



One of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan, from Green's "History Illustrated."

paddle-steamers afloat, which is plying at present between the Isle of Man and Liverpool, and which is certificated by the Board of Trade to carry upwards of 2,400 passengers in inland waters. We have chartered this steamer and her consorts, but we have refused to book a number of passengers exceeding half the number which the vessel is authorised to carry by the Board of Trade. The ship is admirably adapted for the purposes of witnessing the review, and her promenade deck occupies nearly three-quarters of the length and the whole breadth of the vessel, and possesses an almost unobstructed view. Also I pride myself considerably upon the arrangements which I have made to provide for the creature comforts. We supply all our guests not merely with the accommodation on board the boat from midday till close on midnight, together with first-class return ticket from London to Portsmouth, but we also supply them with an excellent luncheon and a capital supper. We would have supplied them with dinner instead of supper, had it not been that on an excursion which is taken by visitors in order to see as much as possible, we do not wish to deprive them of the spectacle by a prolonged dinner. Everyone who has had any experience in supplying hungry passengers on board a steamer will be well aware of the fact that most of them discover they become hungry at the same time, the result being that there is a

rush-hour at the buffets and the refreshment stalls, in which everyone wishes to be served at the same time; there is great discomfort, and considerable dissatisfaction. It is impossible in a paddle steamer to provide a dinner saloon for so many persons at the same time. I have therefore arranged that they should take their meals in contingents. The luncheon and supper tickets are printed in indifferent colours, according to the time at which the meal is served, or the batch to which the colour belongs. For instance, all the holders of red tickets will lunch, say, at one, and those with yellow tickets, say, at 1.30, so that we shall provide for the whole company without any crowding or inconvenience. The price for the run (meals included) is, as I have said, £3 13s. 6d. The only steamer at present providing similar accommodation quotes the same figure without including the quotation for meals, which would certainly bring the contract up to about £4 4s.

"Do you think you will be able to bring your people safely there and back?"

"Undoubtedly," said Dr. Lunn; "I have already arranged for fourteen special trains."

"You are threatening to become a veritable monopolist. I think we shall call you Commodore Lunn, of the excursion fleet."

"Well," said Dr. Lunn, "so far as the ships are concerned I am perfectly satisfied that everything will be done to secure the comfort and the convenience of all those who entrust themselves to our care. As for the railway accommodation, you must remember that both the London and South-Western and the South Coast railways have had a great deal of experience in providing for rush traffic. I am afraid that it will be near Sunday

morning before many of the excursionists get home after seeing the illuminations of the fleet; but they will all come back safe and sound, and carry with them to the end of life the memory of the most imposing naval pageant that has ever been held."

"That is all right. Now for the processions."

"Speaking of the processions," said Dr. Lunn, "you must remember that there are two—one a short one, the other of a much more extended description. A glance at the accompanying map will show you exactly the line of route. The short procession takes place on Coronation Day. It starts from Buckingham Palace, passes up Constitution Hill, skirts the Green Park, around Piccadilly, turns down St. James's Street, and passing down Pall Mall turns down Cockspur Street, and leaving Charing Cross upon the left makes its way to the Abbey, past Whitehall. The entrance to the Abbey, as you know, is at the West end, just opposite Westminster Hospital. Then leaving the Abbey, the procession returns through the Horse Guards, down the Mall, back to Buckingham Palace. A glance at the map will show that during a large part of this route, when it passes through the parks, there are no windows available for seeing this procession. As a consequence prices for seats on this short route run on an average twice the figure that is quoted for seats upon the long route. The long procession on the day after the Coronation starts from Buckingham Palace and follows the same route as the short procession until it comes to Cockspur Street. Instead of turning down Cockspur Street, the procession proceeds on the north side of Trafalgar Square, past the National Gallery, and then, entering the Strand,

follows that great central thoroughfare down Fleet Street, past St. Paul's Cathedral, down Cheapside, across the river by London Bridge, passes through Southern London along High Street, Borough Road, and Westminster Bridge Road, then re-crossing the river at Westminster Bridge, passes up Whitehall and returns to Buckingham Palace through the Mall. The route of the great procession the day after the Coronation is more than four times as long as on the Coronation Day, and passing as it does through streets during the whole of its course, the accommodation afforded by the windows on both sides of the route is so great that it is not surprising that prices should rule for the second day less than what they command for the first."

"How are prices running for seats?"

"Oh, there are prices of all sorts. Do you mean my prices, or other people's prices?"

"I will take both kinds, Dr. Lunn."

"Some prices are running very high. For the third floor of one set of premises on the short route, consisting of three large bay windows, the sum of 350 guineas per window has been paid. On another set of premises the prices quoted are not far off. £1,000 is asked for a



King Charles II. entering London before his Coronation.

(By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan, from Green's "History Illustrated.")

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corner bay-window on the first floor, and £600 for another bay-window. Two comparatively small windows in Whitehall, with accommodation for perhaps ten to fifteen people each, on the ground floor, have been let for 350 guineas. You see," he said, "not only does the short procession pass through parks where there are no windows, but in Piccadilly and St. James's Street more than half the windows are those of clubs, private mansions, and Government offices, and not available for the general public."

"What are you doing on the short route?"

"To begin with," said Dr. Lunn, "I have secured a position on the Sanctuary at Westminster, which is unquestionably the finest site on the route. The windows look right down upon the marquee, which will be re-erected at the great entrance gates of the Abbey, where the King and Queen and the Royal family, potentates and nobles, will leave their carriages in order to enter the Abbey, and from which place the King in his full coronation robes will drive after the ceremony is over. A three-tier stand will be erected in front of the ground balcony on the first floor. The third tier will be let with the rooms and windows behind the stand at an inclusive figure of 900 guineas, including first-class breakfast and luncheon. The prices of seats on the first and second tier run from 20 guineas to 25 guineas. This I consider the very best situation on the whole route. I have also taken another, but it is comparatively small. I have a suite of rooms on the third floor of residential mansions commanding an excellent view of both processions in Piccadilly. I have let two of these rooms, one 20ft. to 12ft. with one 7ft. window, for 80 guineas for the day of the short procession, and 40 guineas for the day of the great procession. The other, the largest room, with two large 9ft. double windows and three smaller 2ft. windows, for 250 guineas for the short procession, and 115 guineas for the great. The third room, which has two large 9ft. double windows, is 125 guineas for the first day, and 70 guineas for the second. At Charing Cross I have made arrangements for the erection of a large stand which will command an admirable view of the short procession as it turns down past Trafalgar Square. This would be a special coronation theatre, as they called them in the old days, and the price of seats will vary from four to fifteen guineas.

"So much for the short procession. Now for the long procession. I have my own premises in St. Paul's Churchyard, the price of seats on the ground floor running from £4 4s. to £6 6s., and the windows running from £15 15s. to £31 10s. My own premises are comparatively small. In St. Paul's Churchyard I have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Corby, Palmer and Stewart. On the ground floor there will be nine rows of seats, the prices of which vary from £2 2s. to £7 7s. a seat. The windows accommodate six seats, each running from £10 10s. to £15 15s. The larger windows, containing nine seats on the second floor, let at 35 guineas, and on the first floor each window containing fifteen seats will let at 50 guineas. At Ludgate Hill I have made similar arrangements with Messrs. Charles Baker and Company, who have twenty-four windows, every one of which I have already let. On the ground floor premises there will be nine rows of seats accommodating about 200 persons, ranging from £2 2s. to £7 7s. each. Passing along Cheapside I have a dozen windows in Messrs. Blundell Brothers' premises, which let at from 30 guineas to 60 guineas. The price of seats on the roof varies from £2 2s. to £3 3s., while the entrance porch with the plat-

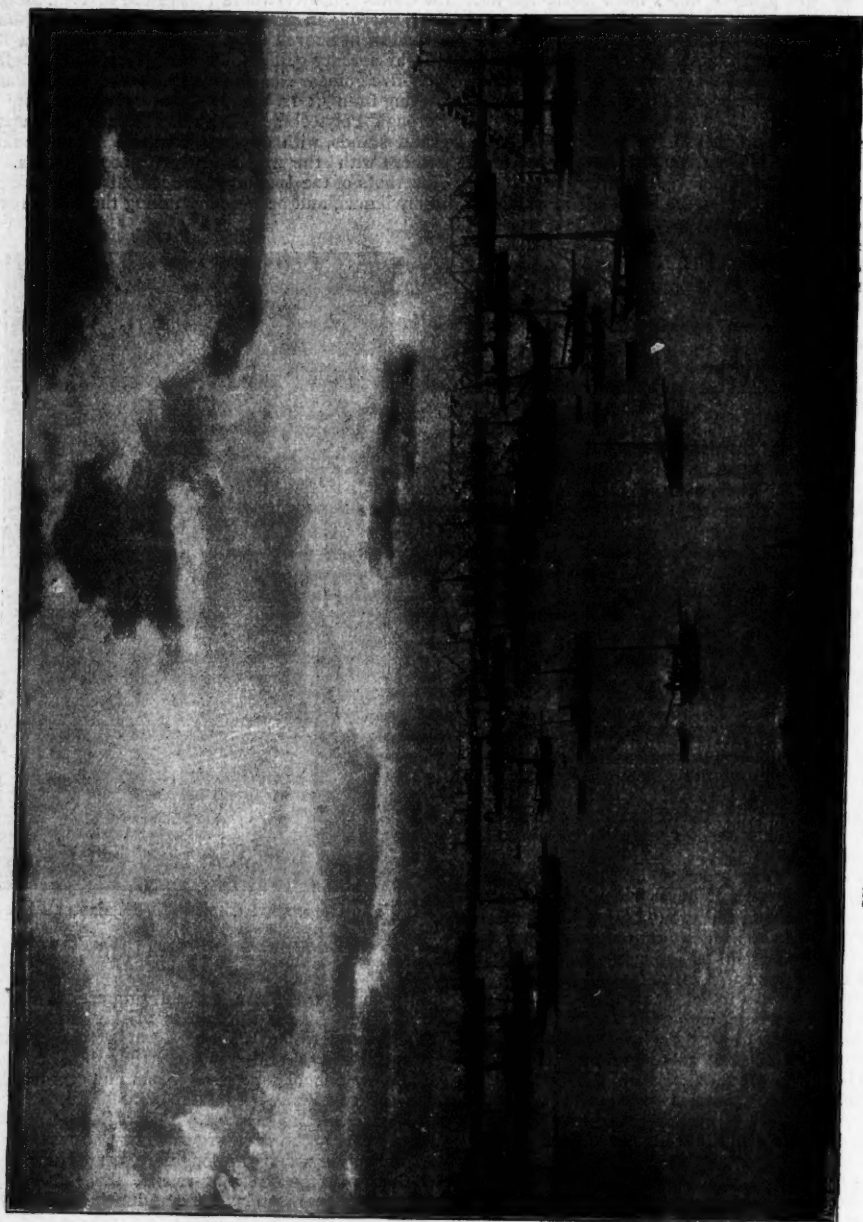
form and five chairs will let for 30 guineas. But I see I have omitted mentioning the very important stand of Smith and Son, at the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, beside the Gaiety Theatre, where I have 129 seats on the ground floor, varying in price from £2 2s. to £7 7s. I have let a window in Scovell Road, Borough Road, to a lady of title at seventy guineas. I have four other windows at forty-five guineas each, and 200 seats on the ground floor varying from £1 1s. to £5 5s., but my largest site is the Borough Polytechnic Institute. Here I am putting up grand stands, with awnings, that will accommodate, together with the rooms, over 2,000 persons. The Governors of the Institute have left all the arrangements in my hands, and propose my taking the whole responsi-



The Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

(By the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan, from Green's "History Illustrated.")

bility in return for a certain proportion of the proceeds, the whole of the profits arising from the letting of seats and windows to be devoted to the erection of new workshops and to the building of a Domestic Economy School for girls. From no point on the route can the royal pageant on the second day be seen with greater ease and comfort. The building is splendidly fitted up, the rooms are large and airy, and the situation in a wide and important thoroughfare, while there are plenty of cloak-rooms and retiring-rooms. Breakfast will be provided at a charge of 3s. 6d. and luncheon at a charge of 4s. 6d., but these meals must be ordered on booking seats. At the time of the Jubilee the Borough Polytechnic was able to make a profit of £3,000 on the letting of seats. One of the great advantages of the Polytechnic is that there are smoking-rooms, billiard-rooms, and reading-rooms, which may be used during the interval in which



View of the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review from Southsea.

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people are waiting for the procession to arrive. It is not surprising, therefore, that although the prices run as high as £10 10s. per seat for the eight rows of the grand stand, the seats are being rapidly taken up. The seats on the roof, which command a splendid panoramic view, run from £2 2s. to £3 3s. per seat. There are forty-seven rooms of varying sizes, the prices of which are running from 75 guineas to 200 guineas per room. Altogether I expect that I shall have booked before the Coronation Day from 10,000 to 14,000 seats along the line of route at prices varying from a minimum of a couple of guineas to a maximum of 25 guineas per seat. Averaging them at even 5 guineas a seat, this would amount to a turn-over of £50,000 for the accommodation of 10,000 persons."

"But if it does not come off, or if anything goes wrong?"

"My contracts are very simple. In case of a postponement of the Coronation procession, from a national calamity or from any other cause whatever, the money paid will be credited to the price of a place for the procession whenever it does take place. If the procession is entirely abandoned, the money will be returned less 10 per cent. to cover cost of plans, advertising, erection of stalls, and other expenses, less the due proportions of any sums paid as deposits or expended in the erection of seats. I would like to explain to you," said Dr. Lunn, "that with a few exceptions it was absolutely necessary for me to undertake the whole responsibility of the premises. I am not in the line of the speculators who lost so much money at the Jubilee. In almost every case my arrangement with the tenants and proprietors of premises along the line of route is of a co-operative nature. That is to say, I undertake the whole responsibility of providing seats and selling tickets, advertising, etc., in return for a specified proportion of the receipts. They fix their own prices. I merely advise as to the rates to be charged for most of the premises which I have taken. The proprietor or tenant of a house on the line of route comes to me and says, 'Dr. Lunn, I want to let my windows to those who wish to see the procession for so much.' If the price does not seem to me exorbitant, and there is no other objection to the arrangement, I undertake the contract. I sell the tickets for the seats, and he pays me

my proportion of the total turnover after all expenses are paid. In this way I am relieved of the responsibility of fixing prices, and no one can saddle upon me the odium of endeavouring to act as an extortionate middleman. I have merely the humble rôle of a commission agent. As for the stands which I am putting up, they will be constructed by the firm of Holloway Brothers, whose reputation is sufficient to answer for their stability, security, and convenience.

"In addition to the arrangements already made with the Army and Navy Stores and the Civil Service Stores for the booking of places at the Coronation, I have sent my brother to America, where bookings are being made at the office of the *American Review of Reviews* in Astor Place. I have also entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the District Messenger Co., by which fifteen of their offices become practically my offices, for all purposes of Continental travel, and their army of nearly a thousand boys will carry my booking forms and take bookings for Coronation seats and Naval Review berths. As they have a complete telephonic system all over London, this arrangement enables me to come closer than ever into touch with the public."

"Then taking it altogether, Dr. Lunn, I reckon it is about the biggest business you have ever been in?"

"Yes," said Dr. Lunn. "I think I may fairly say that I have risen to the magnitude of the occasion. There has never been any ceremonial, spectacle, pageant, or historic event that made so strong an appeal to the public. We are still three months from the Coronation Day, but our bookings are such as I have already described to you. Foreign, Colonial, and American visitors are not yet to hand. Our bookings are almost limited to those among our own clients. I have still to cope with the vast unregulated, unorganised rushing crowd that turns up at the last moment. But, so far as we are concerned, we have made preparations in advance, and those who have availed themselves of the arrangements made betimes will have every reason to see the unique spectacle of our time with comfort and ease."

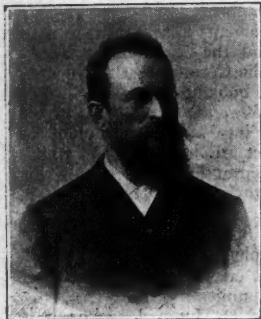
"Then what about speculation in your tickets?"

"That I cannot help. You see," said Dr. Lunn, "if people choose to book seats I cannot insist that they shall not be transferable."



LEARNING A LESSON FROM NATURE.

A GERMAN SCHOOLMASTER'S DISCOVERY.



Dr. Nordtmeyer

BETWEEN Hamburg and Hanover, and in the least known and most deserted part of Northern Germany, is a region known as the Lüneburger-heide. As its name indicates, it is a great heath, and beyond heath and sheep and cattle it has little worthy of notice. And so little known was it until recently that a hundred years ago a famous French geographer wrote: "*Il en y a un peuple sauvage nommé Heidschnucke.*" He had heard so much of the *Heidschnuck* that he concluded that was the name of the tribe that habited this unknown world. In reality it was the name of the sheep. But he was quite right in regarding the sheep as the most important part of the inhabitants, for sheep and cattle and the biggest deer in all North Germany outnumber the human inhabitants a hundredfold. It is an elevated region, covered everywhere with heather three feet high, millions of flowers, yellow genesta and juniper trees as the oldest inhabitants. When you look around you see not a human soul. Only columns of smoke somewhere on the horizon, the face of a black sheep staring over a ridge, then another face, then another, and you discover the "*peuple sauvage.*" Down the sides of the hills tumble muddy and turbid streams, but in certain places are to be seen deep pits containing water of an incomparable blueness and limpidity.

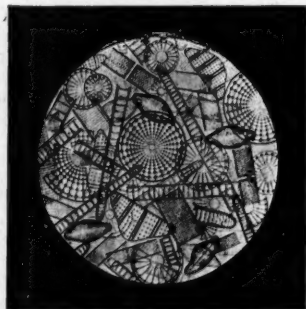
In addition to sheep and juniper trees, this deserted region has a spirit. It is an incomprehensible spirit, for it is both malignant and benevolent; it is so malignant as to help to blow men to pieces; so benevolent as to save their lives; so tangible that you can handle it red hot, so subtle as to seize invisible bodies and imprison them for ever. Its name is Kieselguhr. It blows men into pieces in dynamite; it can be made into fireproof bricks which retain heat so long that they can be safely handled when red hot on one side; and it shows its benevolence in catching the microbes which injure human beings, and thus saves many from disease and death. It was not always put to this last purpose. But the story of how it came to be thus adapted to human use is an interesting one.

HOW THE LESSON WAS LEARNED.

Some ten years ago a German schoolmaster and doctor was spending his holidays in the Lüneburgerheide. He walked over the heath; and if he found the sheep and junipers interesting, he must have been profoundly bored by the absence of human life. Only once in his walk did he come across human beings. There were two of them, children both. They were bending over one of those marvellous deep-blue pits of limpid water which are

found only in this part of the Lüneburgerheide. The schoolmaster stopped; he also looked into the pool. He had been struck all day by the muddiness and turbidity of the brooks and freshets. But the water in the quarry-pit, though twenty feet, was clearer than the clearest crystal. It had a blueness and limpidity which he had never seen anywhere else, rivalling the deep ultramarine of the Italian lakes, rivalling even the famous *Meerangen*, the marvellous "sea-eyes" of the Central Carpathians. Contrasted with all the quarries he had ever seen it was amazing. If the schoolmaster had been an Englishman he would have been contented with saying it was d—d funny, and pursuing his path. But being a German he was not only struck by its strangeness, but wanted also to know the reason why. He reflected for a moment, recalled the geological configuration of the country, and solved the problem. Underneath the heath, everywhere around him, the land was formed of Kieselguhr. Now Kieselguhr, he knew, was a very porous substance. The water, therefore, he concluded had come through this stratum, had been filtered on its way, and had emerged from its filter like melted snow.

But if Nature makes such admirable filters, reasoned the schoolmaster, why shouldn't man? He set about inquiring, and discovered that while there were many admirable filters in the world, there were none that could be compared with this. Filters had hitherto been made of either carbon or porcelain. But though carbon worked well, it did not filter the water thoroughly; the pores were too big and the microbes too small. Porcelain, on the other hand, stopped the germs, but stopped the water also, or let it run through so slowly as to be useless. But of course the schoolmaster—whose name, I should say, was Dr. Nordtmeyer—was not at first sure that Kieselguhr would stop the germs as well as let the water through. That he found out by experiment. He made a number of Kieselguhr bricks, baked them, and from them cut hollow cylinders, which he took to the Breslau Hygienic Institute, and after experiment proved that the Kieselguhr was perfectly germ-proof, as well as sufficiently porous for the water to pass through. But he was not satisfied with this. He continued his experiments up to three years ago, and then discovered that the addition to the Kieselguhr of a small admixture of asbestos made the most perfect filtering medium. The asbestos gave the necessary element of grittiness which is needed to catch



Filter Medium Magnified Eight Hundred Times.

the bacilli. For this filtering medium, therefore, discovered by accident and perfected by research, he took out patents. Thus a new industry was given to the world, and the oft-told lesson repeated that you cannot beat Nature, for Nature alone of all experimenters preceded Dr. Nordtmeyer in the use of Kieselguhr for filters.

HOW THE LESSON WAS APPLIED.

Dr. Nordtmeyer did not throw up his schoolmaster's profession at once. He wanted first to be satisfied that Kieselguhr filters would be commercially profitable as well as scientifically perfect. So he handed the patents to his brother-in-law, Mr. Berkefeld, who was already engaged in the manufacture of Kieselguhr bricks. The new filters immediately caught on; Dr. Nordtmeyer threw himself heart and soul into the business, and it soon became one of the most important in the world. With the exception of the filtering medium, there was no secret in the Nordtmeyer-Berkefeld filters, and Dr. Nordtmeyer therefore

restricted himself to turning out Kieselguhr cylinders, and buying the metal and earthenware parts from the best manufacturers. The medium, that is the cylinder, is the essential part of the filter. The Kieselguhr comes from the quarry in a fragmentary state, and can be crumbled to powder in the hand. In this state it is mixed with asbestos, and formed into cylinders by pressure without the admixture of any adhesive. In all the Nordtmeyer-Berkefeld filters the principle is the same. The water runs in at the bottom and percolates through the hollow cylinder which fills the body of the instrument, being forced by pressure out at the top, whence it flows through a metal pipe. In the travelling filters which are used, when

no pressure of water can be obtained, the water is forced in and out by a piston. Every drop of water must be absorbed in the Kieselguhr before it gets to the outlet pipe.



Traveller's
Filter
(with
Piston).

ITS USE IN THREE WARS.

The merits of the Kieselguhr filters were soon recognised. The German Government immediately adopted them for the use of the German troops in China. At his office, 73A, Queen Victoria Street, Dr. Nordtmeyer showed me one of these much-travelled filters. It was in a plain wooden box about two feet long, with leather handles outside, and a stuffed pad on the outside to prevent the chafing of the bearer's shoulders. In this was contained the painted metal filter, and opening it, Dr. Nordtmeyer extracted the magic cylinder, a porous chalky-white substance which looks as if it would crumble at the touch. The chalky-white colour is the mark of a genuine Kieselguhr-asbestos filter. The German Army surgeons declared that they had now the best filter ever invented. The Italian Government followed suit, and bought filters for the army. The United States Army used it in Cuba. The Tsar bought Kieselguhr filters for his palace, and when his Chamberlains at Skierniewice ordered filters of another type, he put his foot down and declared that he would have Nordtmeyer filters or nothing. But Dr. Nordtmeyer's greatest triumph was achieved in this country. The British War Office ordered thousands of his filters; and sent last year to South Africa no less than 20,000 cylinders for the use of the troops. The model adopted by the War Office is larger than that used by the Germans in China. It

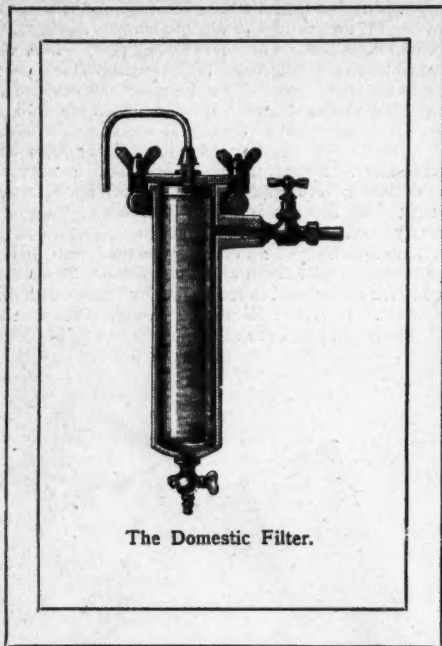
stands upon a tripod about two feet high, and has in addition to the ordinary filter-chamber a mysterious bulb, standing upward like a reversed pear. This bulb, which is filled with air only, plays an important part in the working of the filter. As the water is pumped into the filter, the excess is pressed upward into the bulb, and when the pump-handle is idle between each stroke the compressed air in the bulb forces out this excess water into the filter. By this ingenious appliance a continuous flow of water into and out of the filter chamber is ensured, and the stream from the outlet pipe flows regularly and smoothly without any of the abrupt, interrupted gushing of an ordinary pump. But this Dr. Nordtmeyer cannot claim as his invention. It is used in all complex filters, and indeed in many other mechanical appliances. It is the Kieselguhr which is the essential part; the metal parts are merely accessory.



A Chinese Coolie Carrying a Filter.

THE USES OF FILTERS.

Not that all the Nordtmeyer-Berkefeld filters are made of metal. They are made of everything—of earthenware, of china, of glass, of copper, of nickel. In the glass filters the actual process of filtration through the Kieselguhr may be seen, and to prove its efficacy Dr. Nordtmeyer shows one fed with a stream of deep ultramarine water, which emerges from the Kieselguhr in a colourless crystal drip. Some of his filters are small, not a foot long, and can be fixed to an ordinary household tap. Others are made of coloured tiles and resemble painted chimney-pots. Then there are the army filters resembling great spiders, standing on legs out of all proportion to their bodies; there are filters the shape of tubs, made of painted steel or gleaming copper (these are for brewers and mineral-water manufacturers); and, finally, there are filters for manufacturers of photographic materials. "In no trade," says the doctor, "is pure water more indispensable." The faintest impurity in the water means a spot of "blind matter" on the film, and



The Domestic Filter.

that may mean a ruined negative. The larger filters are about two feet in diameter. But how, it may be asked, can a cylinder of these dimensions be made of crumbling Kieselguhr without any adhesive? The reply is that they are not made. The vast tubs do not contain one large cylinder, but a multitude of small ones, each fed by its own supply pipe, and each with its own outlet pipe, which at the top joins the general outlet. Filters, in fact, are made with one cylinder, with five cylinders, with nine, fifteen, twenty-seven, and thirty-nine cylinders, all concentrically arranged, and each contributing to the general purification. But Dr. Nordtmeyer is not satisfied with this. He not only makes cylinders for his own filters, but supplies them at a standard size for the Pasteur and other Institutes. The Kieselguhr is, in short, the essential, and it does not matter very much what kind of casing it wears.

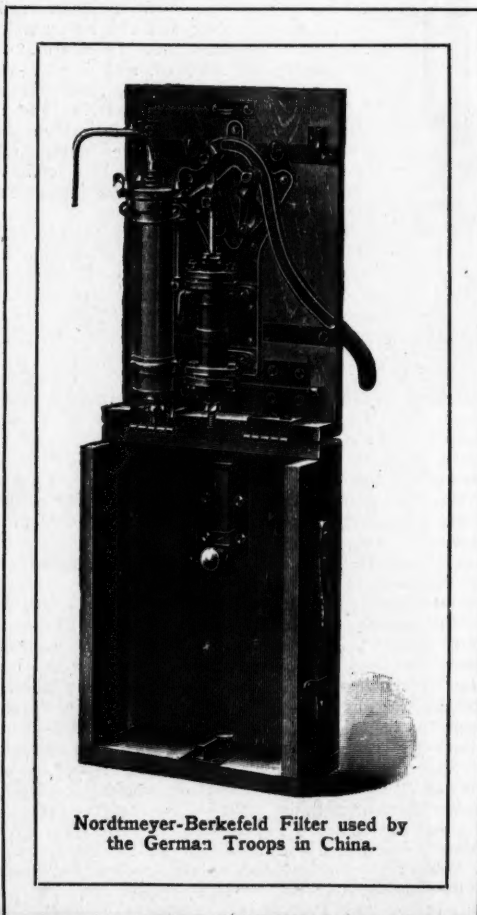
WHAT LONDON SHOULD DO.

Of filters for travellers Dr. Nordtmeyer makes a specialty. For the germ-ridden tropics, indeed, as Colonel Willcocks said after his experiences in Africa, "the Berkefeld is the best portable filter." It catches a million diseases in its subtle fingers, and lets not a single bacillus pass. For this good reason, too, it is used in many of the London hospitals. In the colonies it is becoming recognised as the only filtering medium, and to India, Africa, and Australia Dr. Nordtmeyer sends every year thousands of his mysterious cylinders. He recently offered, he told me, to supply filters sufficient to purify the whole water supply of Hamburg city for six millions of marks. That led to the eternal question—the London water supply. I asked the doctor what was his opinion of London water. He replied that he thought that it was imperfectly filtered. "If you want to prove it," he continued, "you have

merely to take a piece of clean glass, put it under the tap, and hold it wet in the sunlight against a black hat or a piece of dark cloth. If you use London water you will see that the glass is covered with tiny specks. Those specks are impurities which would be removed by efficient filtering. In fact, your water supply is by no means what it ought to be."

THE GROWTH OF THE FIRM.

On the wings of the mysterious Kieselguhr the firm of Nordtmeyer, Berkefeld and Co. has now been wafted all over the world. In Europe they are to be found everywhere from St. Petersburg to Rome, and from Madrid to Moscow. Vicariously, in the person of a Kieselguhr filter, they are now exploring the Polar regions, and no doubt the day will come when the Esquimaux, melting chips from his icebergs, will pass the product through a Kieselguhr cylinder, and catch those specks of meteoric iron which astronomers tell us drop in invisible hail all over the face of the earth. On January 1st, to return to prose, Dr. Nordtmeyer opened an office and show-room in Queen Victoria Street. "Before that," said the doctor,



Nordtmeyer-Berkefeld Filter used by the German Troops in China.

"we had established in St. Petersburg one even agency, the filter come? from the in the There t quarries But Ce small p number encircling sheep an junipers, except the peasants in Germ to be t I added their wh lating d

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"we had only an agency." In Berlin his firm has several establishments. There is one in Paris, one in Rome, one in St. Petersburg, one in Moscow, one in New York, and one even in Rosario. All these are head offices. As for agencies, they are as numberless as the microbes which the filters hunt. But whence do the wonderful cylinders come? They come from the middle of Kieselguhr-land, from the little town of Celle in the Lüneburgerheide. There the doctor has his quarries and his factory. But Celle, he says, is a small place, and is outnumbered easily by the encircling sheep. Beyond sheep and the immemorial junipers, it boasts nothing except that its workmen and peasants are the honestest in Germany. "They ought to be the cleanest, also," I added, "if they spend their whole lives in annihilating dirt."

THE MYSTERIOUS
KIESELGUHR.

But what is this mysterious Kieselguhr, which can be held red-hot, which hunts germs on horseback, which helps to blow men to pieces? Where is it found? "It is found in many places," says the doctor, "in Germany, in North America, in Norway." But only on the Lüneburgerheide is it found pure, fine, and without admixture of sand or mud. It lies there—over a small patch of a hundred acres—to the depth of from thirty to fifty feet. Underneath it is a stratum of sand, above only the yellow genesta and the blackfaced sheep. It is one of the most porous substances in the world. Hence it has been used for making explosives, for as it absorbs as much fluid as seventy-five per cent. of its weight, it is

an admirable receptacle for nitro-glycerine. The deep pits on the heath, with their cerulean crystal, were the quarries from which it had been taken by dynamite manufacturers. "But it is not used so much for explosives now," adds the doctor. "It is a reforming spirit, and having killed, say, fifty thousand men, it is going to redeem its crimes by saving the lives of millions."

It is used also for another purpose—that is, for packing steam-pipes and making fireproof bricks. Here it is not its porousness, but its non-conductivity, which is valued. You can heat a Kieselguhr brick to the point of redness at one end and hold the other end in your hand without danger of burning. It is indeed a mysterious spirit. "But what is it?" I persisted. The doctor put on the air of a professor from Jena. "It is infusorial earth, Diatomeæ, the skeletons of fresh-water algæ," he said. "They have lain there many millions of years, and perhaps if they had had an efficient filter they would be alive to-day. But now they are only Kieselguhr, the sepulchre of a vanished world."

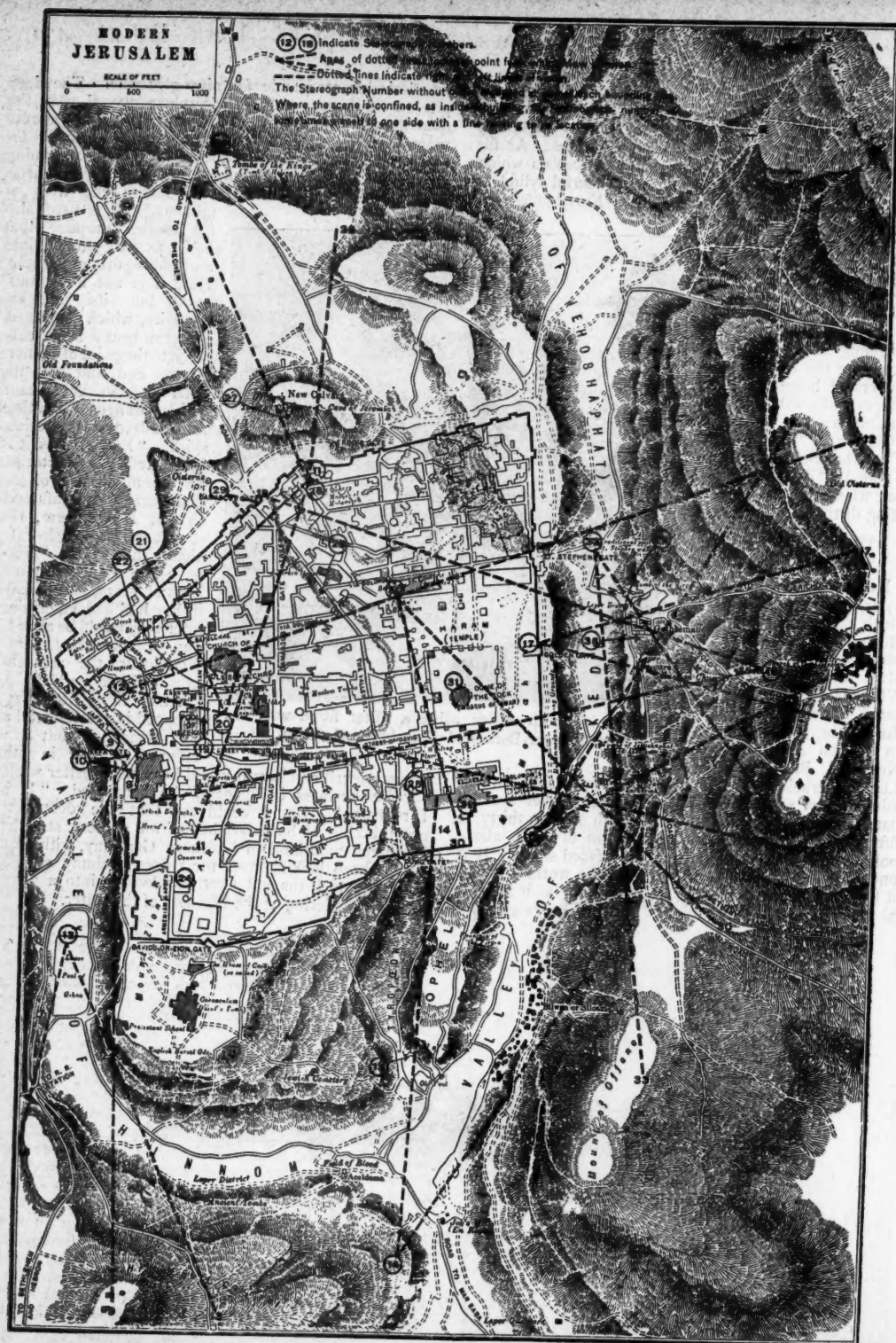
And Dr. Nordtmeier dropped his professorial air and remarked that if we followed Nature in other

things as well as filters it would be a much better world. "But business is business," he concluded. "It is," I remarked. But I could see that the doctor was not thinking of business, but of an endless stretch of heathered moorland in Northern Germany, with blackfaced sheep looking over the ridges, a clump of yellow genesta, and Hans and Gretchen looking into a quarry-pit and wondering at the blueness of the water.



Soldiers in South Africa using a Filter fitted with the Nordtmeier-Berkefeld Kieselguhr Cylinder.





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METHODS AND BENEFITS OF THE AMERICAN INVASION.

HOW AMERICAN STUDENTS MAKE THEIR WAY.

A FEW weeks ago I told the story of a Canadian invader trying to raise money for a university course by selling stereoscopic photographs in Great Britain. In another part of this issue appear illustrations of Prince Henry's visit to America taken from stereographs by a well-known New York firm which has been established in England some twelve years. Their army of salesmen during the summer months numbers about four thousand, the large proportion of whom are teachers and students from American and Canadian colleges.

One of them, Mr. H. D. Girdwood, of the University of Chicago, is taking a graduate course in London University and makes his home at Toynbee Hall, where he is an active, energetic worker. Coming without means, he has been in England nearly two years now, and besides sending money home to help keep a sister in college, he has visited France and Italy, spending several months in each country as a sightseer. His manager told me that Mr. Girdwood's earnings as a canvasser on commission in the last ten months, during two of which he was prevented from working by illness, have amounted to a little better than four hundred pounds. Only last week he completed the sale of a stereoscopic library for sixty-five guineas. This would not mean much were it not for the fact that he has all the time been hard at his studies, besides collecting material for a book on English Trusts, soon to be published.

"So your star man at taking orders is a maker of books," I said. I was told that it was Mr. Girdwood's laudable ambition to spend the early part of the following winter in Egypt, after which he expected to put in some eighteen months in a German university. On returning to his own country he expects to fill a chair in political science at one of the American institutions of higher learning. Every penny he needs to carry out these plans he makes from the sale of stereoscopic photographs.

I found upon further query that this enterprising example of commercial instinct, combined with a passion for study and travel, was born in Canada, the son of a clergyman. Like many other young Canadians of the better sort he had found more and better openings in the States. I expressed a desire to meet such an embodiment of American pluck and self-reliance, whom I found to be as enthusiastic about his firm and its work as the manager had been about him.

A TALK WITH MR. GIRDWOOD.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Mr. Girdwood in his brisk American way, "that there exists in the English public mind already a photographic Mycenæ?"

"I should hardly expect that to be possible," I answered, "since photography has been known such a little while. What do you mean?"

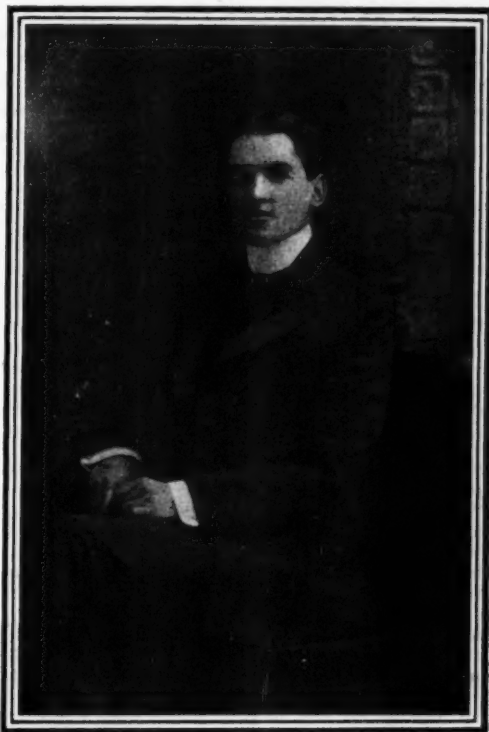
"I mean that most people in England look upon the climax of achievement with the camera-stereoscopic photography as useful only for amusement and recreation, but not to be taken seriously, and that purely because they don't appreciate what can be made of it. In other words, not one thinking man in twenty knows what marvellous windows to the world can be means of the stereoscope be brought round one's arm-chair in the library, that travelling can be done at home."

Noting my perplexity, without letting me inquire how he was going to transform the silvery six ounces of glass and aluminium he held in his hand into a Pullman train, or even a magic travelling carpet like Aladdin's, he continued.

"Look at that telephone, and tell me what Wellington would have called it if he had seen it for the first time."

"A German knapsack," I ventured.

"Anything but a talking machine, you may be sure," he smiled. "Very well, that telephone brings Tom Smith's voice, spoken in Edinburgh, to my ear in this office



Mr. H. D. Girdwood.

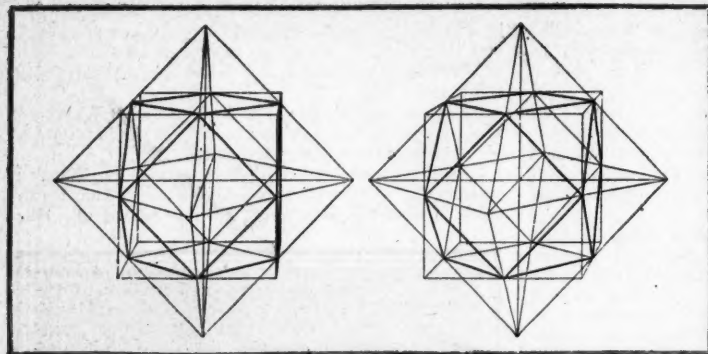
with the tone, quality, and character peculiar to Tom's sound wave apparatus. Is it any more of a miracle if this little contrivance I will call a looking machine, worth five shillings and sixpence at retail, transforms the twin images on this bit of pasteboard called a stereograph into real space before my eyes when I look through the lenses as through an open window?"

I admitted that the telephone was no miracle but that I was not quite clear how the two photographs, apparently so much alike, should look altogether different in the stereoscope. Instead of two photographs of a street in miniature before me I apparently had in the instrument a busy thoroughfare with real life-size figures and

objects in proper relief; besides width and height there was the added dimension depth.

"What is the secret?" I asked.

"Simple enough, and yet a really remarkable wonder,"



Left Lens or Eye Image.

Right Lens or Eye Image.

he said. "Sir Charles Wheatstone made up his mind almost seventy years ago that there was some good reason why most things that see have two eyes instead of one. These two eyes are just far enough apart so that the image on the retina of one is slightly different from the image on the retina of the other. Try holding your right hand edgewise straight in front of you, looking at it first with the right and then with the left eye. With the right eye you see more of the back and with the left more of the palm of your hand, don't you? Now open both eyes, and these two images are fused into one. If you will look at this pair of drawings in the stereoscope the tangle of lines of the two becomes fused into one in the same way."

"Which looks like a wire frame for a cube," I said, studying the diagram in the instrument.

"Now, if twin photographs be taken in a binocular camera, the lenses of which are separated from each other as the two eyes are, the negatives will have on them the images that correspond to the retinal images on the two eyes. Print these images on your photograph, put them together in the right way with a stereoscope, and you have the rods and cones of your two eyes energised as they would be if you were looking at the objects photographed from the point where the camera stood. You must see what it saw."

"I realise that you do," I answered, "but you said you were going to give me a substitute for travel. You can produce only little bits in this way."

"Quite so. Tom Moore was right when he said we should 'take this world as some wide scene' in which there are 'bright spots where we would love to stay.' Select these bright spots and you have done exactly what the tourist does with his guide book and map. Let me explain to you our ingenious stereoscopic map system locating each successive standpoint. At the apex of the

V in each case, as indicated by this map of Jerusalem, for example, is the place where the camera looked for you with both eyes open, and the spreading arms of the V show you what is included and how far you can see in the stereograph. Take No. 12,

for instance; find the page in Dr. Hurlbut's guide to Palestine, 'Travelling in the Holy Land,' where this particular view point is described, and he will tell you that you are looking over the ancient capital of the Jews from the West, and that away in the distance, outside the wall, is the Garden of Gethsemane. With the twenty-seven stereographs of the city taken in order you go about with your guide until you feel as much at home in the old town as though you had been there. When you get to No. 18 you find yourself on one of the foot hills looking back at the city from the East to the place where you stood when looking at No. 12.

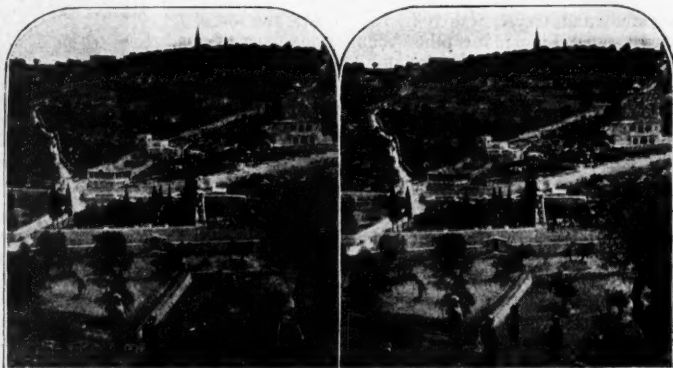
One hundred such stereoscopic scenes located on the map in this way and described comprises a comprehensive Underwood Tour through Palestine."

"And does your firm undertake to cover other countries in the same way?" I asked.

"Books and maps for several of their Tours are already with the printer, and it is the purpose of Underwood and Underwood to fit up all of them as fast as the work can be done. 'Russia Through the Stereoscope,' by M. S. Emery, author of 'How to Enjoy Pictures,' will be ready for issue early next month; and it will be followed by 'Italy Through the Stereoscope,' by Dr. D. J. Ellison, editor of our magazine, 'The Stereoscopic Photograph.'"

"And your enterprising firm publishes a magazine?"

"Yes, sir, devoted exclusively to stereoscopic photography, the only one of its kind in existence. It boasts of subscribers in every European country as well as



Garden of Gethsemane and Mount of Olives.

China, Japan, India, Siberia, Australia, Mexico, Hawaii, and some of the South American countries. Among its English contributors are such men as Thomas A.

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Bedding, F.R.P.S., editor of the *British Journal of Photography*."

After looking through this publication mentioned by the *Post* as "a highly artistic production," by the *Daily News* as able to "interest youngsters of all ages from six to ninety," but best summed up as "a capital illustrated quarterly magazine devoted to popularising stereoscopic photographs with the public," I asked—

"Do your salesmen act as subscription agents?"

"Certainly."

"That is really remarkable. How is it," I questioned, "that your firm has such a tremendous organisation, and does so many things to develop its business not undertaken by others?"

"Underwood and Underwood have from the beginning been the pioneers in developing an interest in stereoscopic photography along educational lines. They began as newspaper men in a Western town of the United States some twenty years ago, and have been steadily gaining ground in the United Kingdom ever since coming to this country twelve years ago. As an undergraduate I made money to pay school expenses selling views for another firm, but changed to this one because its business is established on a broader basis. Besides, they are nearly always first in getting out timely subjects, having won great credit for themselves by their series taken at the front in South Africa. To quote the *Times*, they 'enable one to realise what a firing-line looks like at close quarters.' General Sir George White pronounces them 'most interesting, and bring back vividly many of the persons and incidents best known.' By means of these photographs and the Underwood Tours, my partner, Mr. H. I. Hart, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and a student of law, and myself have been able to interview and entertain a great many well-known London people, including Major-General Sir Arthur Paget, H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, the Duke of Westminster, and others."

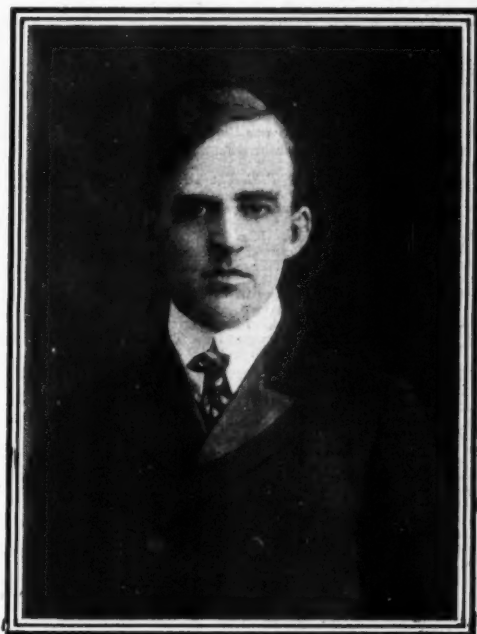
THE FIRM'S RECORD.

After Mr. Girdwood had gone I looked up the record of Messrs. Underwood and Underwood, the men who had transferred their allegiance from Gothenberg, the inventor of the printing press, to Wheatstone, Brewster, and Holmes, the inventors of the stereoscope. I found that their staff of photographers resembles nothing so much as the staff of a great news-gathering establishment in its general plan of work. To quote *Leslie's Weekly*, New York:—"This firm for a number of years have been sending their stereoscopic artists to the very ends of the earth to obtain true impressions of every great event, and to bring home to the people of this and other countries the historical and picturesque from all lands." Mr. H. A. Strohmeyer, the vice-president of the company, has made a stereoscopic record of the late President McKinley, having been invited on the different occasions when the President was travelling to accompany the Presidential train as the official stereoscopic photographer. By the American Government officials he was invited to make the tour with Prince Henry's special train, and was the only stereoscopic photographer aboard. Why isn't there an English firm to do the same work for His Majesty? The series obtained of the late President has a historical value bound to increase with time. It forms an indelible record cheap enough to be in every public library and in the majority of houses.

Besides the photos of the war in South Africa this firm secured a splendid series of the war in China, in the Philippines, and also in Cuba during the Spanish-American war. The results of their work are so appreciated by the

American Government that a complete series has been provided for the Military Academy at West Point and for the Library of Congress at Washington. The Tours are being quite generally introduced into schools throughout the country. What better device could be imagined for stimulating the interest of the young in other countries besides their own?

This indefatigable firm, inspired with a journalistic pluck and keen sense of the public pulse, let no obstacles stand in the way of their success. Two years ago they were buying their stereoscopes of the manufacturer who still supplies other stereograph makers with whom they compete. They asked this manufacturer for an improved instrument of aluminium in place of the clumsy wooden one in vogue. On his refusing to make it they built their own factory and turned out their beautiful Twentieth Cen-



Photograph by)

Mr. H. I. Hart.

[A. and G. Taylor.

tury instrument, which is lighter, and sells for less money than the aluminium stereoscope they have finally forced their former maker to adopt.

The magnitude of their business may perhaps be better understood when I tell you that they have, besides their stereoscope factory at Westwood, New Jersey, three plants where stereographs are made. From these enormous stocks of glass printing machines located respectively in Washington, D.C., Arlington, New Jersey, and Littleton, New Hampshire, are produced the magic pasteboards. Their main offices in America are in New York, Ottawa, Kansas, and San Francisco, Canada being supplied from Toronto. The London warehouse at 3, Heddon Street, Regent Street, by the New Gallery, furnishes goods to the various branches on the Continent as well as local and colonial trade. The whole establishment is organised as an incorporated company.

LIST OF THE LEADING CONTENTS OF CURRENT PERIODICALS.

N.B.—The Editor of the REVIEW of REVIEWS regrets that owing to the exigencies of space the Contents of Periodicals received after date can no longer be inserted in these columns. The following Table includes only the leading articles of the Periodicals published in England for the current month received before going to press and those of the Foreign Periodicals for the past month.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN.

Ainslee's Magazine.—INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. 10 cts. March.
Hunting Big Game. Illus. A. Sangree.
Results of Psychological Research. Rev. M. J. Savage.
Canada from Sea to Sea. Illus. H. Whitaker.
On the Grand Banks. Illus. P. T. McGrath.

Anglo-American.—59, CHANCERY LANE. 1s. March.
Internal Expansion. Illus. W. MacLeod Raine.
The Economic Position of Banking Capital. E. E. Gellender.
The Royal Anti-Catholic Declaration and Anglo-Saxon Union. R. Stein.
The Development of Central Canada. Illus. A. B.
The United States Consular Service. E. Maxey.
A Canadian View of Annexation. S. J. MacKnight.
Lakewood. Illus. W. R. Bradshaw.
Thomas Carlyle. Contd. E. Ridley.

Antiquary.—STOCK. 6d. April.
Antiquities of Brough, East Yorkshire. Illus. Concl. T. Sheppard.
Scalds and Troubadours; a Voyage from the Orkney Islands to Palestine, anno 1153. J. G. Fotheringham.
Thatched Cottages. Illus. Concl. Rev. C. H. E. White.

Arena.—GAY AND BIRD. 2s. cts. March.
Experiments in Colonial Government. Felix L. Oswald.
Cuba v. the United States:

The Question of Reciprocity. F. B. Thurber.
A Plea for Justice. L. V. de Abad.
Survival of the Fittest in the Coming Age. Rev. F. D. Bentley.
The Problem of Immigration:
The Argument for Suspension. John Chetwood.
Chinese Exclusion. Rev. Robert C. Bryant.
Labour's Rights and Wrongs. William S. Waudby.
The Ostrich in the New World. B. O. Flower.
Literature and Democracy. Joseph Dana Miller.
American Supremacy. A. B. Deahof.
Marriage and Dress. Henry Waldorf Francis.
Why the Public should own and control the Telephones; Interview with Prof. Frank Parsons.

Art Journal.—H. VIRTUE. 1s. 6d. April.
Etching:—The Houses of Parliament by A. Brunet-Debaines.
French Pictures in the Wallace Collection. Illus. Claude Phillips.
Kate Greenaway. Contd. Illus. Austin Dobson.
Rothemurchus. Contd. Illus. Rev. Hugh Macmillan.
John Chandler Bancroft; an Artist in Woodwork. Illus. Thomas Armstrong.
Poster and Advertisement Design. Illus. Audley Mackworth.
New Work by Auguste Rodin. Illus. Charles Quentin.

Art Journal Easter Annual.—H. VIRTUE. 2s. 6d.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Illus. Miss Helen M. Madox Rossetti.
Plates after Rossetti:—"Paolo and Francesca," "The Beloved," and "A Christmas Carol."

Art Record.—144, FLEET STREET. 4d. March 8.
A New Brotherhood. Illus. Hugh Stokes.
The Evolution of Costume. Contd. Illus. H. Norris.
Jacob Ochtersveldt. Illus. H. S.

Bankers' Magazine.—WATERLOW. 1s. 6d. April.
The Progress of Banking in Great Britain and Ireland during 1901. Continued.
The Post Office Savings Bank Problem.

Blackwood's Magazine.—BLACKWOOD. 2s. 6d. April.
On the Heels of De Wet. Contd.
Light and Shade in Ireland.
Dogs I have known and loved.
A New Reading of the Gowrie Mystery. A. Lang.
Failures in Florida.
The German and the Pole.
Prospecting in British New Guinea.
At the Play in Burma. J. A. M. Gyl.
Musings without Method. Contd.
Mr. Brodick and Army Reform.

Bookman.—DODD, MEAD AND CO., NEW YORK. 2s. cts. March.
Thomas Nast and His Cartoons. Illus. A. B. Maurice.
The New York Morning Newspapers. Illus. Contd. H. Hapgood and A. B. Maurice.
Jane Austen and Her Country. Illus. Dr. R. Garnett.
A National Library for the United States. Illus. H. Putnam.

Canadian Magazine.—ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO. 2s. cts. March.
The Indian Juggernaut. Illus. Helen F. M. Lewis.
The Bayreuth Festival. Illus. Nonie Powell.
Cy. Warman. Illus. F. C.
Hockey. Illus. A. H. Beaton.

John Bull in His Shop. A. R. Carman.
Commercial Education. Prof. J. Cox.
The Future of the Territories; Symposium.

Captain.—NEWNES. 6d. April.
The Boyhood of the Prince of Wales. Illus. Marie Belloc-Lowndes.

Cassell's Magazine.—CASSELL. 6d. April.
Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema. Illus. R. de Cordova.
By the Orient Express. Illus. D. T. Timins.
Notable Gardens in Town. Illus. A. W. Myers.
Old Time Detection. Illus. Major A. Griffiths.
Rockets and All about Them. Illus. Rev. J. M. Bacon.
Silver. Illus. E. Clarke.
St. George's Day. Illus. R. Davey.

Cassier's Magazine.—33, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND. 1s. April.
Electricity in Greece. Illus. Frank W. Jackson.
Municipal Trading in America. Robert F. Porter.
Electrical Energy Direct from Coal. Illus. J. Wright.
Battleships of the United States Navy. Illus. H. G. Gillmor.
The Work of the Engineer. James Mansergh.
Electric Storage Batteries. Illus. Arvid Reuterdahl.
Waste Heat Engines. Illus. George H. Barrus.
Healthfulness of Gas-Lighting. Edward A. Harman.
Education for the Machine Trades. S. M. Vaulchain.
The Employers' Federation Agreement. Glasgow Correspondent.

Catholic World.—23, PATERNOSTER ROW. 1s. March.
Marconi's Wireless Telegraphy. With Portrait. J. Murphy.
Aloha Hawaii. Illus. Rev. T. P. McLoughlin.
Perjury is on the Increase. Hon. L. P. Caillouet.
The Weavers of the Philippines. G. E. Walsh.
La Trappe; the House of Silence. Illus.
Father Hogan and the Intellectual Apostolate. Rev. W. L. Sullivan.
Opportunities for the Convent Graduate. Lillian J. Barry.

Caxton Magazine.—BLADES. 1s. March 15.
Lord Glensack. Illus. J. C. Wollan.
Histoire de l'Imprimerie en France. Illus. A. W. Pollard.
The Washington Star Office. Illus. F. A. McKenzie.

Chambers's Journal.—47, PATERNOSTER ROW. 8d. April.
Bones and Their By-Products.
The Oil Rivers in West Africa. R. Thirsk.
More Recollections of Sir Walter Scott. Illus.
Rev. John Rutherford of Yarrow. Rev. J. Sharp.
The Practical Side of Commercial Education.
London's Great Landlords.

Chautauquan.—CHAUTAUQUA PRESS, CLEVELAND, OHIO. 20 cts. March.
Germany and Her Polish Subjects. American Journalist.
Antique and Modern French Lace. Illus. Ada Sterling.
The United States of Brazil. E. A. Start.
Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy. Illus. Contd. E. E. Sparks.
The Land of Luther. Illus. L. Hulley.
Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." R. W. Deering.

Church Missionary Intelligencer.—CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY. 6d. April.
The Progress of Dogma and the Churches in the Mission Field. F. B.

Contemporary Review.—COLUMBUS CO. 2s. 6d. April.
The Commercial Needs of the Empire. E. J. Dillon.
Life in Roumania. Contd. Helene Vacaresco.
The Abbé Loisy and the Roman Biblical Commission. A. West.
The New Licensing Bill. T. Holmes.
How I governed Buffalskraal. X. I.
Non-Episcopal Churches. V. Bartlett.
The Indians and the Empire. Dewan.
The Economic Crisis in Germany. H. M. Hodgson.
The Standard of Orthodoxy in the Anglican Church. J. Gamble.
The Liberal League. C. Douglas.
The Liberal Imbroglio. Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.

Cornhill Magazine.—SMITH, ELDER. 1s. April.
Alms for Oblivion. Contd. R. Garnett.
In Praise of Birds. E. V. B.
A Londoner's Log-book. Contd.
Madame de Maintenon. Viscount St. Cyres.
A Few Conversationalists.
Provincial Letter; From Bath. Urbanus Sylvan.

Cosmopolitan.—INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. 6d. March.
Motherhood. Illus. Lavinia Hart.
Costuming the Modern Play. Illus. R. Phillips.
Ex-President Harrison. Illus. W. A. White.
The Great Southern Exposition at Charleston. Illus. J. B. Townsend.
Cassava; a New Agricultural Possibility. Illus. C. Packard.
The New Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy. G. P. Serviss.
The Story of Theodore Roosevelt's Life. Illus. Julian Ralph.

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Country.—DENT. 6d. April.

English Cottages. Illus.
Elstow and John Bunyan. Illus. Rev. A. J. Foster.
Bitten; the Garden of Canon Ellacombe. Illus.

County Monthly.—STOCK. 4d. April.

Rev. E. M. Reynolds. G. A. Fothergill.
Halliwell Sutcliffe; Interview.
The Cleveland Hunt. J. F. Blakeborough.

Critique.—PUTNAM, NEW YORK. 25 cts. March.

The German Reviews. Illus. W. von Schierbrand.
Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett at Home. Illus. Charlotte Harwood.
Ecce Ihsen! Illus. C. Brinton.
François Villon. Illus. A. I. du P. Coleman.

Critical Review.—WILLIAMS AND NORWATE. 1s. 6d. March 15.
Critical Opinion on the Book of Daniel. Rev. J. A. Selbie.
Rainy's "The Ancient Catholic Church." Prof. H. Cowan.

Economic Journal.—MACMILLAN. 5s. March 15.

The Printing Trades and the Crisis in British Industry. G. B. Dibbles.
The New German Tariff. W. H. Dawson.
The Effects of War Loans upon Trade and Prices. J. C. Macdonald.
The Present Ideals of Co-operation. X.
A Study in Women's Wages. Helen Bosanquet.

Educational Review.—AMERICAN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT-BOOK

AGENCY. 1s. 8d. March.
Relation of the National Library to Historical Research. H. Putnam.
Temperance - Teaching and Recent Legislation in Connecticut.
W. B. Ferguson.

The American and the English Public Elementary School. H. T. Mark.

The Private School in American Life. G. C. Edwards.
Industrial and Technical Training in Popular Education. H. S. Pritchett.

Empire Review.—MACMILLAN. 1s. April.

Forty Years of Sugar Bounties; and After. Lord Pirbright.
The Oxford and Cambridge Sports. Lord Alverstone.
The Remount Department from Within. Col. St. Quintin.
A Central Authority for South Africa. W. B. Worsfold.
Spain Kop; With "Thornycroft's." B. Garland Matthews.
Tasmania as a Manufacturing Centre. R. E. Macnaghten.

English Illustrated Magazine.—UNWIN. 6d. April.

Dutch and Flemish Artists in the Museo del Prado. Illus. S. L. Bensusan.
Morocco and the Moors. Illus. F. J. Pike.
Do We really know Dr. Johnson? A. Birrell.
Japanese Love Songs. Illus. O. Edwards.

Etude.—T. PRESSER, PHILADELPHIA. 15 cts. March.

Harold Bauer; Interview. With Portrait. Wm. Armstrong.

Everybody's Magazine.—25, JERMYN STREET. 10 cts. March.

Wild Beasts behind the Bars. Illus. C. Bryson Taylor.
Eugene Field as a Western Journalist. With Portrait. A. Chapman.
Grebes and Loons. Illus. H. K. Job.
The Loud-Talking Telephone. E. P. Lyle, jun.

Fielden's Magazine.—TEMPLE CHAMBERS. 6d. April.

Improvements in the Manufacture of Cereal Food. Illus. J. A. Gardner.
The History of the Water-tube Boiler Controversy. Illus. Contd. Expt.
Machinery in the Tea Industry. Illus. H. J. K. Green.
The Load of a Locomotive. R. G. Sharp.
The Nicaragua Canal Project. Illus. J. G. Leigh.

Folk-Lore.—DAVID NUTT. 5s. March 25.

Presidential Address. E. W. Brabrook.
More Folk-Lore from the Hebrides. Miss A. Goodrich-Freer.
Unlucky Children. H. A. Rose.

Fortnightly Review.—CHAPMAN AND HALL. 2s. 6d. April.

America and the Alliance. Sydney Brooks.
Japan's Imperial Policy. Stafford Ransome.
The Old Liberalism and the New Aristocracy. Student of Public Affairs.
Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Western Civilisation." John Beattie Crozier.
Concerning the Value of an Old Work of Art. Robert C. Witt.
Is Angliophobia in Germany on the Decline? J. L. Bashford.
Art and Free Will. C. F. Keary.
Sugar and the Convention. Benjamin Taylor.
Industrial Trusts and National Prosperity. J. B. C. Kershaw.
Modern Social Drama as influenced by the Modern Novel. W. L. Courtney.
Morocco and the European Powers. Donald Mackenzie.
The Militia Ballot. Capt. W. E. Cairnes.
The Transformations of the Scottish Temperament. William Wallace.
Tuberculosis and Public Action. Alfred Hillier.
Poetic Drama and its Prospects on the Stage. Dr. Todhunter.

Forum.—GAY AND BIRD. 35 cts. March.

The Proposals of the Interstate Commerce Commission. W. D. Hines.
Some Remarkable Russian Engineering Projects. R. E. C. Long.
The Duties of a Minister to China. C. Denby.
The True Functions of a Great University. G. T. Ladd.
Employers' Liability in the United States. Prof. A. A. Bruce.
Why the Chinese should be excluded. T. Beale.
Why the Chinese should be admitted. R. Hutchison.
German Industrial Corporations and the Forcing of Markets. W. Berdrow.
The Merit System in Porto Rico. Prof. J. H. Hollander.
Ambassadors of Trade. J. G. Whiteley.
The Primary Election Movement. A. Watkins.
The Consolidation of Schools. C. E. Blake.
Fire and the Forest Reserves. C. S. Newhall.
Educational Value of World's Fairs. W. O. Partridge.

Gentleman's Magazine.—CHATTO AND WINDUS. 1s. April.

Bells. Barbara Clay Finch.
The Zirians: Russian Gipsies. E. W. Lowry.
The Sonnet from Milton to Wordsworth. J. M. Attenborough.
British Beetles in Masquerade. J. Isabell.
Friendship. J. Hudson.
John Clare. R. Oswald.
The Vanished Manor of Brettesgrave. I. G. Sieveking.
Thoreau. S. E. Saville.

Geographical Journal.—EDW. STANFORD. 2s. March 15.

From Shanghai to Bhamo. R. L. Jack.
The Formation of the Maldives. J. Stanley Gardiner.
The Importance of Geography in Education. J. Bryce.
Inter-Oceanic Communication on the Western Continent. Col. G. E. Church.
Oceanographical Research in the Atlantic. H. R. Mill.

Girl's Own Paper.—36, PATERNOSTER ROW. 6d. April.

Tea Gardens and Temple Gardens in Japan. Illus. D. Sladen.
The Coronation of Queen Victoria. Mary E. Palgrave.
Leonard Borwick. With Portrait. Mabel K. Woods.
The Cedar of Lebanon. Illus. Mrs. E. Brightwen.

Girl's Realm.—NORFOLK STREET, STRAND. 6d. April.

A Play given by the Crown Princess Victoria of Sweden and Norway.
Illus. Helmet Stag Archer.
The Dolls' Hospital. Illus. J. E. Doyle.
Girls That Essex is proud of. Illus. J. O. Thompson.
Hastings and St. Leonards College. Illus. Christina G. Whyte.
Some Favourites at the Zoo. Illus. G. A. Wade.

Good Words.—ISBISTER. 6d. April.

Ruskin's Italia. Illus. W. G. Collingwood.
Animal Plants and Seaweeds. Illus. J. J. Ward.
The Scotch Regalia. Illus. Rev. J. H. T. Perkins.
The Marquis of Salisbury. Illus. Contd. F. D. How.
Browning's Treatment of Nature. Contd. Stopford A. Brooke.

Great Thoughts.—4, ST. BRIDE STREET. 6d. April.

Memories of Concord. Illus.
W. B. Yeats. With Portrait.
Henry Kingsley. With Portrait. G. Lee.
Zionism; Interview with Israel Zangwill. With Portrait. R. Blathway.
Fleet Street Memories. Illus.
Henri-Frédéric Amiel. With Portrait. Rev. T. A. Seed.
Toynbee Hall; Interview with Canon Barnett. Illus. R. Blathway.

Harmsworth Magazine.—HARMSWORTH. 3d. March 10.

What would I like to be? Symposium.
The Romance of Collecting. Illus. Editor of the *Connoisseur*.
Railway Engines in Holiday Dress. Illus. H. J. Shypton.
Nature as an Architect. Illus. F. T. Manning.
What we know about Mars. Illus. W. J. S. Lockyer.
With the Swans in March. Illus. F. Z. S.
One Day with Edison. Illus. W. B. Northrop.
An Easter Lily Farm. Illus. O. Norton.

Harvard Graduates' Magazine.—517, EXCHANGE BUILDING, 53,

STATE STREET, BOSTON. 75 cts. March.

William Wetmore Story. C. E. Norton.
Graduate Testimony on the Elective System. P. H. Hanus.
Joseph Henry Thayer. With Portrait. C. H. Toy.
War Roll, 1861-1865. F. H. Brown.

House.—UNWIN. 6d. April.

Mentmore; the Home of Lord Rosebery. Illus.

International Monthly.—INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. 1s. March.

The Military Rule of Obedience. Capt. A. T. Mahan.
Giosuè Carducci. Dr. R. Garnett.
Contemporary French Philosophy. A. Fouillée.
Decay of the Belief in the Devil. F. C. Conybeare.
Fairy Law and Primitive Religion. W. W. Newell.
Native American Culture; Its Independent Evolution. A. H. Keane.
Our Work in the Philippines. C. A. Conant.

Italian Review.—30, PIAZZA DELLE TERME, ROME. 2s. April.

Adelaide Ristori. With Portrait. E. Boutet.
Italian Industries. Editor.
The Situation in Italy. E. de Marinis.
A. Venturi. With Portrait. A. Colasanti.
Verdi's Rooms in Milan. Fanny Zampini Salazar.
The Wide Culture of Margherita of Savoy. O. Roux.
A Sequestered Spot near Biella. Illus. E. Sella.
To New York in Italian Steamers. Illus. Seabird.
The Orthopaedic Institute of Naples. Illus. Dr. Veritas.

Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.—NORTHUMBERLAND

AVENUE. 6d. March 15.

British Columbia of To-day. J. H. Turner.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—J. J. KELINER.

2s. March 15.

The Spontaneous Combustion of Coal on Board Ship. Commander W. F.

Cabore.
Continental *versus* South African Tactics. Lieut.-Col. F. N. Maude.

Juridical Review.—GREEN AND SONS, EDINBURGH. 3s. 6d. March.

The Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Illus. W. K. Dickson.
The Relationship of the Law of France to the Law of Scotland. Prof. F. P. Walton.
The Scottish King's Household. Contd. Miss Mary Bateson.
The Economics of Crime. Lieut.-Col. M'Hardy.
Bogus Clubs and the Licensing Laws. A. Mitchell.
The Imprisonment of Workmen for Breach of Contract. F. A. Umpherston.

Knowledge.—26, HIGH HOLBORN. 6d. April.
The Nobodies; a Seafaring Family. Illus. Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing.
Vegetable Mimicry and Homomorphism. Illus. Rev. A. S. Wilson.
The March of the Planets. Illus. E. Walter Maunder.
Recent Observations of Mars. Illus. E. M. Antoniadi.
Archangel, a Wonderful Monastery, and the Effects of Vodka. Illus. H. F. Witherby.

Lady's Magazine.—C. A. PEARSON. 6d. March 10.
The Queen as a Mother. Illus. Miss Mary Spencer Warren.

Lady's Realm.—HUTCHINSON. 6d. April.
Pope Leo XIII. at the Vatican. Illus. A. de Burgh.
Some Brilliant London Seasons. Illus. One Who has the Entrée.
London Cooking-Schools. Illus. A. Kenealy.
Easter at the Courts of Europe. Illus. Countess von Bothmer.
The Dogs' Paradise in Paris. Illus. E. Almaz.

Leisure Hour.—36, PATERNOSTER ROW. 6d. April.
Life on the London Press. Active Journalist.
A Brush with the Natives in Australia. Illus. A. Macdonald.
Lord Macaulay and Rothley Temple. Illus. T. Carter.
The Eclipse in Mauritius. Illus. Mrs. W. Maunder.
St. Kilda; Its Birds and Its People. C. Dixon.

Lippincott's Magazine.—PHILADELPHIA. 1s. March.
The Elizabethan Theatre. Illus. Prof. F. E. Schilling.
The Isthmian Canal from the Beginning. C. Morris.
A Playmate of Patti's. Augusta de Buba.
Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Palmerston; Two "Grandes Dames" Buried in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. E. T. Murray-Smith.
A Flemish Home of the Trappist Monks. J. B. Osborne.

London Quarterly Review.—C. H. KELLY. 2s. 6d. April.
Prof. Max Müller's Theory of the Divine Predicate. Prof. J. Orr.
Margaret Baxter; a Puritan's Wife. Mrs. C. Parsons.
The Antiquity of Man in Great Britain. D. G. Whitley.
The Renaissance of Calvinism:
A Reply by Prof. J. A. Best.
A Rejoinder by F. Platt.

The Present Condition of Judaism in England. A. H. Japp.
What is Moral Utility? C. C. Dove.
The Challenge of Anthropology. J. H. Moulton.
Christianity in India. H. Gulliford.
Five Types of the Renaissance. J. Telford.

McClure's Magazine.—10, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND. 10cts. March.
Prof. Loeb's Researches and Discoveries. Illus. C. Snyder.
The Trial of Aaron Burr. Illus. Ida M. Tarbell.
Mr. Henry Bergh. Illus. Clara Morris.
The Canada Lynx. Illus. W. D. Hulbert.

Macmillan's Magazine.—MACMILLAN. 1s. April.
St. Lucia, 1778. Hon. J. W. Fortescue.
Art and Life. L. F. Day.
Novels with a Moral. B. N. Langdon-Davies.
Slaves of the Oar.

Magazine of Art.—CASSELL. 1s. 4d. April.
Frontispiece:—"Off Valparaiso" after Thomas Somerscales.
Thomas Somerscales. Illus. A. B. Daryll.
Robert Seymour. Illus. G. S. Lazard.
Exhibition of British Monarchs at the New Gallery. Illus.
Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. Illus. Marion Hepworth Dixon.
Prof. von Henslow's Centrepiece. Illus.
The School of Art-Woodcarving. Illus.
T. Sidney Cooper. Illus.

Metaphysical Magazine.—33, ST. MARTIN'S LANE. 9d. March.
Tolstoy's Objections to Socialism. J. Bernstein.
The Mysteries of Life. Mohammed Sarfaraz Hussain.
Materialism. E. A. Skilton.

Munsey's Magazine.—HORACE MARSHALL. 6d. March.
The New California. Illus. S. M. Williams.
American Authors Abroad. G. B. Smalley.
The Strong Men of Italy. Illus. W. J. D. Croke.
The Secret of Our Naval Strength. Illus. L. L. Driggs.

National Review.—EDWARD ARNOLD. 2s. 6d. April.
Preparation for War. Spenser Wilkinson.
Suggestions towards an Imperial Tariff. Sir Vincent Caillard.

The German Army in France. T. Miller Maguire.
James Spedding. Leslie Stephen.
The Garden Beautiful. W. Robinson.
Roads from Rome. J. McCabe.
Charles Lyttelton; an Eighteenth Century Bishop. Hon. Maud Lyttelton.
The Crisis in British Industry. Hugh Bell.
Vicissitudes of the Hero in Drama. W. L. Courtney.
One Fleet, One Flag—A Protest. Rear-Adm. Sir James Bruce.
The Reconstruction of South Africa—Land Settlement.
Greater Britain—South Africa.

New England Magazine.—5, PARK SQUARE, BOSTON. 2s. 6d. March.
Mrs. Howe as Poet, Lecturer, and Club-woman. Illus. G. W. Cooke.
America's First Painters. Illus. R. R. Wilson.
Old Blue Plates. Illus. A. T. Spalding.
The Genesis of Standard Oil. W. M. Clemens.
Rev. Samuel Cook and Menotomy Parsonage. Illus. A. E. Brown.
Birds of New England. Illus. A. H. Higginson.
A Century of Choral Singing in New England. H. C. Lahee.

New Liberal Review.—33, TEMPLE CHAMBERS. 1s. April.
The Liberal League. An M.P.
Humour as an Element of Success. Justin McCarthy.
Universities and Science. Prof. P. Frankland.

The Compleat Member. R. Farquharson.
Hermies of Fiction. A. Lawrence.
Taxes That gall. H. Morgan-Browne.
Some Interesting Coalitions. H. Spender.
The Coxswain. L. Portman.
T. Delcassé; France's Minister for Foreign Affairs. G. A. Raper.
Marine Motors. A Yachtsman.

Nineteenth Century.—SAMPSON LOW. 2s. 6d. April.
The King's "Declaration" and the Catholics of the Empire. Miss Agnes Lambert.

The Renewed Struggle for the Schools. Archdeacon Fletcher.
The Condition of the Naval Reserve. W. Laird Clowes.
The New Whigs and the Old. Lloyd Sanders.
Literature and the Theatre. F. Wedmore.
The Hobson-Jobsan. Miss A. Goodrich-Freer.
The Case against Hospital Nurses. Miss M. F. Johnston.
Colour-Blindness. F. W. Edridge-Green.
Prof. Ward and Prof. Münsterberg; the Latest Shipwreck of Metaphysics. W. H. Mallock.

Ordination of Priests in the Church of England. F. Verney.
Freemasonry in France. G. A. Roper.
Where are the Village Gentry? Lieut.-Col. Pedder.
Crossing the River. Mrs. Popham.
The Literature of the Australian Commonwealth. P. F. Rowland.
The Needs of South Africa:

- (1) Capital and Population. J. W. Cross.
- (2) Female Emigration. Hon. Mrs. E. Cecil.

North American Review.—WM. HEINEMANN. 2s. 6d. March.
Germany's Political Turning-Point. W. von Schierbrand.
International Arbitration and the Pan-American Conference. H. Taylor.
Muscovite Designs on Manchuria. L. Miner.
The Banking and Treasury System of the United States. J. H. Walker.
Some Neglected Naval Lessons of the War. A Friend of the Navy.
The Quality of Emotion in Modern Art. C. Phillips.
Chinese Exclusion in Australia. H. H. Lusk.
The Tuberculosis Problem in the United States. Dr. S. A. Knopf.
Constitutional Powers of the Senate. W. H. Moody.
The Question of the Theatre. B. Matthews.
The Philippines after an Earthquake. S. Bunsal.
Public Debts of the British Possessions. H. Cox.

Open Court.—KEGAN PAUL. 6d. March.
The Taxation Question. Judge A. N. Waterman.

Our Custom House. Dr. P. Carus.
The Fylfot and Swastika. Illus. Dr. P. Carus.
Wu Tao Tze's Nirvāṇa Picture. Dr. P. Carus.
The Origins of Mithraism. Prof. F. Cumont.
Open Inspiration *versus* a Closed Canon and Infallible Bible. Prof. C. W. Pearson.

Outing.—INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. 2s. 6d. March.
The Indian Hunter of the Far North-West. Illus. T. Adney.
The Webbed Feet of the North. Illus. L. Hubbard, Jr.
In the Haunts of the Hare. Illus. E. Sandys.
The French and Italian Schools of Fence. Illus. Col. A. Lynch.
Indian Blanketry. Illus. G. W. James.
The Paris Automobile Show. Illus. W. E. Warden.
Some Commonly Misunderstood Birds. Illus. L. T. Sprague.

Pall Mall Magazine.—18, CHARING CROSS ROAD. 1s. April.
British Statesmen through American Glasses. With Portraits.
The Tour of Kangchenjunga. Illus. D. W. Freshfield.
Plants That walk. Illus. E. Step.
Francis Bacon's Bi-Literal Cypher. J. Holt Schooling.
The Panama Canal. Illus. J. G. Leigh.
Homer at "Her Majesty's." Illus. C. F. Leary.
Alphonso XIII. Illus. A. E. H. Bramerton.
Real Conversation with Mr. William Heinemann. W. Archer.
Coronation Velvets and Satins. Illus. Mary Howarth.
Victor Hugo. Illus. G. K. Chesterton.
The Human Electroscope. With Diagrams. F. Legge.

Pearson's Magazine.—C. A. PEARSON. 6d. April.
A Mammoth Pigeon Ranch. Illus. E. H. Rydall.
Our Descent from Monkeys. Illus. S. S. Buckman.
Queer Things found in Stone. Illus. Dr. C. Brown.
Burton; a City of Beer. Illus. M. Woodward.
The Unfolding of the Leaves. Illus. G. Clarke Nuttall.
Lord Kitchener; the Man of the Hour. Illus. T. W. Williams.
The Harmonograph. Illus. A. Williams.
Sporting and Athletic Girls. Illus. B. F. Robinson.

Philosophical Review.—MACMILLAN. 3s. March.
The Evolutionary Method as applied to Morality. Prof. J. Dewey.
The Relation of the Individual to the Social Value Series. Prof. W. M. Urban.
The Common Sense View of Reality. Prof. S. S. Col. in.

Playgoer.—DAWBARN AND WARD. 6d. March 15.
The King as a Playgoer. Illus. R. E. Blair.
Playgoing in Berlin. Illus. C. Amys.
"Arizona" at the Adelphi. Illus. T. H. Lewis.
The Influence of the Playhouse on Modern Life. J. S. Little.
A National Theatre. Illus. H. S. Ward.

Postivist Review.—WM. REEVES. 3d. April.
The Functions of the Brain. Contd. J. H. Bridges.
The Irish Out-look. E. S. Beesly.
The Republican Ideal. F. W. Bockett.

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Psychological Review.—MACMILLAN. 35. March.
Recent Logical Inquiries and Their Psychological Bearings. Prof. J. Royce.
The Insufficiency of Materialism. G. S. Fullerton.

Quiver.—CASSELL. 6d. April.
The Spiritual Teaching of Handel's "Messiah." Illus. Rev. W. H. Bliss.
Amongst the Manx Fishermen. Illus. Archdeacon Madden.
A Century of Englishwomen's Work. Illus. D. L. Woolmer.
The Covenants of Scotland. Illus. Contd. E. Bruce Low.
Gambling; a Terrible Danger. Illus. F. M. Holmes.

Railway Magazine.—30, FETTER LANE. 6d. April.
Mr. John George Robinson; Interview. Illus.
British Locomotive Practice and Performance. Illus. Contd. C. Rous-
Marten.

Record Royal Railway Runs. Illus. Brunel Redivivus.
The World's Progress in Electric Traction. Illus. Contd. D. N.
Dunlop.

The Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway. Illus. A. Vale.
The South Wales and Bristol Direct Railway. Illus. Contd. F. J.
Husband.

The Dublin and Blessington Steam Tramway. Illus. H. Fayle.
Travel Statistics. Illus. H. Macfarlane.
Bridges on the Trans-Siberian Railway. Illus. L. Lodian.

Reliquary.—BEMROSE. 25. 6d. April.
The Forest of the Broyle and the Parks of Ringmer. Illus. W. H. Legge.
The Hut Circles on Dartmoor. Illus. R. Burnand.
Some Types of Cornish Fountains. Illus. A. C. Fryer.
The Queen Anne's Farthing. G. F. Hill.
Sculptured Norman Tympana in Cornwall. Illus. A. G. Langdon.

Review of Reviews.—13, ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. 25 cts. April.
Educating the Deaf-Blind. Illus. Ruth Everett.
The Anglo-Japanese Alliance from the Japanese Point of View. T.
Iyenaga.

The United States Steel Corporation; a New Factor in Lake Shipping.
G. H. Cushing.
Can Rural Forces be federated? K. L. Butterfield.

Review of Reviews.—MELBOURNE. 9d. Jan.
How We lost the Second Test Match. A. C. MacLaren.
Vice-Admiral Penrose FitzGerald and H. F. Wyatt.
The Commonwealth and the Rivers. P. McM. Glynn.
Bishop Gore. With Portrait.
Alfred Nobel. With Portrait.

Royal Magazine.—C. A. PEARSON. 4d. April.
Commanded to Court. Illus. A. W. Myers.
Faces in Plaster. Illus. H. J. Holmes.
Pole Performances. Illus. H. L. Adam.
A Caterpillar Farm. Illus. W. M. Webb.
Wheelbarrow Railways. Illus. J. Clark.
Politicians and Their Fads. Illus. L. Black.

Scottish Art and Letters.—123, WEST NILE ST., GLASGOW. April.
A Postscript on Burns. Wm. Wallace.
John Home. With Portrait. Hon. A. G. Sinclair.
Philistinism. Benjamin Swift.
The Art of Music in Scotland. Prof. F. Niecks.
Cupar Abbey and Its Influence. Illus. Dr. J. G. M'Pherson.
James E. Christie. Illus. A. Fraser-Lovat.
Life Lessons from "Julius Caesar." Rev. J. Forrest.
Alexander Smith. Illus. Agnes Marchbank.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—EDWARD STANFORD. 1s. 6d.
March 15.
The Importance of Geography in Education. J. Bryce.
Geography in the University. A. J. Herbertson.
A Botanical Survey of Scotland. W. G. Smith.
A Plea for a National Institute of Geography. J. G. Bartholemew.

Strand Magazine.—GEORGE NEWNES. 6d. April.
Making a Policeman. Illus. H. J. Holmes.
The Humorous Artists of America. Illus. Contd. T. E. Curtis.
Teams That have won the Football Association Cup. Illus. C. B. Fry.
Sailing on Land. Illus. J. L. von Bon.

Sunday at Home.—56, PATERNOSTER ROW. 6d. April.
Canon Fleming at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Illus.
Preachers in the House of Commons. With Portraits. T. C. Collings.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Deutsche Revue.—DEUTSCHE VERLAGS-ANSTALT, STUTTGART.
6 Mks. per gr. March.

Moltke on Gen. Bonnal's "Sadova."
Gen. and Adm. Albrecht von Stosch. Contd. U. von Stosch.
Reminiscences. Contd. Freiherr von Loe.
French Esprit. L. Claretie.
Ministers of Education and Their Influence on the People. Prof. H. Schillen.
What the Bees teach Us about Heredity. Prof. J. W. Spengel.
Victor Hugo Anecdotes. Dr. Cabanès.
Chopin. Concl. Johanna Kinkel.
Religious Hatred and Real Tolerance. Concl. Prof. A. Kamphausen.

Deutsche Rundschau.—GEBR. PAETEL, BERLIN. 6 Mks. per gr. March.
Wilhelm Müller's Unpublished Diary and Letters. J. T. Hatfield.
The Prussian State Service. Concl. G. Cohn.
Victor Hugo. H. von Hofmannsthal.
Herder and Duchess Louise. Concl. Eleonore von Bojanowski.
Franz Xaver Kraus.
Frederick the Great and Duchess Frederike Elisabeth of Württemberg. R.
Fester.

The Bible and the Recent Troubles at Athens. Correspondent.
Heavenward. Illus. Rev. J. M. Bacon.

Sunday Magazine.—ISBISTER. 6d. April.
Col. Paschkoff; a Russian Religious Reformer. Illus. Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Sunday Strand.—NEWNES. 6d. April.
Easter Flowers. Illus. F. A. Jones.
The Livingstonia Mission. Illus. A. Gammie.
Easter Customs in the Twentieth Century. Illus. J. A. Kay.
A Working Lads' Club. Illus. Our Own Charity Commissioner.

Temple Bar.—MACMILLAN. 1s. April.
Trade Unions and National Welfare. A. Montefiore-Brice.
Sir Harry Smith. H. A. Bryden.
Life at a Women's University Settlement. V. C. H.
The Love of Antigone. Mary B. Whiting.

Temple Magazine.—6, TUDOR STREET. 6d. April.
Cumbered with Much Service. Illus. Seebie Aitch.
The Peculiar People. Illus.
The Mechanics of Religious Work. Illus.

Theosophical Review.—3, LANGHAM PLACE. 1s. March 15.
The Life of a Crystal. J. Stirling.
Rama Krishna; an Eastern Saint of To-day. E. Hammond.
Green's "Spiritual Philosophy." G. A. Gaskell.
Black Magic in Ceylon. Mrs. Corner-Ohlms.
Meister Eckhart. B. Keightley.
The Forgiveness of Sins. H. L. Congdon.
The Ploughing of the Furrows. G. R. S. Mead.

Westminster Review.—JOHNSON. 2s. 6d. April.
Representation—Federation—Referendum. L. Stockton.
Gladstone's Foreign Policy. M. D. O'Brien.
Chamberlain and Rosebery. F. A. White.
A National Crisis. Harry Hodgson.
The State of Ireland stated by "Mac."
The King's Sanatoria. J. A. Gibson.
Marriage; a Just and Honourable Partnership. H. M'Ilquham.
The Love of Death. Dora M. Jones.
Ajaccio. R. W. W. Cryan.

Wide World Magazine.—NEWNES. 6d. April.
The Great Boer War. Ills. Contd. Dr. A. Conan Doyle.
Life in the Congo Free State. Illus. Capt. G. Burrows.
Snap-Shots in the Farle Islands. Illus. Mrs. L. F. K. von Thiele.
Some American Easter Customs. Illus. E. L. Williams.
The Oasis of Roses in the Fayoum. Illus. J. Ward.

Woman at Home.—HODDER AND STOUGHTON. 6d. April.
Mr. Balfour in the Fourth Party. Illus. Contd. Miss Jane T. Stoddart.
Some Coronation Guests. Illus. Marie A. Belloc.

World's Work.—DOUBLEDAY, PAGE, NEW YORK. 25 cts. March.
The Wonders of the American Desert. Illus. R. T. Hill.
A Night's Work of an Astronomer. Illus. Dr. T. J. J. See.
A New Indian Policy. W. A. Jones.
The War Room at the White House. W. Fawcett.
Arctic Cliff-Dwellers. Illus. R. N. Hawley.
Dr. Maxwell; the Head of Four Hundred Schools. With Portrait. A Map
Who knows Him.

To utilise the Earth's Interior Heat. T. Waters.
The Uniting of American Society. F. Emory.
The Frontier in Sculpture. Illus. A. Goodrich.
The German Emperor as He is. W. von Schierbrand.
J. C. van Marken: the Factory for All; All for the Factory. Illus. W. H.
Tolman.
James B. Dill. With Portrait. W. J. Boies.
The Real Southern Question. E. C. Branson.

Young Man.—HORACE MARSHALL. 3d. April.
A Life in a Library; Interview with Dr. R. Garnett. With Portrait.
A Stroll round Salt Lake City. Illus. N. Alliston.
Henry Broadhurst; Interview. With Portrait.
Liquid Air. Frank Ballard.

Young Woman.—HORACE MARSHALL. 3d. April.
On Photographing Cats; a Chat with Mr. E. Landor. Illus. E. J.
An Italian Holiday. Illus. Contd. E. Thorne.

Kunstgewerbeblatt.—E. A. SEEMANN, LEIPZIG. 1 Mk. March.
Stained Glass. Illus. J. Leisching.

Monatsschrift für Stadt und Land.—E. UNGLEICH, LEIPZIG.
1 Mk. 25 Pf. March.

Frederick William IV. and Manteuffel. Contd. C. von Zepelin.
Prussia and the Catholic Church. Dr. Riéks.
Oracles in Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris" and in the Greek Tragedies
Prof. O. Kanig.

Nord und Süd.—SCHLESISCHE VERLAGS-ANSTALT, BRESLAU. 2 Mks.
March.

Julius Case. With Portrait. H. L.
Modern Communications in War. E. Miller.
Capital Punishment. Duel, War. Optimist.
India's Need and Russia's Aims. Karl Blind.
The German Parliament, 1848-9. Concl. R. von Mohl.
The French Lyric in the Nineteenth Century. P. Bornstein.

Sozialistische Monatshefte.—LUTZOWSTR. 85A, BERLIN. 50 Pf. Mar.
Imagination or Reality? Jean Jaures.
Neutrality of Socialists. A. van Elm.
The German Workman, Past and Present. E. Bernstein.
Labour Bureaux. R. Schmidt.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach.—HERDER, FREIBURG, BADEN.
10 Mk. 80 Pf. per ann. March.
Recent Works on Mary Stuart. O. Pfaff.
Early Christian Names. Concl. C. A. Kneller.
The Ideal of Virtue in the Platonic Apology of Socrates. J. Stiglmayr.
Chateaubriand's Apology for Christianity. Concl. A. Baumgartner.
The Sistine Chapel. J. Hilgers.

Ueber Land und Meer.—DEUTSCHE VERLAGS-ANSTALT,
STUTTGART. 1 Mk. Heft 8.
Schönberg. Illus. G. Meinecke.
Victor Hugo. Illus. L. Holthoff.

THE FRENCH MAGAZINES.

Annales de Géographie.—5, RUE DE MÉZIERES, PARIS. 4 fr. March.
Toscanelli and Columbus. L. Gallois.
The Orography of Scandinavia. Illus. A. G. Högbom.
The Elbe. Contd. B. Auerbach.
Italy on the Red Sea. G. Saint-Yves.

Annales des Sciences Politiques.—FÉLIX ALCAN, PARIS. 3 fr. 50 c.
March.
The Financial Work of the Consulate. R. Stourm.
"Calchas" on an Anglo-Russian *Entente* v. an Anglo-German *Entente*.
R. Henry.

Prussia and the Poles. W. Beaumont.
Belgium on the Congo. P. de Laveleye.
Art du Théâtre.—51, RUE DES ÉCOLES, PARIS. 1 fr. 75 c. Mar.
"La Terre" on the Stage. Illus. R. de Saint-Arroman and C. Hugot.
"Siegfried" at Paris. Portraits.

Association Catholique.—74, RUE DE L'ABBAYE, PARIS. 2 frs.
March.
The Method of Work in Social Studies. E. Duthoit.
Frédéric Ozanam. Contd. V. de Clercq.
Women and the Social Movement. H. B.

Bibliothèque Universelle.—HACHETTE. 2 fr. 50 c. March.
France, 1871-1873. A. Bertrand.
The Servant Question in the United States. G. Nestler Tricoche.
The Conquest of the Air. C. Bühner.
William Tell in Schiller's Drama. E. de Morsier.
A Solution of the Social Problem. E. Tallichet.

Correspondant.—31, RUE SAINT-GUILLAUME, PARIS. 2 frs. 50 c.
March 10.
The Revolution of 1789 and the Present Time. R. Lavollée.
The Fight against Consumption in Germany. L. Fiedler.
Algeria and Tunis. Concl. Cte. C. de Bourbon.
Sadness in the Literature of the 19th Century. Vte. B. de Montmorand.
The Journal of Mgr. Dupanloup.

March 25.
The Psychology of the Deputy. J. Delafosse.
The Education of Woman. A. Vandal.
The Abbé de Broglie. R. P. Baudrillard.
Assistance to Convalescents in Germany. L. Fiedler.
Journal des Économistes.—14, RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS. 20 frs. per
half-year. March.
Production and the Commerce of Labour. G. de Molinari.
The Scientific and Industrial Movement. D. Bellet.
Mercure de France.—15, RUE DE L'ÉCHAUDÉ-ST.-GERMAIN, PARIS.
2 frs. Mar.

Henri de Régnier. M. A. Leblond.
Minerva.—4, RUE LE GOFF, PARIS. 2 fr. March 1.
The History of Art in Education. A. Croiset.
Victor Hugo. M. Pottecher.
Mirabeau and Julie, 1780. D. Meunier.
Falgüère. A. Pallier.
The Franco-Italian *Rapprochement*. C. Loiseau.

March 15.
Bonaparte in Egypt. A. Sorel.
Mirabeau. Concl. D. Meunier.
Mirabeau's Letters to Julie, 1780.
Falgüère. Concl. A. Pallier.
The Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Future Chino-Japanese Alliance.
Gai-Ko.

Monde Moderne.—5, RUE ST. BENOÎT, PARIS. 5 fr. 50 c. per quarter.
March 1.
The Rhine from Mainz to Bonn. Illus. A. Quantin.
The Preparatory Cavalry School. Illus. P. Kauffmann.
Electric Incandescent Lamps. Illus. J. Boyer.

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The Horse in Art. Illus. E. Bayard.
Picturesque Blois. Illus. H. de Cardonne.
A Museum of Toys. Illus. L. Claretie.
Scheffel and "The Trumpeter of Säckingen." Illus. P. de Nay.
Nouvelle Revue.—HACHETTE. 55 frs. per ann. March 1.
Victor Hugo. G. Kahn.
An Episode of the Last Papal Conclave. B. D'agen.
The Teaching of the Drama. A. E. Sorel.
A Precursor of the Republic. P. Audebrand.
Architectural and Warlike Peoples. R. Montclavel.

Telephones. Illus. O. Jentsch.
The Bagdad Railway. Illus. P. Rohrbach.
Marconi. O. Jentsch.

Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst.—E. A. SEEMANN, LEIPZIG.
26 Mk. per ann. March.

Paul Neuenborn. Illus. K. Mayr.
The Aesthetic Training of Children. A. Seemann.
Fresco by Ambrogio Lorenzetti in Siena. Illus. P. Schubring.
Félicien Rops. Illus. R. Lothar.
Ancient Greek Sculpture. Illus. W. Amelung.

Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft.—BREITKOPF
UND HAERTEL, LEIPZIG. 10 Mk. per ann. March.
Choral Singing in the West Riding of Yorkshire. H. Thompson.
F. Pedrell's "Los Pirineos." Suarez Bravo.

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The Revision of the German Customs Duties. A. Raffalovich.
The Anglo-Japanese Treaty. A. de Pourville.
Financial Reasons for Franco-Italian Friendship. G. M. Flamingo.
American Co-operative Communities. L. Jadot.
A Precursor of the Republic. Contd. P. Audebrand.
From the Tower of Ivory to the Barcade. C. Mauclair.

Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales.—19, RUE BONAPARTE,
PARIS. 75 c. March 1.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty.
The Bank of Algeria. J. Franconie.
Francis Garnier and France in the Far East. C. Lemire.
March 15.
A Natural Consequence of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.
The Foreign Policy of Italy in 1901. L. Jadow.
Education in Madagascar. J. Xior.

Réforme Sociale.—54, RUE DE SEINE, PARIS. 1 fr. March 1.
Economic Societies and Small Industries. V. Brants.
March 16.
Technical Schools for Girls at Paris. Duval Arnould.
The Collectivist Programme and the Next Elections. J. Cazajoux.

La Revue.—12, AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS. 1 fr. March 1.
The Last Word of Islam to Europe. Sheikh Abdul Hagk.
Religious Tolerance. Count Tolstoy.
Women and Votes in Belgium; Symposium.
Literature and Politics in Spain. Emilia Pardo Bazan.
The Heritage of Auguste Comte. Illus. L. de Busnes.
French Poetry in 1901. A. Retté.
The Mission of Italy. Marquise P. di Calboli.
The Light That cures. Illus. Dr. Romme.
March 15.

The Empire of the Seas. A. Duquet.
The Psychology of Tears. C. Mélinand.
Giovanni Pascoli. J. Dornis.
What German Students dream of. E. Tissot.
Auguste Comte. Concl. L. de Busnes.
The Cure of Madness by Surgery. Dr. Cabanès.

Revue de l'Art.—38, RUE DU MONT-THAËR, PARIS. 7 frs. 50 c. March.
The Musée Carnavalet. Illus. J. de Boissioslin.
Portraits of English Women. Contd. J. Louis. Henri Bouchot.
Emile Gallé. Illus. L. de Fourcaud.
The Legacies of Adolphe de Rothschild to the Louvre and the Cluny
Museum. Illus. Contd. Gaston Migeon.
Eugène Delcay. Illus. Henri Beraldi.
The House of Condé and Art. Contd. Illus. Gustave Macon.
Painting on Glass in Italy. Illus. Eugène Müntz.

Revue Blanche.—23, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, PARIS. 11 frs. per
half-year. March.
Prof. J. Grasset on Biology. F. Le Dantec.
Victor Hugo. G. Kahn.
Victor Hugo. Paul Chenay.
Tolstoy and the Sex Question; Symposium.
March 15.

The Swiss Military Assurance Law. H. Lasvignes.
Ferdinand Brunetière. F. Le Dantec.

Revue Chrétienne.—11, AVENUE DE L'OBSERVATOIRE, PARIS.
12 frs. 50 c. per ann. March.

Solidarity. A. Vidalot.
The Grand Duke Paul and the Grand Duchess Marie Feodorowna and
Their Sojourn in France in 1782. J. Viénot.

Revue des Deux Mondes.—HACHETTE. 62 frs. per ann. March 1.
The New Colonial Treaty. E. Grosclaude.
Cardinal Richelieu as Premier. G. Hanotaux.
Dante's Divine Comedy. L. Felix-Faure.
A Tour in Japan. A. Bellesort.
Victor Hugo's Literary Evolution. F. Brunetière.

March 15.
Austria in Bosnia. A. Leroy-Beaulieu.
Tacitus. G. Boissier.
Queen Victoria in France (1843). E. DauDET.
Passing by Muscat. P. Loti.
A Byzantine Empress's Tomb. C. Schlumberger.
The Art of Make-Up. A. de Saporta.

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Revue d'Economie Politique.—22, RUE SOUFFLOT, PARIS. 20 frs. per ann. March.
The Origin of Modern Capitalism in France. H. Hauser.
The Co-operative Movement in Switzerland. C. Mutschler.

Revue Française de l'Étranger et des Colonies.—32, RUE DE LA VICTOIRE, PARIS. 2 frs. March.

The French Ethiopian Railway. With Map. G. Demanche.
Russian Turkestan. Illus. H. Krafft.
The Anglo-Japanese Alliance. J. Servigny.

Revue Générale.—16, RUE TREURENBERG, BRUSSELS. 12 frs. per ann. March.

The Problem of Education and the Reform of Secondary Education. C. Dejae.
Victor Hugo. H. Davignon.
Fouché and Bernadotte. Contd. H. Primbault.
Literary Criticism in France in the Nineteenth Century. Concl. G. Doutrepont.

Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale.—5, RUE DE MÉZIÈRES, PARIS. 3 frs. March.

Sacrifice. J. J. Gourd.
Art and the Inner Life. H. Delacroix.
Penal Responsibility and Utilitarian Doctrine. A. Landry.
H. Bergson and the New Metaphysics. P. L. Couchoud.
The Idea and the Fact in Politics. D. Parodi.

Revue du Monde Catholique.—75, RUE DES SAINTS-PÈRES, PARIS. 1 fr. 50 c. March 1.

Forty-Five Sorbonne Assemblies condemning the Declaration of the Clergy of France, 1682. Contd. C. Davin.
The University and the Catholics. R. Jeannel.
Mgr. Paul Guérin.

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Freethought and the Civil Code. Mgr. Justin Fèvre.
Obedience and Power. R. P. Constant.
Mgr. Paul Guérin. Contd.
Mgr. Spalding. L. Toëssa.
Captains in the Merchant Marine. M. Du Pond.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

Civiltà Cattolica.—VIA DI RIFETTA 246, ROME. 25 fr. per ann. March 1.

The Programme of Christian Democracy and the Holy See.
Pius VII. and Murat.
Studies in Patristic Learning.

March 15.
Historical Criticism.
The Holy See and Mary Queen of Scots.
The Authenticity of the "Monita Secreta."
Pius VI. and the Kingdom of Naples.

Nuova Antologia.—VIA S. VITALE 7, ROME. 46 frs. per ann. March 1.

The Centenary of Victor Hugo. A. Fogazzaro.
On the Eve of the Fall of the "Triplice." Prof. G. Bazellotti.
D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." T. del Lungo.
The Walls of Bologna. R. Pantini.
Fresh Letters by Lassalle. Prof. A. Loria.
Divorce in Italy from a Catholic Standpoint. F. Crispolti.
The Pavement of Siena Cathedral. M. Menotti.
Lord Dufferin. D. Angeli.

March 16.
Women's Education in the United States. Prof. A. Mosso.
Julius Caesar. G. Ferrero.

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE MAGAZINES.

Ciudad de Dios.—REAL MONASTERIO DEL ESCORIAL, MADRID. 20 pesetas per ann. March 5.

The Pontifical Jubilee.
Final Causes in Science. Z. M. Nuñez.
The Crisis in Morals. Benito R. Gonzalez.
Cyclones. A. Rodriguez de Prada.
Past and Present in Sidereal Astronomy.

España Moderna.—CUESTO DE SANTO DOMINGO 16, MADRID. 40 pesetas per ann. March.

The Religious Problem in Spain. Edmundo Gonzalez Blanco.
History in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas." A. Morel-Fatio.
The Labour Question in Spain. P. Zancada.

Nuestra Tiempo.—FUENCARRAL 114, MADRID. 24 frs. per ann. No. 14.
The Bread Question. Count de San Bernardo.
The Role of Literature in the Spanish-American Fraternity. B. Sanin Cano.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift.—LUZAC. 18. 8d. Mar.

D. Wiggers. Illus. S. F.
An International Collection of Shoes. Illus. LYNCHUS.
In the Land of the Khmers. Illus. J. A. N. Patijn.

De Gids.—LUZAC. 38. Mar.
Legends. Louis Couperus.
French Symbolists. Prof. A. G. van Hamel.
In Quarantine at Les Iles du Frioul. G. Vissering.
Dutch Naval Strength. J. G. van Rossum.

Revue de Paris.—UNWIN. 60 frs. per ann. March 1.

Victor Hugo. F. Gregh.
The Siege of Orleans. A. France.
The Jubilee of Leo XIII. A. Leroy-Beaulieu.
The Palace of King Minos. E. Pottier.
King Louis of Holland and Queen Hortense. G. d'Arjuzon.
March 15.

Luck. M. Maeterlinck.
The Birthday of the Duc de Bordeaux. De Reiset.
Victor Hugo. F. Gregh.
A Magician Martyr (1683). L. Batifol.
The Anglo-Japanese Treaty. V. Bérard.

Revue Politique et Parlementaire.—5, RUE DE MÉZIÈRES, PARIS. 3 frs. March 10.

Justice in Taxation. E. d'Eichthal.
Financial Autonomy and the Algerian Railways. M. Colin.
The Canal du Nord. P. Léon.
Industrial Museums. J. Fouqué.

Revue Universelle.—17, RUE MONTFARNASSE, PARIS. 75 c. March 1.

French Guinea; Symposium. Illus. March 15.
The Victor Hugo Centenary. Illus. A. Bonneau.

Revue Universitaire.—5, RUE DE MÉZIÈRES, PARIS. 10 frs. per ann. March.

The Teaching of English in French Lycées and Colleges, 1901. M. Coppinger.

The School Year in a German Gymnasium. Contd. H. Bornecque.

The Education of Girls. H. Marion.

Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles.—4, RUE DU FRONTISPICE, BRUSSELS. 1 fr. 50 c. March.

The Will of the People. M. Vauthier.
Reform of Secondary Education in Germany. G. Cornil.

Université Catholique.—25, RUE DU PLAT, LYON. 11 frs. per half-year. March.

Organs and Functions in Evolution. A. L. Donnadieu.

M. Guizot's Letters. Abbé Delfour.

Charles Chesnelong. Contd. M. de Marcey.

Dante. Contd. P. Fontaine.

Emil Zola and the Dissecting Table. Senator P. Mantegazza.
Lynching in the United States. An Ex-Diplomat.
Strikes, Arbitrations, and Leagues. E. Cavalieri.

Rassegna Nazionale.—VIA DELLA PACE 3, FLORENCE. 30 frs. per ann. March 16.

Charles Albert. Contd. Senator G. di Revel.
Royal Sovereignty. E. Monnos.
Deserted Children and Foundling Hospitals. T. Minelli.
The Origin of the Human Soul according to Rosmini. G. Morando.
Our Original Programme. E. Quineviri.

Riforma Sociale.—ASA ROUX E VIARENGO, TURIN. 12.50 frs. per ann. March 15.

The Modernity of G. Ortes. Prof. A. Loria.
The Railway Problem in Italy. A. Cordano.
Agricultural Distress and Its Possible Remedy. Prof. E. Mase-Dari.

Rivista Moderna.—VIA MILANO 37, ROME. March 1.

The Double Crisis. XXX.
For the Protection of Rome. L. Beltrami.
Victor Hugo and Italian Melodrama. L. Italo.

Vita Internazionale.—MILAN. March 5.

Victor Hugo. With Portrait. G. Calvi.
War and Peace in the Nineteenth Century. E. T. Moneta.

The Territories of the Muni. Manuel Escalera.
Local Organisation in England and Local Reform in Spain. A. Posada.

Revista Contemporanea.—CALLE DE PIZARRO 17, MADRID. 3 pesetas. March 15.

Spinoza. U. G. Serrano.
Classicism and Utilitarianism in Education. E. Bullon y Fernandez.
The Feast of St. Agueda in Segovia. G. M. Vergara.
Bilbao. L. Pedreira.

Revista Portuguesa.—RUA NOVA DO ALMADA, 74, LISBON. 15 frs. per ann. No. 53.

The Portuguese Navy. Pedro Diniz.
Studies in Emigration. A. J. D'Araujo.
Delimitation of Portuguese Guinea. Jayme de Sousa.

Vragen des Tijds.—LUZAC. 18. 6d. March.

A Political Retrospect. J. A. van Gile.
The New Tariff Question. J. C. E. Sletemaker.
Purification of Sewage and Waste Water. J. Herman Riemersma.

Woord en Beeld.—ERVEN F. BOHN; HAARLEM. 76s. per ann. March.
Sonsbeek, near Arnhem. Illus. Rud. Feenstra.
Dr. Bronsveld. With Portrait. P. J. Muller.
Old Gelder Towns. Illus. F. Smit Kleine.

TRAVEL AND RECREATION.*

THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.

OF the many enchanting districts in the Alps the Bavarian mountains are least known, and had it not been for the late King Ludwig II., who, with his eye for Nature's beauties, had selected them for his fantastic creations, travellers might to this day pass by these magnificent wooded hills, these lovely valleys, the many picturesque Alpine lakes. Even the Passion plays in Oberammergau were not able to popularise the country.

Those parts of Bavaria adjacent to Salzburg, viz., Berchtesgaden, the Königssee, etc., have always been more or less the goal of summer and spring visitors, and are justly classed in the highest rank of mountain resorts.

But Füssen, Hohenschwangau, Garmisch, Partenkirchen, etc., although they offer as many attractions and equally good hotel accommodation, and are easy of access, are still comparatively unknown amongst those who go abroad to seek recreation, pleasure and health.

From Munich runs a railway to Füssen, and thence it is only a short distance to Hohenschwangau, with its old castle of that name, and Neuschwanstein, the noble pile which Ludwig II. built, where he spent the last years of his life and where he was taken prisoner.

Hohenschwangau lies 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the Castle of Neuschwanstein is about 600 feet higher. Right at the foot of the hill, which is crowned by the palace, is the Hotel Schwansee, in every respect modern and first class. The Schwan Lake and Alpen Lake are near by.

THE BRENNERBAD.

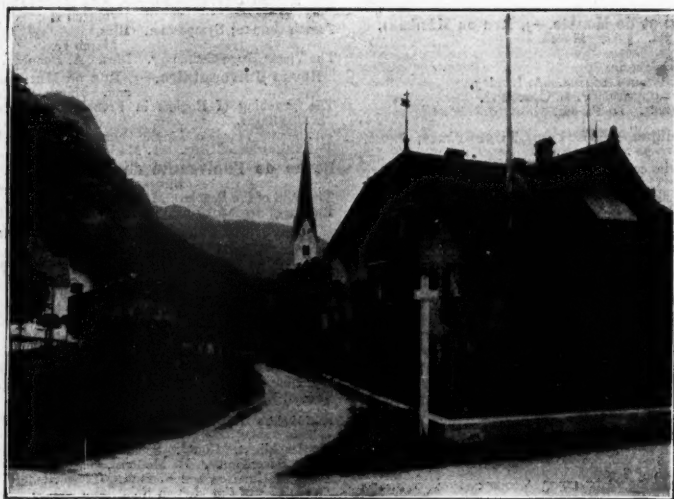
(Mineral Springs of the same quality as the renowned waters of Wildbad Gasteln.) On the summit of the Brenner. Railway Station. All trains stop at the Station Brennerbad. Beautifully situated in the midst of high mountains; surrounded by fine waterfalls; excellent, pure air; pine forests; fresh, cold spring water for drinking.

TYROL'S WILDBAD GASTEIN.

Remarkable cures have been effected in cases of long standing Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, etc.

This summer the magnificent new Brennerbad Hotel will be opened; it was built by the experienced Alpen Hotel builders who erected the renowned Karersee Hotel. The Hotel is in every way up to date, and the terms are moderate. Outdoor and indoor amusements are well provided. Open from July 1st. For particulars, rooms, etc., address THE DIRECTOR, Grand Hotel, Brennerbad, or the "TRAVEL EDITOR," *Review of Reviews*, London.

A very fine road leads from here to Reutte and the celebrated Fern Pass (in Tyrol) to Imst or Landeck, both stations of the Arlberg Railway, giving connections with Innsbruck and Bregenz on the Lake of Constance.



A View in Garmisch.

Another interesting road leads *via* Oberammergau to Garmisch and Partenkirchen (about six hours' drive). Another route to reach this well-favoured district is directly from Munich to Partenkirchen by rail.

Garmisch has long been known to German tourists, and is fully described in Baedeker's "Eastern Alps," but it is due to an English gentleman and his wife that attention to it has also been called in England. Villa Bader, the excellent English

pension at Garmisch, is already known to fame.

Garmisch is a village or small market town of 2,000 inhabitants (many more during the season), midway

SPRING RESORTS IN SOUTHERN TYROL.

MERAN.—The best known and world-famed health resort. Perfect climate, dry and sunny; excellent hotels and pensions. Grand sport; place for races, lawn tennis, football, etc. Golf links will soon be established. Theatre, concerts, dances, etc. Reached by rail from Bozen.

TRENT.—Interesting ancient town, highly recommended hotel accommodation. Excursions into the Valsugana and the Etsch valley.

RIVA.—On the beautiful Lake of Garda. Semi-tropical climate; olives, oranges, etc., cultivated in the open air. Sailing, rowing, and fishing. Beautiful excursions. Reached from Mori on the Southern Railway by a local line through some of the most interesting scenery. Steamers from Riva Desengano and to Peschiera for Milan and Venice.

BOZEN-GRIES and ARCO.

For particulars, address, "TRAVEL EDITOR," *Review of Reviews*, London.

The Spring and Early Summer in Tyrol and Vorarlberg.

INNSBRUCK. 50,000 inhabitants. Protestant, English, and Catholic services; English Chaplain in Residence. British Vice-Consulate. Educational Establishment of the highest order. Sunny and pleasant climate. Splendid Excursions. Situated in the Junction of the Gisea, Brenner, and Arlberg Railways. Lovely neighbourhood. Igls, one of the most charming summer resorts, half-an-hour from town. Railway facilities; or carriages to Landeck and Trafoi, the Fernpass, Stelvio, Lermoos, St. Anton, *via* Zirl or Landeck; to Partenkirchen, Garmisch, Hohenschwangau; enchanting scenery; to Bozen, the Mendel in the Brenner, the Brennerbad and Gossensass; to Franzensfeste and the Pustertal; Toblach, with its ideal Sudbahn Hotel; to Windisch Matrei, with the neighbouring private Hotel, Castle Weissenstein.

For particulars write to LANDESVORBEREITER FÜR FREMDENVERKEHR, Innsbruck, or the "TRAVEL EDITOR," *Review of Reviews*, London.

* For Particulars, Advice, Terms, etc., address The Travel Editor, "The Review of Reviews," London.

MORI-ARCO-RIVA

On the Lake of Garda.

Travellers to and from Italy should not fail to make the tour over the local railway, which leads from Mori to the Lago di Garda, one of the loveliest lakes in Europe. The journey takes about an hour and a half, and the railway passes through extraordinarily beautiful scenery, of which the Lake of Loppio forms the centre. The variety of landscape is quite astonishing. Both Arco, with its old ruined castle, and Riva, picturesquely situated on the north side of the lake, are well worth a visit. Mori is a station on the Southern Railway, Brenner section, just below Rovereto. When breaking the journey to Italy here, the tour is continued by steamer on the lake of Garda, South to Desenzano, for Milan, or *via Peschiera* to Verona and Venice.

WHERE TO STAY.**HOTEL MONTFORT, Bregenz.** On the Lake of Constance.**HOTEL GROBNER, Gossensass.** On the Brenner railway.**HOTEL SCHWANSEE, Hohenschwangan.** Castle of Neuschwanstein.**HOTEL TYROL, Innsbruck.** Open all the year.**HOTEL ZUR POST, Landeck.** Arlberg railway. Tourists' centre.**KURHAUS LEVICO.** Waters highly recommended for Rachitis, Scrofula, Neuralgia, etc.**HOTEL ARCHDUKE JOHN (Johann), Meran.** One of the most elegant hotels in Tyrol.**HOTEL MERANERHOF, Meran.** First-class. Fine gardens. Marble vestibule.**THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Munich.** First-class throughout. Finest situation. Highest patronage.**PALAST HOTEL LIDO, Riva.** On the beautiful Lake of Garda. First-class. Moderate charges. Best situation on the Lake.**RONCEGNO BATHING ESTABLISHMENT,** in the Valsugana. One hour from Trent. Summer resort of first order. Open May to October.**IMPERIAL HOTEL TRENTO, Trent.** One of the finest and best hotels in Southern Tyrol. Open all the year. Agreeable winter quarters.

between Innsbruck and Munich. It stands in the midst of a sunny, green plain about a mile wide and twelve miles long. On all sides rise wooded hills containing mountain lakes and streams.

Villa Bader is open for visitors from May 15th till October 1st. There are also other very good inns at the village and at Partenkirchen.

NOTE.—We intend in the May number of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS to give a specially selected list of Tyrolean mountain resorts of high elevation, trusting that in that way we shall be able to facilitate the selection for intended visitors of such places which may especially suit their needs. Trafoi, Karersee, Mendel, St. Anton, Gossensass, Brennerbad, Achensee, Kitzbühel, the Valsugana, with gay Roncigno, Bregenz, Bludenz, Brand, etc., will all be fully described and particulars given.

SPRING AND SUMMER TOURS TO THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE PROVINCES, AND THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.

THE Tyrolean Correspondent of the *Review of Reviews* has made special arrangements with the authorities, administrations and hotel proprietors of the above Provinces, for the reception and entertainment of ladies and gentlemen who would form parties, during the ensuing year, for tours into the picturesque and interesting parts of Southern Europe.

The Correspondent does not intend arranging so-called personally conducted trips, but would be glad to become one of a party, and place his experience and knowledge of the country to the best advantage of such who would associate with him.

For particulars, address "TRAVEL EDITOR," *Review of Reviews*, London.

The Austrian Alps.**Landesverband für Fremdenverkehr in Tyrol.**

Address:—Central Bureau des Landesverbandes, Meinhartstrasse 14, Innsbruck.

Verein für Fremdenverkehr für Vorarlberg and Liechtenstein.

Address—BUREAU FREMDENVERKEHR, BREGENZ;

LANDESVERBAND FÜR FREMDENVERKEHR IN SALZBURG for the Salzkammergut, Ischl, Gastein.Or address for all, "TRAVEL EDITOR," *Review of Reviews*, London.

THE above Associations, which have been officially established for the purpose of placing their services at the disposal of the travelling public, are always glad to render the best information respecting Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Lake of Constance, Liechtenstein and the Bavarian Highlands. They advise as to hotels, winter and summer resorts, mineral springs, etc., and also about journeys, mountain excursions, guides and expenses, etc., and forward pamphlet, terms, etc., free.

The following places and resorts, springs, etc., are especially recommended—**INNSBRUCK.** Excellent Hotels, sunshine, beautiful excursions in the neighbourhood.

THE VALSUGANA, reached from Trent by railway, with the renowned springs and health establishment, Roncigno.**THE LAKE OF GARDA,** reached by a most picturesque mountain railway from Mori, below Trent.**LANDECK,** on the Arlberg Railway. Mild winters, splendid hotel accommodation. Fine excursions.**ST. ANTON,** on the Arlberg Railway. Excellent air cure establishment. Pure high mountain air and sunshine. First-class hotels.**GOSENSASS,** on the Brenner. Ideal centre for mountaineering. Hotels faultless.**SALZBURG.** Highly recommended for spring sojourn. First-class musical and theatrical entertainments. Excursions to Königssee and Gastein. Excellent hotels.**BREGENZ.** Lovely town on the Lake of Constance. Fine hotels; sailing and rowing; excursions to the celebrated Bregenz Forest, Schroner, etc. Dornbirn, Bludenz, etc., are all interesting places, as is also Vaduz, the capital of little Liechtenstein.**HOLIDAYS IN WALES.**

It is much to be wondered at that more people do not recognise the natural beauty and enjoyments obtainable at their very door, instead of seeking change abroad. And in point of scenery and distance Wales stands uniquely first. And in Wales there are few more beautiful spots than Pwllheli on Cardigan Bay. The name seems strange and far away to English ears; but, nevertheless, the eleven o'clock train from London will land the visitor in Pwllheli about five o'clock. Pwllheli is a most attractive place for those in search of health or rest, for lovers of grand scenery, for the sportsman, and for those with families; and as a winter and summer resort it has already earned the title, owing to the intelligent go-aheadness of the local authorities, of "The Pride of the Principality."

Home-Land Travel.

Within a few hours of London, Wild and Winsome Wales offers the holiday-seeker all the advantages of foreign travel.—Mountain air and sea breezes, with seven days' board-residence and **Five Coaching Tours**, provided at Pwllheli, on Cardigan Bay, for **Fifty Shillings**. First-class Hotel, Sixty-five Shillings. Unequaled bathing ground, plentiful fishing, boating in open bay or inland harbour, golf and all amusements. Geological and archaeological centre.

Full particulars from Town Clerk, Pwllheli; or, Travel Editor, *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

JAPAN, OUR NEW ALLY.

By ALFRED STEAD.

WITH PREFACE BY MARQUIS ITO.

Extracts from the Preface.

"It is with great pleasure that I hear of the publication in the near future of this work upon Japan by Mr. Alfred Stead. Having known him to be a man of strong convictions, keen and impartial in his judgments, and a man who has made, with remarkable intelligence, an extremely assiduous study on the spot of the subject he is going to treat, I cannot help believing that his work will reveal many truths about our country hitherto unknown, except to the initiated few.

* * *

"Hoping as I do that the results will more than justify the expectations, I do not hesitate to write a short preface to Mr. Stead's work, and to give expression therein to my warmest wishes for the *unparalleled* success of the undertaking."



Early Newspaper Comments.

W. L. Courtney in the Daily Telegraph:-

"The book is a useful one, useful as a work of reference, as an accumulation of facts and figures, throwing light on the internal resources, the aspirations, the Imperial policy of the land of the chrysanthemum and the Mikado.

"An interesting and important book, published opportunely and deserving to be extensively read; we want to know what our new allies are like, and Mr. Stead helps us in large measure to understand."

The Daily News:-

"From the point of view of authority and of the unimpeachable excellence of the author's sources of information, Mr. Stead's book, so far from exhibiting any shortcoming, might almost be described as suffering — like Lady Teasdale's reputation — from a 'plethora.'"

"The writer's sketch of the development of Japan in recent times is sufficiently marvellous, and, though we have had many books touching on this subject, this is probably the *most complete and trustworthy* that has yet appeared."

The Daily Chronicle:-

"Mr. Stead has collected his facts with great diligence; he writes with much sympathy; he treats Japan with that seriousness which has been lacking in so many books on this fascinating land, and he has produced a book both accurate and interesting."

SOME OF THE CHAPTERS:

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